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JUNE 1984
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JUNE 1984

Vol. 6 No. 6



COVER STORY

Tiny shacks, often cold, unsafe and unsanitary, can be found in pockets of poverty throughout rural Atlantic Canada. There are housing programs designed to improve living conditions in rural areas, but so far these programs have failed to filter down to the hardcore poor. Now, in Nova Scotia, one group is using innovative techniques to tackle the problem.

By Deborah Waters

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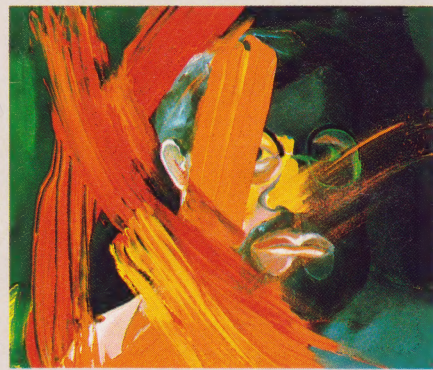
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LEISURE

Imagine sitting in your favorite chair with several thousand feet between your slippers and the ground. That's about what it's like to fly an ultralight, a tiny aircraft that looks like a cross between a Cessna and an aluminum chaise-longue

PAGE 39



ART

Before Leslie Poole left his P.E.I. home, he hardly knew what a professional painting looked like. Today, his own emotional, controversial work is earning him an international reputation

PAGE 66



TRAVEL

Haiti's beaches are rocky, its people poor, but it's rich in culture and history. And the Grand Hotel Oloffson boasts it is the model for the infamous Trianon in *The Comedians*, Graham Greene's scathing novel about corruption and intrigue in Haiti in the Fifties

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Atlantic Insight

June 1984



Breakdancing:
It's why some kids
stay in school

Page CS6

The coffee house lives!

For the weary, downhearted, or for those of you just sick of Halifax's regular bill of night fare, there's no better place to spend an evening

By Alexander Bruce

Hunched over his 12-string guitar in the soft, crimson light of the Treasure Cove lounge in Dartmouth's Belmont Hotel, Paul Fotopolus of the Annapolis Valley is wailing an ode to unrequited love when he suddenly drops his hands to his knees and flashes his audience a world-weary smile. It's an inspired move until you realize not even Leonard Cohen would pause longer than 10 seconds in the middle of a song unless, of course, he's forgotten the music. "OK, hold on for a second folks," Fotopolus frantically runs his fingers

up and down the neck of his guitar. "Now I've got it. . ." Pause. "Ahhh, no I don't. . ." Longer pause. "Oh well, don't worry," he grins, "I've got another one for you." He launches into a ditty he says came to him during a daydream. . . or was it a nightmare?

Antics like these would turn most nightclub owners' hair white. But this is the first Saturday of the month: "Pub night" of the Harbour Folk Society. And the one rule of performing here is never, never apologize — for anything.

"We're trying to create a

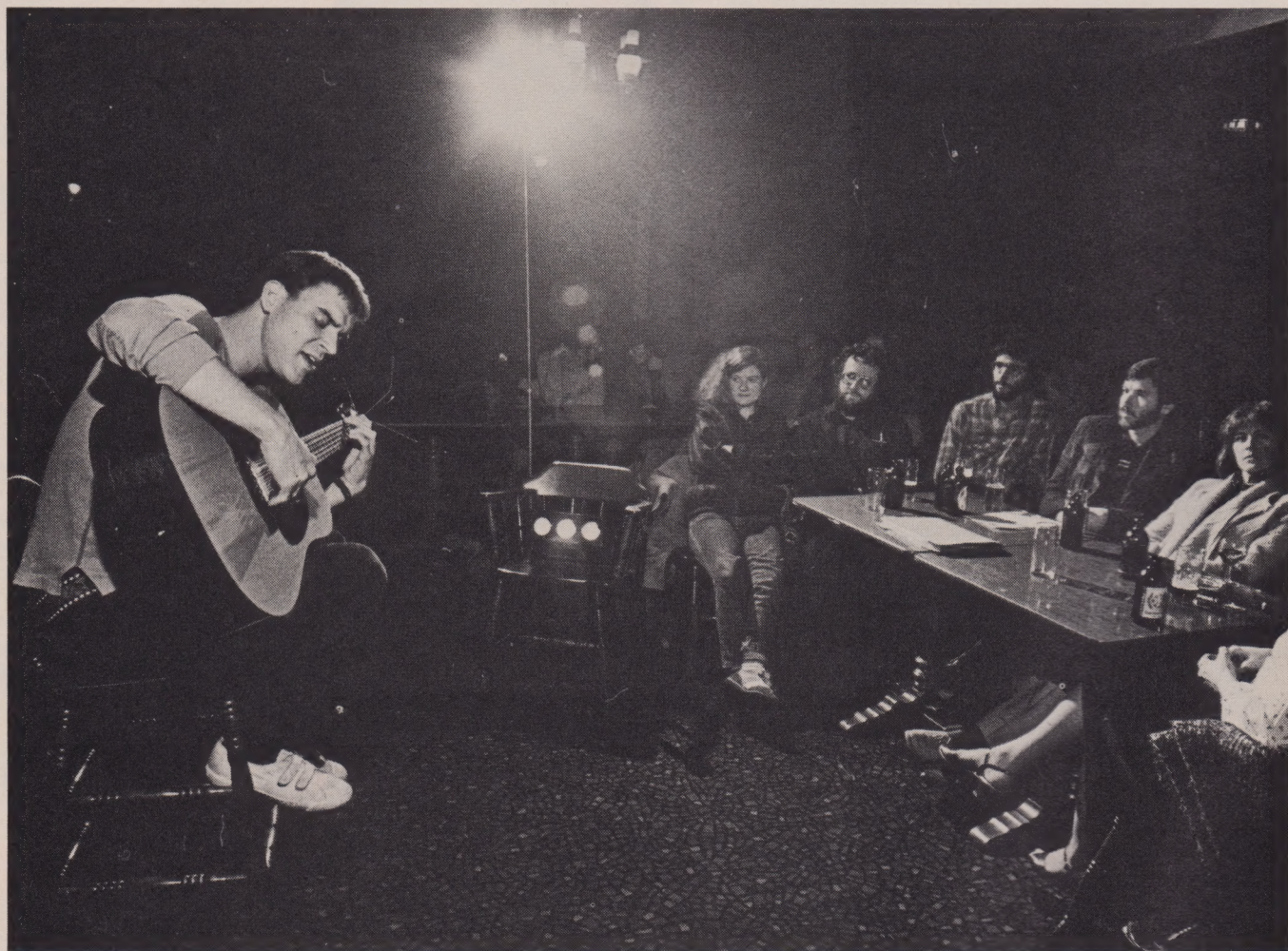
true coffee house atmosphere," explains Sandy Greenberg, musician and a founding member of Harbour Folk. "And a coffee house is unlike any other nightspot. I mean, we're not here to sell beer. We're here to provide professional and amateur musicians with a place to play and try out new material in a relaxing, friendly atmosphere."

That's all very well. But unless you're a musician or an aficionado of home-grown folk music, you've probably never heard of the pub nights at the Belmont, or the Hostel and Unicorn coffee houses in

Halifax. Far off the city's well-travelled fast lane, despising most forms of publicity, they guard their anonymity jealously. And that's too bad. For they are perhaps the only places in town where you can hear original music in its raw form. Moreover, despite the occasional lapses and self-indulgences of some performers, the music is usually good.

Most people place coffee houses firmly into the cultural landscape of the 1960s, along with psychedelic drugs, student unrest and Bob Dylan. They imagine coffee houses as cobweb-festooned basement grottos that catered to pop philosophers, failed poets with cheap food and unending supplies of cappuccino and espresso. In fact, that's not far from the truth. At one point, Toronto boasted no less than 12 full-time cafés bearing such left-bankish names as The Womb, The Bohemian Embassy and

Paul Fotopolus at the Harbour Folk Society's "pub night" in the Belmont Hotel



Dante's Inferno. Halifax had The Turret, The Privateer and Christopher's. Caught up in the ferment of the era, they often became headquarters for a generation committed to a new way of life. And they were the sites of a musical revolution that produced such talents as Neil Young, Joni Mitchell and Gordon Lightfoot.

For better or worse, those days are gone. Today's coffee houses are less ambitious. Their proprietors are mainly concerned with the bread and butter facts of running a business.

"I think we're successful — not financially, of course, — but people seem to like what we do," says Carla Conrod, manager of the Halifax Hostel Coffee House on Brunswick Street. She started her coffee house over a year ago to raise money to send a friend to Toronto. Since then, her bi-monthly soirées have attracted regular audiences of 30 a night. She has free use of the hostel's northern wing, and she doesn't pay musicians. Refreshments include one brand of coffee at 30 cents a cup, tea, fruit juice and sometimes food. Customers are asked, but not forced, to fork over a cover charge of \$2.50. "We run this thing on a shoestring," Conrod says. "We pay for coffee and candles essentially. Our publicity is word of mouth and the occasional poster — we like it that way."

An evening at the Halifax Hostel Coffee House is something like an evening in your own living room. Customers sit on second-hand sofas and face a raised stage where performers play without a microphone and often in candlelight. In such an environment, mistakes are inevitable but nobody seems to mind. The music tends to be experimental, and members of the audience are frequently inspired to take to the stage themselves.

The Unicorn Café in Dalhousie University's Student Union building is just slightly more polished. Established early in 1983, originally named the Genesis XXII Coffee House, it was supposed to provide students with an alternative to the city's

Making music the hard way

Ben Trembly will never get rich whomping up music on the street, but so what? He's happy

Every morning, Ben Trembly takes his recorder, his mandolin and sometimes his autoharp to the Clyde Street liquor store where he works. No, the Nova Scotia Liquor Commission hasn't instituted musical lunchbreaks for its employees. Trembly is a professional busker or, more familiarly, a street musician. And come rain or shine, he's out there on the corner of Clyde and Dresden Row, blowing and plunking for pennies or, if he's lucky, for dimes. Why does he do it? Why does he risk his health and his social life for a pittance?

"Not for the money, that's for sure," he grins. "No... actually, when the living is good, it can be very good; it's just that when it's bad, it's most certainly very bad. I guess why I do it takes on a deeper meaning when it really comes down to it."

A self-styled ramblin' man, Trembly has driven taxis, installed telephones, been the technical director for a small theatre, been a radio technician, and even did a stint in the armed forces. But nothing has given him greater pleasure than doffing his cap and striking up a furious jig for passersby.

"Busking can be an excellent existence," he says. "If I could afford it, I'd play for free. Buskers tend to busk for many years because

they like it so much. It really gives me a feel for the tradition of the piper, and you can't get that one-to-one communication with an audience anywhere but on the street."

Contrary to popular belief, buskers aren't court jesters. It takes a shrewd eye and a cool head to know what to play for an audience that constantly changes. And that's why a busker, more than any other performer, must keep abreast of music trends. He must constantly refine his technique and increase his repertoire. He must also work long, hard days, often standing five hours in one spot to make any money.

"It's basic free enterprise," Trembly says. "There's no protection to speak of. And when it's raining, your fingers get numb, your instrument gets wet, and there's not much business."

There are other disadvantages. Busking takes Trembly away from his wife and family, and prevents him from jamming with his friends. And despite his best efforts, he really can't make a living wage at it. But in the end busking isn't just a living. It's a way of life.

"I never count the money when I'm playing. There's a lesson in that. I'm an apprentice, in a way. I play for the music."

beerhalls and lounges. "We felt the time was right for something like this," explains its founder Michael Crystal. "Halifax's nightlife was largely restricted to the meat market downtown. We believed students in particular would appreciate a place where they could go and listen to live, acoustic music."

Since then, the Unicorn has become immensely popular with coffee house crawlers, routinely attracting crowds of 70 or more to its Sunday night sessions. The Unicorn offers seven brands of coffee and tea, donuts, cookies, sandwiches and soup. The atmosphere is lively and friendly. The talk is distinctly highbrow, and performers must often fight to be heard over the din.

But despite their differences, Metro's coffee houses share an almost religious commitment to home-grown folk music that links them spiritually to the cafés of the 1960s. Neither the Halifax

Hostel coffee house nor the Unicorn will accept performers with even a trace of electronic gear. If such a posture protects the integrity of the coffee-house ideal, it also prevents many folk musicians from getting the exposure they need. The Harbour Folk Society, at least, is working on the problem.

"It's very hard for a single coffee house to make any money, or stay in business long enough to showcase a wide variety of talented performers," says Sandy Greenberg. "You really need a support system to work full-time for the benefit of the region's performers."

Since its formation in 1980, the Harbour Folk Society has sponsored concerts, folk festivals and workshops, all designed to get the local musician a wider audience. It has even convinced some of Halifax's more prosperous lounges to host their own "folk music evenings." As a result, Harbour Folk's pub

nights have become showcases of local talent, attracting performers from all over the province. And on these nights, it's strictly standing room only at the Treasure Cove.

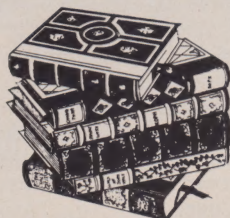
The harsh truth about coffee houses is that they don't last long. No coffee-house crawler likes to admit that. But he knows coffee houses don't have that widespread appeal that packs 'em in night after night. The Unicorn has already closed for the summer, to be reborn like a phoenix in the fall. And Carla Conrod doesn't know how long she can keep things rolling at the Hostel on just a shoestring. But all you really need to remember is that, for the time being, Metro has three charming little cafés. And for the weary, downhearted, or for those of you just sick of Halifax's regular bill of night fare, there's no better place to spend an evening.

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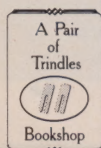


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For the love of Mulcahy

Why do so many Nova Scotians treat this Toronto-based actor like a favorite son?

Halifax theatre-goers love him the way kids love Superman, and down at Neptune they call him "the ticket-seller." He's a "close personal friend" to local actors, writers, bankers, businessmen and journalists. He's a member of the Halifax Press Club and, for one glorious season, was its trivia champ. He even sups, from time to time, with the Catholic Archbishop of Halifax.

In short, Sean Mulcahy — actor, director, teacher and dedicated world traveller — should be exceedingly pleased with himself. It's not every man who spends only a few weeks out of every year in Nova Scotia and becomes more popular here than Miss Teen Halifax. And, of course, he is pleased, and happy, and grateful, and ... well ... just a little confused.

of language, and he involves himself in every aspect of the theatre." Halifax journalist Harry Flemming says, "Sean is delightful company. He's witty, intelligent and very knowledgeable." "He's full of the anecdote," Cameron adds, "and he's gregarious in the best sense of the word."

But Mulcahy says if he is likable, that's what his profession demands.

Fresh out of the RAF, where he'd spent six years in European and Middle Eastern depots staging amateur productions of Shakespeare and O'Casey, he came to Canada in 1957. "I arrived here essentially by accident," he says. "I could have gone to Australia. I could have gone anywhere. I was just looking for a change."

He landed roles in radio and television almost immediately. But he spent many frustrating months trying to break into theatre. That's when he met Andrew Allan, one of the best directors in Canada. "Allan was a very civilized man," he recalls. "He really knew Canadian theatre inside and out. I guess he was my mentor." Mulcahy learned from Allan, and in 1963 became the first associate director of the Shaw Festival. By 1968, when he accepted the directorship of Edmonton's Citadel Theatre, he was one of the most sought-after actor-directors in the country.

He left the Citadel in 1973 to direct productions in Montreal, Sudbury and Toronto. From 1974 to 1976, he was artistic director of both the Press Theatre in St. Catharines and the Gryphon in Barrie, Ont. Since then, he's taught drama at half a dozen Canadian universities; strutted in plays by O'Casey, Beckett, Eliot, Wilde and Shaw in theatres all over the country; shared stages with Jack Klugman, Margot Kid-



Mulcahy's enthusiasm and love of theatre is infectious

"I do have many dear friends here," he says. "But I don't remember doing anything spectacular. People are very kind."

His friends say there's no mystery. He's simply a consummate pro, whose energy, enthusiasm and love of theatre infects everyone he meets. "He's a thorough-going actor," says actress and onetime talk show host Anna Cameron. "He has a wonderful love

der and Douglas Fairbanks; won the Queen's Silver Jubilee Medal in 1977 for "worthy and devoted service to the arts"; and been nominated for four ACTRA awards. This spring he won an Actra — the Andrew Allan award for best radio performance by a male actor.

Mulcahy keeps an apartment in Toronto, but he rarely gets to roost there; he says an actor must travel to

CITYSTYLE

be successful. "This is our lot. Actors must go where the work is. My attitude is that when I'm offered a job somewhere else, I do the job, take my cheque, tip my hat and ask for their future business."

But, he adds, travel is also a source of inspiration. It is what distinguishes the professionals from the hobbyists. For the actor's mission is to reveal the mortar in humanity, the truths that link us in spite of the miles that separate us. And he can only do that if he has a broad knowledge of the world. He must embrace each place he visits, strive to understand its needs, and bring this perspective to his performances.

Still, many actors have said as much. And while dedication to craft may be a reason for Mulcahy's popularity in the theatre crowd, it doesn't explain why so many Nova Scotians treat him like a lost son. The simplest answer is that though he works hard to fit in wherever he goes, he also has an utterly unprofessional passion for Canada's east coast.

Born in western Ireland, on a bay where even today, men pull their meagre living from the sea, he grew up under the strict, Catholic eye of his grandfather. Little Sean attended church twice on Sunday, rarely went to the movies, never played cards. "My mother's father was a very straight, old-type Irishman," he says. "And you either played by his rules or you were out."

Yet, he remembers his boyhood fondly: "My grandfather had a great influence on me. He taught me things about the value of work that I carry with me to this day. I cherish my summers with him." Mulcahy first came to the Maritimes in 1960, touring in Bertold Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*. It was like coming home. "It was a time of the most amazing parties. This region reminded me so much of Ireland."

He returned off and on over the next quarter-century, mostly for radio plays. But his deep connection with Nova Scotia began a couple of years ago when John Neville asked him to perform in Tom Stoppard's *Step Dance* at Neptune. Since then, he's performed at Neptune in *Juno and the Paycock*, *The Apple Cart*, and this season's *Mass Appeal*. He says he and the region have had a chance to become reacquainted. "Other places I've been are dear to me, but Nova Scotia is special. It goes back to my Celtic roots. My bones feel right when I'm here."

Mulcahy is still serious enough about his business to keep travelling. But if, a few years down the road, he were offered the directorship of Neptune, he says, he'd be here "in a shot." If that should happen, Nova Scotia's theatre-lovers might never let him go.

—Alexander Bruce

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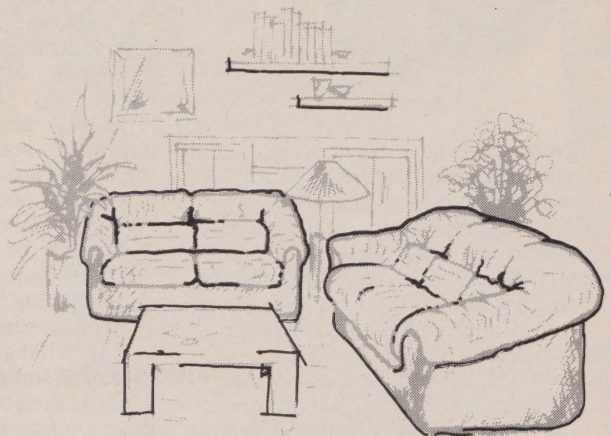
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Dancing in the streets



By Deborah Waters

Inside Sackville's Downsview Mall, a portable cassette player blares out music that pulses like a heartbeat. Six black teenagers, known as the Beechville Breakers, dressed in grey sweatpants and white headbands, begin dancing a side-to-side step in unison. Then the oldest dancer, Todd Wright, hurls himself to the floor and spins on his shoulder, his legs slashing the air. He shifts his weight and starts spinning even faster on his back, his knees against his chest. Still moving to the beat, he lies prone and begins moving across the beige tiles, his body propelled by a wave-like motion like a caterpillar's.

Wright's routine is called "the worm," and the strange rites he and his dancing partners are performing are part of Metro's newest fad — a combination of acrobatics, martial arts poses, mime

and dance called breakdancing.

But it is more than a fad, more than a dance, more than simple recreation.

Michael Doyle, one of Halifax's first breakdancers, lives in a huge, low-rental housing development of yellow-brick units on Uniacke Square, where most of the Halifax breakdancers live. For him, breakdancing has meant meeting new people and lots of attention. His mother, Helen Doyle, says her son has found his first love. "His mind is focused. You don't know how glad I am. A lot of boys around here his age are in Shelburne [Nova Scotia School for Boys]."

Doyle's usual partner, Robert Provo, says he's changed since he started breakdancing. "I was shy. Real shy. Now I'm not shy no more. We danced at the Metro Centre in front of 7,000 people, and we couldn't wait to get out there."

The immense popularity of the movie *Flashdance* and Michael Jackson's rock videos may explain why breakdancing has spread so quickly throughout North America. But Michael Jackson wasn't the first to bring the "moonwalk" to Halifax.

Smokey Tolliver says his nephew introduced this fad almost two years ago. Tolliver manages the Futuristics, a Halifax breakdance group, and owns a private disc jockey service. "My nephew came up from New York the summer before last and did some demonstrations of breakdancing in the streets," he says. "Up on Gottingen Street, crowds of 200 to 300 would gather. The cops thought there was some kind of riot going on. They pushed through and peeked in, then got back in their cars."

Breakdancing originated in New York City as a way for rival gangs to display their machismo without resorting to bloody gang warfare. While Daryl Tolliver was here, he took on a couple of avid pupils. One of them was Michael Doyle.

"It was really hard," Doyle says. "It took us two weeks of practising in front

of a mirror just to learn the moonwalk." But he continued working at it five to six hours a day. Now he's making money at breakdancing, as a member of the Cosmic Crew, Halifax's top breakdancing group.

The first person to promote the new fad in Metro was John Bruce.

Bruce manages Colwell Brothers, a clothing store in downtown Halifax. With his glistening, wet-look curls, brown complexion and delicate features, he looks like a robust Michael Jackson. When he dons a red and black jacket, black leather pants, sparkly socks and a sequined glove, the resemblance is startling. Bruce capitalizes on it. He's won modelling contracts with his Michael Jackson imitation. And it is through his work with his older brother's modelling agency that breakdancing has developed a profile in the Halifax area.

Bruce grew up in the same North End Halifax neighborhood as Michael Doyle. He started using Doyle as a model in some fashion shows. During the show, Doyle would pretend he was a mannikin. He'd moonwalk to the other models and touch them, and they'd come to life. As other teenagers in the neighborhood began picking up the steps, Bruce began incorporating them into fashion shows, at the Simpson's Mall and at the Office, a downtown nightclub.

Since Bruce started working with a group last fall, he's not only used it in fashion shows, he's shaped it into a nightclub act known as J. B. and the Cosmic Crew. He acts as master of ceremonies, dressed in his Michael Jackson outfit. His breakdancers wear



Doyle: Breakdancing's his first love

PHOTOS BY DEBORAH WATERS

tuxedos, complete with ruffled shirts and cummerbunds.

"At first I had a problem with the boys," he says. "They wanted to wear T-shirts and head bands. The 'gang' look." He prefers the clean look, and it makes his group unique. Their costumes, and their synchronized smoothness while dancing, is reminiscent of the choreography danced by the Temptations 15 years ago.

Bruce polishes the act by paying attention to details. "Have you ever noticed how some of the breakdancers chew gum? I've told my guys they can't because they don't realize how wild they're going on their gum when they're concentrating." On Sundays, the group pushes back the couch in his downtown apartment and practises in his living room. "I grew up with those kids. Played basketball with them. This is my

Cosmic Crew is the only local group with its own "raps." And Provo writes them.

"I go home and think," he says. "Sit in the house alone. It takes a lot of concentration. Anyone can rhyme, but it's hard to get a rhyme to go exactly with the music."

One kind of rapping is called "hip hop rapping." It's used to get people partying. "It's bragging about yourself." For example, Provo raps:

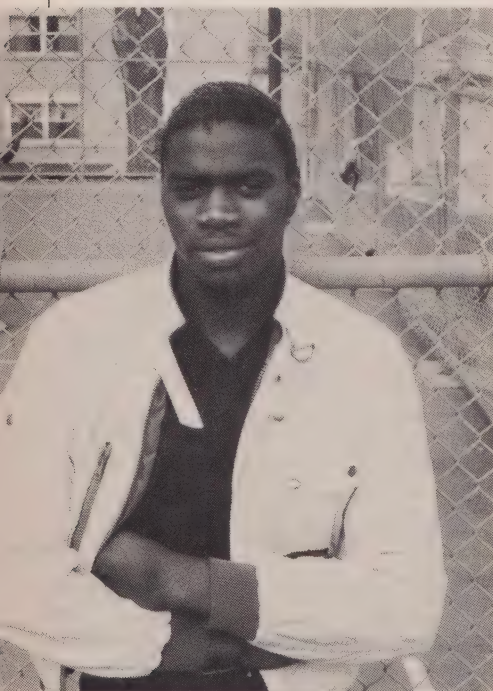
*My name is Mellow Rock
I'm the best
I rock from the north,
The east and the west.*

Another style is "message rapping." These raps have political overtones, or

concern subjects such as unemployment, the economy or inflation. "That kind of rapping makes you think about life," says Provo, who's returned to finish his Grade 12 at Queen Elizabeth High School. He hopes to continue in vocational school next year to study electronics.

Provo is writing his own message raps too:

*One thing you need in this
situation
Is what we call an education
Don't drop out of school
Get yourself right through
Just think about your life
What you want to do
Computers nowadays takes a man's*



Provo: "Rap" writer as well as dancer

way of helping out down there. All they need is a break."

Individual members of the Cosmic Crew have been consistent winners in breakdance competitions. "Magic Man" Michael Doyle and "Mellow Rock" Robert Provo won competitions at the Lord Nelson Hotel and at Dalhousie University. "Baby Breaker" Roger Kelsie won the competition at Wheelies in Dartmouth. "Cool G" Richard Gray, who complements his stage identity with a pair of narrow sunglasses, joined the group only a few months ago. Before that, he concentrated on bodybuilding.

Provo is finding an outlet for more than his athletic ability in breakdancing. Much of the music popular with breakdancers is "rap" music with rhymed verses spoken to music. The



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Whether or not messages like this get across, the older high school students who are serious about breakdancing find they've become role models for the younger students. "The younger kids

idolize them," says Debbie Dunham, a physical education teacher in Dartmouth. She says breakdancing has given some of the older boys a reason to stay in school.

Not all breakdancers were headed for problems with school or the law. But it's the first time many of the boys have ever been disciplined about anything except sports. Since coaches have always known that sports can build character as well as bodies, Halifax Housing's recreation department is including breakdancing in its sports program.

As part of this program, Dwight Marshall coaches a group of pre-teen boys, the Greystone Breakers, from the Greystone public housing project in

Spryfield. They practise regularly at the Rocky Stone Heights School. Curtis Cowards, recreation programs assistant director, says breakdancing helps keep the kids off the streets and out of trouble.

At the Saint Mary's University student union building, the Greystone Breakers form a line, ready to enter the dance floor. Smokey Tolliver, looking dapper in a black double-breasted suit with a bright red handkerchief in his breast pocket, tells the audience to "keep track of individuals" because tonight the audience will judge contestants.

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peting with the Double D's, a junior group from downtown Halifax. There are cheers and applause as each boy is introduced and three finalists compete for the grand prize. Trevor Clarke, the shortest, slightest member of the Greystone group, wearing a shiny blue shirt with a bold orange number 33 and a white sweatband around his neck, remains on stage with two members from the Double D's.

The boys begin strutting, each gesturing to his expanded chest. A boy from the Double D's jumps head first

CITYSTYLE

into a flip, lands on his heels and dances back into place. Under the jacket of his new track suit, he's wearing a blue T-shirt that stops about four inches above his navel. Clarke wins the \$50 prize. He grins widely, his face framed by tangled curls hanging below his ears. He says he plans to "buy a new pair of sneakers or something" with the money.

Audience response is a common method for judging breakdance contests, but many dancers think it's unfair. They say the audience can't be relied upon to keep cheering after they're tired out. Others complain that a dancer can always win if he has enough friends in the audience.

At a major competition at the Office a few nights later, a formal panel of three judges sits at a high, narrow table at the edge of a shiny, metallic dance floor. A predominantly white audience packs the lower level of the club. A balcony overlooks the dance floor. Suspended from the ceiling is a garish star whose glittering shafts extend several feet in all directions. Multicolored lights flash on and off.

The dancers are tense, wound up like athletes before a championship game. Though the groups compete like teams in a league, they're judged on far more than physical prowess. As dancers, they must display originality, grace and timing. Sizing up their competition, some of them make critical comments: "They don't do nothing original." "He ain't hit the beat yet." While a rival is spinning on his hand on the dance floor, some of them snicker, "That's all he can do."

Most breakdancers borrow moves from videos and television shows — and each other. "They stole all our moves," cries a member of the Futuristics at one point.

Three members of the Jailbreakers, a Dartmouth group, attempt a Helicopter spin. John Bruce (another Bruce, this one a stocky, red-haired teenager from Dartmouth) turns, holding Stacy Glasgow and Shawn Jeffery, who have extended their bodies like propeller blades from Bruce's shoulders. The dance floor is too slippery. They crash against a row of spectators sitting on bar stools. The dancers offstage laugh derisively.

The Dartmouth John Bruce is one of three white contestants. This evening, he takes more chances on the small, slippery dance floor in his acrobatics, and he uses mime in his solo act. Though he doesn't win, the judges make a special mention of his outstanding performance. Tonight, the Cosmic Crew wins the grand prize for the best group performance, and the Cassidy twins win first prize for a doubles act.

Derrick Wilson, 18, of Sackville, another white contestant, usually dances with two other Sackville High School students who haven't come tonight.



The Cosmic Crew: (Clockwise from L) Robert Provo, John Bruce, Richard Gray, Michael Doyle, Roger Kelsie

Billy Connolly and Scott Parsons won the competition at the Sackville Wheelies. Roller skating, at the Wheelies in Sackville or in Dartmouth, has figured at some time in the social lives of most breakdancers in Metro. A couple of nights a week, the rinks play rap and funk music to attract teenagers. Many of them "break" in the centre while skaters go around the circle.

"I used to go roller skating all the time," Connolly says. "But I lost interest. My skates got too small." He's relieved breakdancing has come to Sackville. "God, Sackville needs something," he says, laughing. "It keeps the kids from vandalism, anyway."

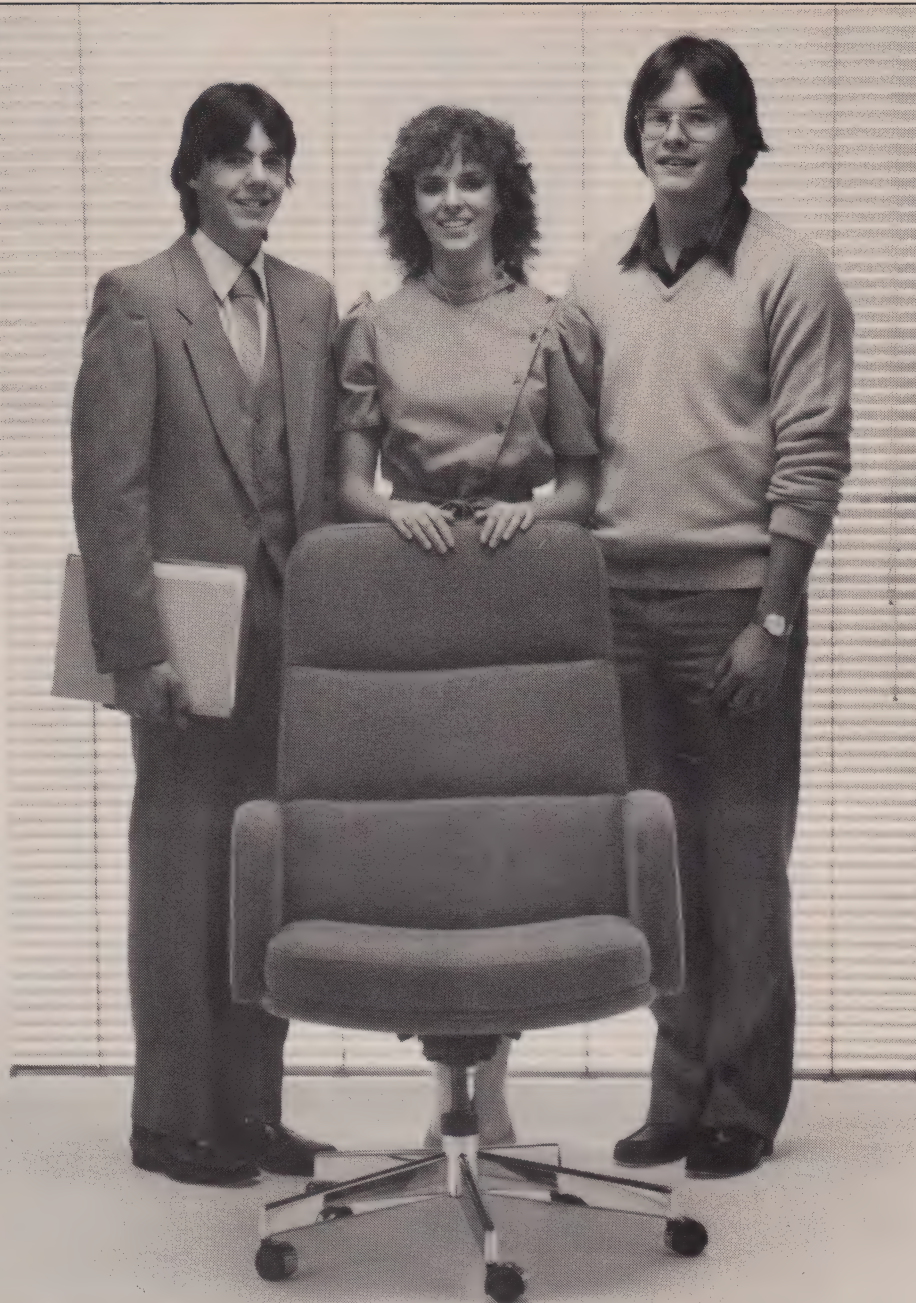
Nobody expects breakdancing to

stay around for ever. Halifax's first breakdancer, Michael Doyle, says, "I know breakdancing's going to fade. It's just a fad." "As a novelty," Tolliver predicts, "it may get through the summer."

In the meantime, breakdancing has yet to spread to most other parts of Atlantic Canada. Both Tolliver and Cosmic Crew manager John Bruce are talking about taking their dancers to Newfoundland. "While breakdancing is here, we're going to go for it," Bruce says.

Jerome Smith, dance director of the Dartmouth Jailbreakers, looks at it this way: "After breakdancing there should be another type of dancing. And we'll get into that too. And we'll just keep on dancing and dancing."

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ART GALLERIES

Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. June 14-July 15. *The Hague School: Collecting in Canada At the Turn of the Century.* Courtesy of Extension Services, Art Gallery of Ontario. An exhibit of 36 paintings and 13 photographs.

Documentation by Dutch artists active in The Hague from 1850. The realistic presentations depict familiar surroundings: Street scenes, church interiors, landscapes, seascapes. 6152 Coburg Road, 424-7542. Hours: Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10 a.m. - 9 p.m.; Sun., 12 p.m. - 5:30 p.m.

Anna Leonowens Gallery (N.S. College of Art & Design) To June 14: Gallery 1, Alice Hagen: Ceramics. To June 9: Gallery 11, Greg Ludlow: Sculpture. June 4-9: Gallery 111, Cawley Farrell: Prints. June 11-16: Gallery 11, Michael Shumiatcher: Sculpture. June 11-16: Gallery 111, Melanie Craig: Paintings. June 18-July 6: Gallery 1, Gary Spearin: Installation. June 18-23: Gallery 11, Paul Hess: Prints. June 18-30: Gallery 111, Sandra Brownlee-Ramsale: Weaving. June 25-30: Gallery II, Paul Landon and Derek Dennett: Installation. 1889 Granville Street. 422-7381, Ext. 184. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m. - 5 p.m.; Thurs., 11 a.m. - 9 p.m.; Sun., 11 a.m. - 3 p.m.

Dalhousie Art Gallery. *Michael Snow: Walking Woman Works, 1961-67.* A comprehensive look at the "walking woman works" of Canadian artist Michael Snow. The series, which Snow created over several years, contains about 75 sculptures, prints, drawings, paintings and constructions. They incorporate Snow's image of the walking woman and reveal how this image acted as a focus for many of his

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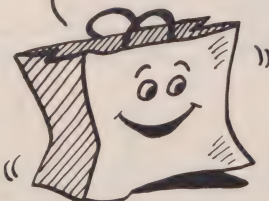
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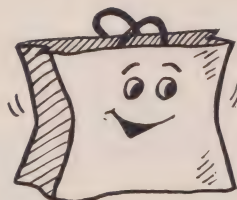
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artistic interests and concerns. Organized by the Agnes Etherington Art Centre, Kingston, Ont. Curated by Louise Dompierre. On June 14, Dompierre lectures on Snow's work. The artist Michael Snow discusses his work on June 1. To July 8: *Selections From the Permanent Collection: Works on Paper*. An exhibit of 13 works on paper from Dalhousie Art Gallery's permanent collection. They range

from historical to contemporary. Curated by Peg Fraser, Museum Studies Course, Mount Saint Vincent University. Dalhousie University Campus, 6101 University Ave. Hours: Tues. - Fri., 11 a.m. - 5 p.m.; Sat. and Sun., 1-5 p.m.

Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery. June 15-July 8. Downstairs, *Dykeland's*: A photography exhibit by Thaddeus Holowitz, of Sackville, N.B. These 40 black-and-white silver-contact prints culminate a five-year investigation of the Tantramar Marsh. Holowitz took the photographs with a vintage "banquet" view camera, circa 1925. The result: 7 x 17 negatives. Owens Art Gallery, Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B. organized the exhibit. Upstairs, *Dwight Siegner: Prints*. Diagrammatic representations of landscapes based on the environment of the bay of Fundy. An abstract restructuring of landscapes which tend to generate an image consisting of similar shapes. Bedford Highway, 443-4450. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. - 5 p.m.; Tues. till 9 p.m.; Sat. and Sun. 12-5 p.m.

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Ice House Lounge. June 11-16: *Quadrant*. 300 Prince Albert Road, Dartmouth. Hours: Mon. - Fri., 11:30 a.m. - 2 a.m.; Sat., 5 p.m. - 2 a.m.
Ladies' Beverage Room. June 2: *Schooner Fare*. June 4-9, *Miller's Jug*. June 11-16, *McGinty*. Lord Nelson Hotel, South Park St. Hours: Mon. - Wed., 11 a.m. - 11 p.m.; Thurs. - Sat., 11 a.m. - 12:30 a.m.
Village Gate. June 4: *Southside*. June 11: Paul Lawson. 534 Windmill Road,

CITYSTYLE

ATLANTIC INSIGHT, JUNE 1984

Dartmouth. Hours: Mon. - Wed., 10 a.m. - 11 p.m.; Thurs. - Sat., 10 a.m. - 12:30 a.m.



THEATRE

Dalhousie Arts Centre. June 3; *Carroll Baker*, popular Canadian country singer. Shows at 7 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. June 16: *Edgett International Dance Spring Showcase*. Showtime: 7:30 p.m. Dalhousie University Campus. For more information call 424-2298.

Theatre Arts Guild. June 14-16, 21-25. *Walsh* by Sharon Pollock. A play written for the Canadian bi-centennial of the RCMP. The play explores the relationship between Chief Sitting Bull, who fled the U.S. to western Canada, and the RCMP. Pond Playhouse, Jollimore. For more information call 477-4973.

MUSEUMS

Dartmouth Heritage Museum. Oils by Halifax-Dartmouth painters. 100 Wyse Road. For information call 421-2300. Hours: Mon. - Fri., 9 - 9; Sat. 9-5; Sun., 2-5.

Nova Scotia Museum. June 13: Pond Walk: A visit to a local pond with John Gilhen and Ed Claridge. You'll learn how to recognize the signs and activities of some Nova Scotia amphibians. Pre-registration required. No children under eight. June 21: Public show at the Planetarium, Dalhousie University. No children under eight. June 24: *All About Snakes*. At 2 p.m. at the museum. Nova Scotia has some interesting and colorful species of snakes. You can visit the museum for an informal information session. Features live specimens. 1747 Summer Street. For information call 429-4610. Hours: May 15 - Oct. 15, 9:30 a.m. - 5:30 p.m. daily; 9:30 - 8 p.m. Wed.; Sun. 1 p.m. - 5:30 p.m.

Maritime Museum of the Atlantic. June 6 and 20. Special luncheons featuring films and talks on marine-related subjects. June 10-13: *Parade of Sail*, special information board plotting the routes of the tall ships. The Days of Sail Gallery features models of ships, a ship carpenter shop, re-creation of the deck house of the N.S. charter schooner *Rayo*. Visit other museums in Nova Scotia to see other marine-related displays: **Fisheries Museum of the Atlantic**, Lunenburg, **Yarmouth County Museum**, Northumberland **Fisheries Museum**, Picton. Maritime Museum of the Atlan-

tic, Lower Water Street. For information call 429-8210. Hours: 9:30 a.m. - 5:30 p.m. daily; 9:30 - 8 p.m. Tues.; Sun., 1 p.m. - 5:30 p.m.

SPORTS

Dartmouth Sportsplex. June 1, 3: Boating Safety Course. June 3, 10, 17, 24: Bingo KLR. June 6, 7: Atlantic Canada Trade Fair. June 14, 21, 28: Wrestling. June 25: Dartmouth High Graduation. June 29, 30 & July 2: Senobe Aquatic Club Beerfest. For information call 421-2600.

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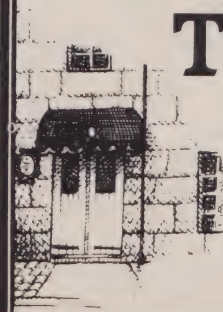
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Here are four winners from the Ideal Homes Show

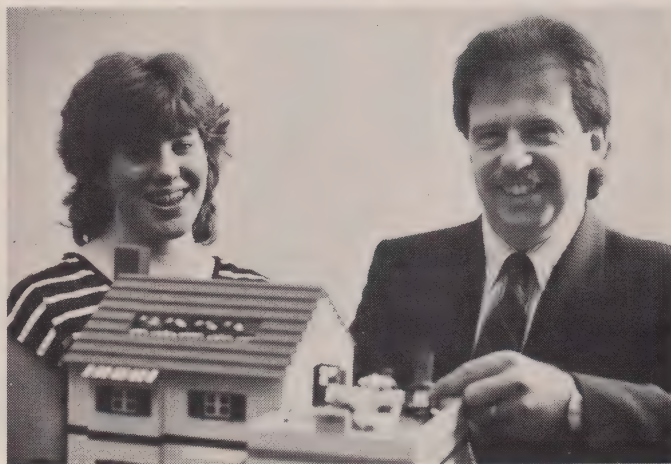
PHOTO BY DAVID NICHOLS



The Lucky Draw held by Atlantic Insight at the Halifax Ideal Home Show attracted thousands of entrants. Winner of the trip for two anywhere in the world Air Canada flies, was Edythe Allan of Dartmouth. Shown presenting the tickets is Ken Brown, Regional Passenger Sales Development Manager for Air Canada, Atlantic Insight National Sales Manager, Roger Daigneault.



Margaret Moldon of Dartmouth won a weekend for two at the Delta Barrington Inn. She is getting the good news from Grant McCurdy, Director of Sales, Delta Barrington Inn, and Roger Daigneault of Atlantic Insight.



A unique Lego house was another prize in the Atlantic Insight draw at the Halifax Ideal Home Show. Amber Clark of Hatchett Lake was the happy winner, seen receiving her prize from Atlantic Insight Circulation Manager, Neville Gilfoy.



Mrs Jane Rigg of Dartmouth was the lucky winner of the slant desk and caboose chair from Argyle Pine. Here she is seen being congratulated by Rick Foster, advertising Manager, Argyle Pine, and Roger Daigneault of Atlantic Insight.

There were times during the three days of the Halifax Ideal Home Show when it appeared as though all the visitors were crowded into the *Atlantic Insight* exhibit.

Many came just to say how much they enjoy the magazine, others were there talking about advertising, but we have to admit that most of the people had come to enter the lucky draw.

By draw time on Sunday, we had literally thousands of entrants, and it's too bad we couldn't have had more than four prizes. Maybe next time!

According to Denman Exhibitions Ltd., the organizers of the show, everyone involved had a wonderful time. During the course of the show, more than 18,000 people had taken advantage of the opportunity to see the latest in home ideas.

You may be interested to know that 45% of the visitors came from outside the Metro area. Regular visitors, the people who go to all the home shows, accounted for 60% of the attendance. And 23% of the visitors had a specific purchase in mind. From the survey taken, 18% wanted to see more wall and floor coverings, garden equipment, and appliances.

Next year's show could be in a different location. Where do you think the best location would be? The Forum, or the World Trade Centre, or the new Atlantic Winter Fair complex?

Why not drop a line, giving us your thoughts on the location and anything else to do with the show. Address your

comments to: The Editor, Atlantic Homes, 1668 Barrington Street, Halifax B3J 2A2. We'll pass your comments on to the organizers.

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Each month, *Atlantic Insight* presents the region to the people who live here — and to a growing number of men and women elsewhere who want to stay in touch with their heritage. Each month you enjoy the refreshing blend of news and views, wit and wisdom, pictures and people. You muse along with Harry Bruce, laugh along with Ray Guy. You meet the leaders, the comers, and the just plain folk. *Atlantic Insight* is the magazine of Atlantic Canada — so much more than just a news magazine. Subscribe now — and know what's going on around here.

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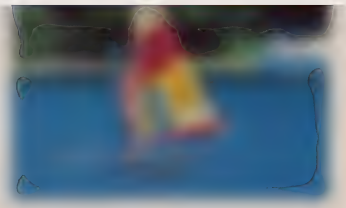
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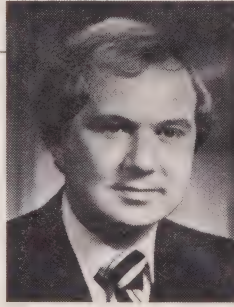
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Publisher's Letter



This month, a familiar face is missing from this page and a familiar name is missing from the masthead.

Marilyn MacDonald, who had been with the magazine since its beginning in April, 1979, first as managing editor and then as editor, resigned at the end of April.

Marilyn MacDonald provided leadership, stability and a keen sense of purpose to a young magazine as it sought to define and, as the years passed, redefine its communications objectives.

Marilyn is a journalist with integrity, creativity and a dedication to raising the standards of the practice of magazine journalism throughout Atlantic Canada.

We are taking this opportunity to acknowledge her contribution to the growth and success of *Atlantic Insight* and her encouragement of the growth and success of many fine writers in the Atlantic region.

We know those writers and you, their readers, join us in wishing Marilyn MacDonald every success in her future endeavors.

When an editor, or any key person, leaves a magazine, it creates a gap.

At the same time, it creates an opportunity for revitalization.

For a magazine to prosper, it must grow. With that growth, comes change.

It is an evolutionary process, the catalyst being recognition of the changing attitudes, ambitions and needs of its readers.

The *Atlantic Insight* of June, 1984, is not the *Atlantic Insight* of April, 1979, nor can it possibly resemble the *Atlantic Insight* that will carry the dateline September, 1999.

Still, there will always be similarities, because the mandate of *Atlantic Insight* has remained constant and is unlikely to change.

It is, by both geographic and philosophical definition, a regional magazine.

As such, it reflects and contributes to the attitudes of the people who live in the four Atlantic provinces toward their unique part of the world.

Those attitudes, founded on an intense sense of history, and nurtured by a maritime economy and tradition, are being dramatically reshaped. There is a renewed sense of pride in a way of life that has escaped many of the excesses of modern living, and that now promises increased opportunities for personal success.

Atlantic Insight is the embodiment of that augmented pride.

The magazine presents all that is important to Atlantic Canada — heritage, culture, the arts, politics and politicians, the economy and business, law and government.

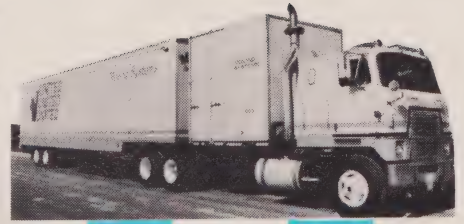
At the same time, reflecting dramatic changes in lifestyle, *Atlantic Insight* examines related concerns — home decorating, fashion, travel, theatre, food, entertainment, and most importantly people.

The leading journalists within the region have made *Atlantic Insight* their preferred medium for reporting and analysing topics relating to this unique and swiftly changing part of Canada.

Our editorial purpose remains constant with the statement made by founding publisher, William Belliveau, in April, 1979: "...*Atlantic Insight* believes that a new maturity in the Atlantic region and new chances for success deserve celebration. Just as tired ways of doing things deserve criticism. So we'll be celebrating and criticizing and we hope you'll come to feel that, without *Atlantic Insight* no month is quite complete."

This remains our determination.

And for more than 300,000 adult readers every month, *Atlantic Insight* has become required reading — 300,000 and growing.



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FEEDBACK

Families come first

I would like to offer my sympathy to Mr. Stappells as well as to any readers who could be influenced by your article and try to emulate him. ("Halifax," *He Says*, "Is My Sandbox," Profile, April.) Most entrepreneurs who put business interests first while children and family come a distant second wind up unhappy in their old age. This is not surprising, because children who grow up believing that their father cares more for apartment buildings than he cares for them can be very unforgiving. Children grow up fast, and tape recordings are not much comfort to a child who needs a father's love and attention. Mr. Stappells should be telling young entrepreneurs to regularly examine their priorities and see that their energies are allocated in accordance with their priorities.

Warren McKenzie
Ottawa, Ont.

Manna from Newfoundland

In response to "Disgusted with Guy" in your April Feedback column, I consider Ray Guy's column as monthly manna. It's so rich in literary devices, ingenious ideas combined with plain, down-to-earth horse sense, and wisdom of one who knows life, that if Ray can sustain such quality of writing, this col-

umn should remain as infinitum.

Gordon H. Sampson
North Sydney, N.S.

I must rhetorically leap to riposte the remarks of Mrs. R.M. Knill of Vancouver (Feedback, April) relative to that poet laureate of Newfie-land, Ray Guy. As an ex(all-too-briefly)-Maritimer, I envy Atlantic Canada's lock on this talented satirist. Who else can lampoon the nutty politicians and focus a piercing light on the foibles and shenanigans of bureaucracy in that embattled land? I think Ray is an Order of Canada material, a provincial treasure, one who in due course should be suitably embalmed in stone, or screech, whichever is the most economical at the time.

A.M. Feast
Vancouver, B.C.

Seal hunters and protectionists, unite!

I would like to comment on Ralph Surette's article *How Many Seals Are Too Many?* (March). He refers, and rightly, to the proliferation of nuclear weapons, to the starvation rampant in the world, and to the fact that dozens of plants and animals are on the verge of extinction. But people, like myself, who are concerned with these things (and do what we can to ameliorate the situation)

are also concerned with an anachronistic industry like the seal hunt. If there are too many seals (and as he says, How many is too many?) then culling would be the answer, not encouraging hard-working and desperate fishermen to feel the market for pelts is a continuing one, and that only the "bleeding hearts" are standing in the way of honest men earning a living. Though Mr. Surette and your readers may view the opinions of big-city-based citizens with contempt, those who "oppose" the seal hunt have never sought to alienate our Maritime cousins, and indeed, have tried in many ways to suggest to federal Big Brother that there must be viable alternatives to this yearly ritual. As in many other instances, the federal government has its own axe to grind; I do not think politicians are unduly concerned with the plight of fishermen. What they are concerned with (as always) is ensuring their seat in Parliament is a safe one. Were animal protectionists and men who earn their livelihood from the sea to unite against the chicanery of Ottawa-based politicians, I feel certain this setting of province against province could be avoided, to the benefit of all, humans and animals.

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Toronto, Ont.

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Our mistake

It is stated in your April issue under the article *Living on the Street* (Cities) that I am the founder of Adsum House. Adsum was in fact founded by the Association for Women's Residential Facilities. In the next paragraph of the article I realize that reference is made to this corporate body. However, specifying me as the founder is inaccurate and I would appreciate your noting this in a future issue.

Evelyn Pollard
Halifax, N.S.

Putting the record straight

The essentially complimentary profile on me (*Learning from Sam Johnson's Twitch*, Medicine, March) contained a number of minor inaccuracies. I enjoyed the fact that the writer made me younger than I am, and I was pleased with some of his flattering adjectives. I didn't mind the incorrect statements about our research funding. I didn't even mind the somewhat silly suggestions of why we do research on medical history — we certainly don't expect to find important new information that relates to the cause or cure of present-day disease. It would be more accurate to suggest that we can learn something about the profession of medicine and its role in society. With some difficulty I could even ignore the addition of five minutes to my best personal marathon. Only someone who has run

a marathon knows how difficult that is to ignore. However, one startling error that brought me to my feet in consternation was the suggestion that I was a native of Halifax. Much as I love Halifax, I spent only a brief sojourn in a Halifax maternity ward for one week at the time of my birth and spent my growing years in Pictou. I retain those connections, and will always be a proud native son of the Shiretown of Pictou.

Dr. T. J. Murray
Halifax, N.S.

Newfoundland has Welsh heritage, too

I enjoyed your feature article on the Welsh in Atlantic Canada (*Strangers from a Secret Land*, Heritage, March). However, when their story is told by Peter Thomas I hope he does not follow *Atlantic Insight's* lead and fail to mention the Welsh immigrants who settled in Newfoundland. The Welsh played a prominent part in the early settlement (1620-1640) of such southern shore communities as Trepassy, Renew's and Ferryland, but perhaps it is the prolific Williams family from another southern shore community, Bay Bulls, that is most conscious of its Welsh heritage. The Bay Bulls Williamses and their descendants as well as producing a Rhodes scholar were to produce an inordinate number of lawyers for such a small Newfoundland community, one of whom, Martin Williams Furlong, was viewed as the

outstanding criminal lawyer of his time and a man prominent in the business life of the Dominion.

Ray Condon
Labrador City, Nfld.

Comparison not warranted

I suppose *Atlantic Insight* would have to replace Harry Bruce with two writers were he to go elsewhere. But the volume and breadth of his articles joined to the nature of profile writing carry with it dangers of inadequate preparation and of a less than careful evaluation of subject matter. In the March issue (*Stand Ready to Pipe Bill Percy Aboard CanLit*, Books) a serious lack of thought was exposed by Bruce's statement that author Bill Percy shared a common ground with Graham Greene, D.M. Thomas and Marie-Claire Blais by virtue of the fact that Percy's novel *Painted Ladies* was placed by its publishers on their International Fiction List. I'm not sure Bruce really meant that. I think he was suggesting that Percy had some literary quality that warranted the equation with such imposing company. I don't believe Percy would make any such claim for himself, and the fact that it was made at all must be causing him a bit of embarrassment. It was the kind of assertion that would put Bruce on the same level of literary criticism as Stephen Spender or Tony Tanner, which is a bit silly. Both Bruce and Percy have their value. Let's

(continued on page 60)

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ATLANTIC INSIGHT, JUNE 1984

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Trouble in the anti-spray house

The two-year fight with Nova Scotia Forest Industries has left many environmentalists burned out and bitter, and divided the anti-spray movement. But, one insists, "we're still as solidly committed as ever"

In an article called "Stink of Defeat," which appeared this spring in an environmentalists' newsletter, Cape Breton writer and teacher Peter Cumming wrote about last year's highly publicized spray trial: "Everyone agreed that Nunn's decision stank. What they didn't agree on was what to do about it."

Cumming, who lives in Gabarus, N.S., and is spokesman for an anti-spray coalition, was talking about Justice Merlin Nunn's decision against the 15 Cape Breton landowners who took Nova Scotia Forest Industries (NSFI) to court over the spraying of the herbicides 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T on forests near their homes.

It was an overwhelming struggle. "I don't think anybody knew what they were getting into," says Vicky Palmer of Lochaber, N.S., one of the plaintiffs. "It had never been done before. People are burnt out. A huge piece of my mind needs a holiday."

Some environmentalists now say the landowners were naive and not politically astute. The two-year fight meant terrible stress for them and their families. By the end, one environmentalist says, the landowners were all "hysterical."

As Palmer observes, the landowners didn't all agree on whether to appeal the court decision. "Not everybody was happy with the way the decision [not to appeal] was taken," she says.

One plaintiff, Ryan Googoo, walked out of the final late-night meeting where the decision was made not to continue the legal fight, and he refused to sign the legal settlement, claiming it was a sellout to the forest company.

That settlement is the focus of much of the bitter feelings that remain. Dozens of supporters and support groups spent long hours raising almost a quarter of a million dollars. Most of the money went to pay off lawyers and expenses, but the remaining \$3,993 went directly to the forest company, not to pay off the debts of supporters.

Stephanie May finds herself still out of pocket for about \$38,000 she borrowed to help the plaintiffs. "I'm as mad as hell," she says. "I had borrowed the money in good faith that we'd take the case to the end, appeal it and win. It's a disaster we didn't appeal."

May echoes the concerns of other en-

vironmentalists about how the plaintiffs finally asked for advice from an expensive corporate lawyer, John Merrick, who talked them out of continuing the legal fight.

Cumming admits the hurts run deep. "Sure there was violent disagreement on strategy, on which lawyer to hire, whether to go to court in the first place, a million things. It was a nightmare from beginning to end." But he retains some



Manual weeding would provide jobs optimism.

"What's amazing is not that there are differences, but that the group held together for two years. These problems are behind us. There are wounds, but we've got problems and new battles to be concerned with."

Ironically, soon after the court case, Dow Chemical stopped producing 2,4,5-T. NSFI has announced it will no longer use 2,4,5-T, but it still wants to aerially spray 2,4-D and Round-Up, a chemical recently registered for forestry use. And the environmentalists all agree they'll never be satisfied until no chemicals whatsoever are used for forest management. A new group called Coalition Against Pesticides was formed after the trial to continue the anti-spray movement and to raise money still owed supporters.

As the environmentalists regroup, Hester Lessard of the South Shore En-

vironmental Protection Association thinks the trial had an over-all positive effect. "Sure the real troopers are burned out," she says. "And there's inevitable bitterness when people perform beyond their capacity. But the payoff for environmentalists has been staggering, if only that with the court case the environmental movement in the province really became a movement. People have settled in for a long fight."

Many think the trial's real benefit was educating the public about potential health problems associated with chemical sprays. "There's a new awareness," says Liz Calder of the Ecology Action Centre. "Politicians are wrong to underestimate it."

Environmentalists now are pushing manual weeding as an alternative to herbicide use. "We want to point out that manual weeding means jobs and would have economic benefits for the communities," says Calder.

"Politicians are always looking for jobs in the riding," agrees Lessard. "We intend to fight the political and regulatory process at the provincial and federal level. The problem is an institutional one, not one chemical or one company." (The Nova Scotia government has announced it will study manual weeding as an alternative.)

Most of Nova Scotia's environmental groups feel the struggle against the use of chemicals can no longer be waged in court or against the forest companies. "We have to push through the political route rather than a confrontation with companies," Palmer says. "We'll throw away what we gained if we don't work with the companies."

But some have tougher tactics in mind. Ryan Googoo says, "If we have to, we'll make a massive protest. It could be destructive. If we have to, we'll die for it."

Others are considering another court action called mandamus. They will ask the court to force the government to hold public hearings before spray permits are issued. But Stephanie May is skeptical: "I don't think anyone has the courage to try that anymore." Her daughter, Elizabeth, led much of the public fight against herbicides. Now she's getting married and moving to Toronto, leaving a leadership vacuum in the environmental movement.

Environmental groups throughout Nova Scotia are continuing to meet, but they haven't reached a consensus on what to do now that they've lost the sharp focus of the court case.

"Once you've tried everything, where do you go?" Cumming wonders. "We've had public meetings, petitions, letters to government, the court case." But he says the fight will continue. "We are in a state of flux; it's hard to know what will come out of the other end. But we're still as solidly committed as ever."

—Susan Murray

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The little port that could

In Bayside, N.B., a couple of former back-to-the-landers and their small stevedoring firm have the mighty Saint John port establishment in a tizzy

You can drive from Flume Ridge to the port of Bayside on the St. Croix estuary in Charlotte County, N.B., in a few minutes. For Pete and Bev Frye, that distance represents a leap into another world. Ten years ago, they arrived in Charlotte County from Pennsylvania, your typical back-to-the-landers: Three young children, 15 dairy goats, a calf and hopes of living the good life on 100 acres.

Today, their world is a mobile trailer perched on the edge of the Bayside dock, just a few miles from the resort town of St. Andrews. It is a world filled with telex messages to Sweden and Japan; potato shipments to Puerto Rico, tuna arrivals from West Africa; hurried conferences with longshoremen about weekend crews; calls from New Brunswick's multinationals, McCains and the Irvings.

How did a couple of expatriate Americans end up operating a small stevedoring firm that has earned the business of the McCains and Irvings, and has the mighty Saint John port establishment in a tizzy?

"It all started because we needed a cash flow," says Pete Frye with a grin. "I got a part-time job as a laborer unloading tuna for Ocean-Maid's plant up here at the industrial park."

Actually, the Frye's friend and fellow back-to-the-lander, Dave Thompson, got things rolling. He was earning some cash as a crane operator at the tuna plant when he offered to form a stevedoring group of laborers and guaranteed to unload the frozen tuna at so much a ton. The company agreed, but after the first boat-load was finished, so were most of the workers. Handling fish that weigh as much as 150 pounds and so frozen they must be pried loose with crowbars was no picnic.

Frye was one of the survivors. "We were so short of cash, the money we used

to fill the old car's tank often represented our life savings." When Thompson hurt his back in 1977, Frye took over, and they worked six more tuna boats. All the while they were learning more about the job and who among the area's floating work force could be counted on.

In January, 1978, Frye got a call from Georgia-Pacific asking if he could handle a shipment of South American veneer arriving for the firm's plywood plant then operating at McAdam. Sure, said Frye. When he saw the ship, he wondered what he had got himself into: "She was a 25,000 tonner, loaded with 8,000 cords of 17-foot logs, each weighing half a ton."

Four of Frye's crew quit on the spot. The others, all greenhorns but used to working in New Brunswick and Maine woods, stayed on. Toiling round the clock in 18-man shifts, they did the job in 8½ days. Georgia-Pacific was impressed and gave Frye a cheque to pay the men — a move that encouraged the Fryes to set up their own stevedoring firm. Pete Frye then approached Ocean-Maid for a long-term contract, something he finally got after a year of negotiating.

Meanwhile, McCain Produce had become so dissatisfied with the handling of its potato shipments through the port of Saint John during the winter of 1978-79 it shifted its business to Winterport, Me., where there was a good conveyor system. That gave Frye an idea: Build a floating dock, complete with conveyor belts so you could load directly from the trucks.

With the help of engineering consultants in Oromocto, N.B., the idea took shape, and Frye talked it over with officials of the Department of Regional Economic Expansion and the provincial government. The day after



Frye: "It all started because we needed a cash flow"

JAMES WILSON

that Fredericton meeting, Frye got a call from McCain: Could he meet a company plane the next morning at St. Stephen?

A quick tour of the Bayside facilities convinced Joe Palmer and other McCain people of the potential. When more meetings failed to gain government support for the conveyor-belt idea, Palmer designed his own. Instead of a floating dock it had a 30-foot-long movable shed containing conveyor belts and space to handle three trucks at once. A new McCain subsidiary, Bayside Potatoport, was born, and Bayside had another regular customer. In October, 1979, the first potato shipment was handled when 18 Bayside workers loaded 4,500 tonnes of potatoes without a hitch.

Within two years, one more McCain operation began using Bayside. Early in 1981, McCains bought Sunny Orange and established processing facilities in the Toronto area. At first, it continued the previous owner's policy of handling the Brazil concentrate shipments through Wilmington, Del. Then, in October, 1981, the frozen juice shipments began arriving at Bayside. From there, units of Day and Ross trucking, a McCain subsidiary, moved them to Ontario.

"Obviously, we're doing something right," says Bev Frye, the other half of the team and president of the recently formed Bev Frye Shipping. "We've come up with a different approach to wages: The tonnage rate gives a fixed cost." In other words, the Bayside workers contract to handle a ship's cargo on the basis of its weight. Their pay depends on how long it takes them to move that cargo. Saint John longshoremen work by the hour and get extra pay for weekends and holidays. The Baysiders all get the same pay rate, no matter what day they work or what their job. This greatly reduces potential rivalry and competition, and gives the 48-member union a sense of unity. Their president, Bill Love, who injured his back splitting wood, gets the same pay rate although he usually has the easier job of winch operator.

The bottom line of the Bayside operation: Cheaper dock costs for ship-owners and fairly steady work for men who traditionally prefer part-time jobs that enable them to hunt, fish and build their own homes. Obviously, the McCains like the Bayside setup. So does a Japanese firm that buys frozen fish from the Bay of Fundy area. It has ordered its suppliers to deliver at Bayside.

Then there is the growing Irving presence at Bayside. One day in June, 1982, Pete Frye got a call from the J.D. Irving company asking about facilities to load a lumber ship. The Bayside workers did the job with dispatch, but it was another year before the next Irving call. A ship was prepared to dock in four days if Bayside Stevedoring could load 8,000 tonnes of pulp and paper. The phone was hardly back on the hook before Irving trucks began arriving with cargo that already had been piled on the Saint John dockside. That same ship has re-

turned on two other occasions, amid growing cries of protest from officials of the Saint John locals of the International Longshoremen's Association (ILA).

Bayside longshoremen, with their own non-affiliated union, know why they have the edge and why they don't want to be an ILA local. "Our union is based on productivity and how hard we work," says Bill Love. "When we formed our group in July, 1979, the ILA thought it was a joke."

"When you're tied in with the ILA," says Jim Todd of St. Stephen, "you're 1,072nd in line and don't know when you'll work. If you're satisfied, you don't run off with someone else." Todd works 100 to 110 days a year, which gave

him time last year to build his house.

At the end of each afternoon shift, union president Love heads for the office and gives Bev Frye the names of those willing to work the next ship. As they talk, the telex machine clacks away behind a wall of filing cabinets. The operator is Cheryl Frye, the oldest daughter, who has joined one brother and her parents for what clearly is a going concern, not just for the Frye family, but for 75 workers scattered through western Charlotte County.

No wonder the Port of Saint John is giving little Bayside a critical look. Any port that is serving the McCains, the Irvings, H.J. Heinz and the Japanese has something going for it. — **Dick Wilbur**

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Clamping down on buttleggers

The Newfoundland government figures it's time to fight back: Cigarette smuggling is costing the province millions of dollars a year

At first blush, it's a statistic that would gladden the heart of any anti-smoking league: In the past year, the number of cigarettes sold in Newfoundland has dropped more than 20%. But that doesn't necessarily mean

Newfoundlanders are cutting back on the weed. They're simply buying fewer smokes in their own province, and smuggling in lower-priced cigarettes from Nova Scotia, sometimes in enormous truckloads containing thousands of

cartons.

Buttlegging has become such a big problem, the Newfoundland government figures it loses up to \$6 million a year in lost tobacco and retail sales tax revenue, or about an eighth of what it makes on tobacco sales annually. The Finance Department estimates that 10% to 15% of all cigarettes smoked in Newfoundland have been smuggled in, mostly from Nova Scotia.

Faced with a smuggling problem Newfoundland Finance Minister John Collins says is the worst in Canada, the Newfoundland government is starting to clamp down: Collins says government officials and police are stepping up inspections at ports and key areas of the province, and the Newfoundland government is trading information with certain Nova Scotia cigarette wholesalers who suspect that some of their buyers come from outside the province. The Newfoundland and Nova Scotia governments also are pooling information to try to catch smugglers.

"More than half the cigarettes illegally entering Newfoundland are sold on the retail market"

And a few are being caught, although not in numbers that would put a big dent in the buttlegging problem. In March, Alex Dunphy, 45, a former Tory MHA, was nabbed for illegally importing \$17,000 worth of cigarettes from Nova Scotia, and fined \$700. (Two years previously, he'd been fined \$400 after being convicted on four counts of selling cigarettes without a proper licence.)

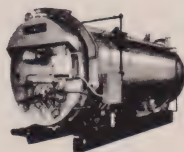
The small number of smuggling convictions — four in the past year — and the low fines are only part of the problem, Newfoundland cigarette wholesalers say. The real culprit, they say, is Newfoundland's tobacco tax, which three years ago became the highest in Canada. "The tax is too high," says Jim Hand, managing director of Newfoundland's largest tobacco wholesale firm, "and everybody's losing on it." Because of it, he says, his firm has had "a significant drop in sales." The tax is now close to five cents a cigarette, or 95.6 cents on a package of 20s. Once you add on the manufacturer's sale price, federal taxes, the distributor's and retailer's markup and the 12% provincial sales tax, the average pack of smokes in Newfoundland costs \$2.60.

That's nearly a dollar more than the average price of \$1.68 in Nova Scotia, where the tobacco tax is two cents a

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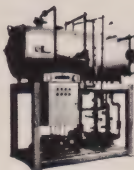
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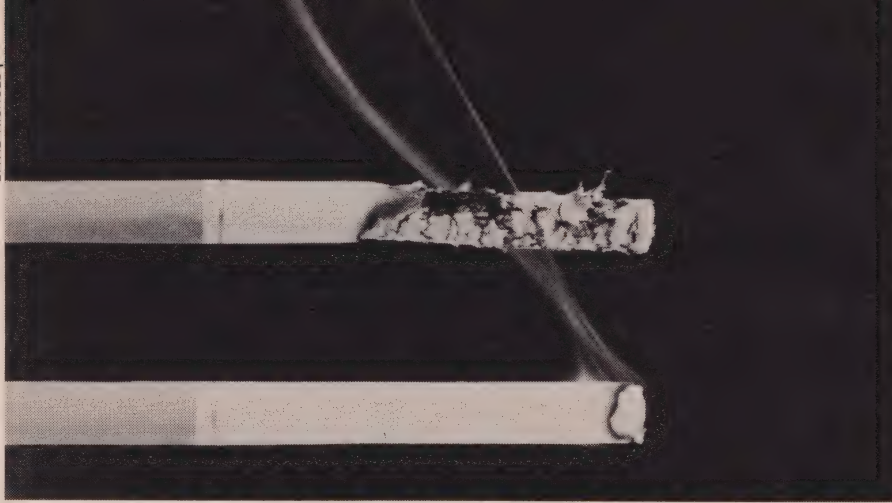
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Cigarette smuggling isn't, of course, unique to Newfoundland. It goes on between provinces such as Alberta, which has the lowest tobacco tax in Canada, and Saskatchewan, and between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. But Collins says Newfoundland is hardest hit on a per capita basis, because the tax spread between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland is so high.

In most provinces, Collins observes, cigarette sales have dropped 5% in recent years, compared to Newfoundland's decline of 20%. In Nova Scotia, the Canadian Tobacco Manufacturers Council estimates, tobacco sales increased nearly 3% in the past year.

Some of this increase can be attributed to smuggling, Collins says. And he estimates that more than half the cigarettes illegally entering Newfoundland are sold on the retail market. Some Newfoundlanders bring back a few cartons from the mainland for their own use, but most smuggled smokes enter Newfoundland in commercial vehicles that have two to 10 cases (each case contains 10,000 cigarettes) buried among other goods.

Collins says his department knows about some of these vehicles and the routes they take, but it's harder to track down the retailers involved. That's because Newfoundland retailers who buy cigarettes in Nova Scotia aren't breaking any Nova Scotia laws; they're paying the Nova Scotia tax, so there's no reason to report the sales.

Newfoundland tobacco wholesalers say the answer lies in equalizing the tax rate from one province to another. "We want a rate which is not tempting people to bring cigarettes into the province," Hand says. He notes that the Newfoundland government recently reduced cigarette taxes in western Labrador to discourage people there from buying ciga-

rettes from Quebec border towns. A similar step would work for the whole province, he says.

Collins says lowering the provincial tax is not out of the question.

And this spring, the government was talking of introducing new legislation to combat the smuggling problem — among other things, giving police and government officials greater powers of search and seizure.

These measures, along with a tobacco tax hike in Nova Scotia in March (to two cents a cigarette from 1.4 cents), may have some effect, Collins hopes, in curtailing an operation that costs the Newfoundland government millions every year.

— Victoria O'Dea

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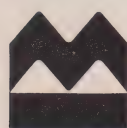
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The abortion battle goes on—and on

Island Right to Lifers want to make PEI an abortion-free province. Opponents say there's more at stake than the abortion issue

In March this year, notices appeared in newspapers across Prince Edward Island. The headlines were sensational: Let the Unborn Speak for Themselves. It was the signal for the annual debate on abortion to start up once again. The focus of the attack was the Prince County Hospital in Summerside, the only Island hospital with a therapeutic abortion committee.

At last year's annual meeting of the Prince County Hospital board, anti-abortion forces failed by only a narrow margin to abolish the abortion committee. They did manage to elect five candidates to the 24-member board of trustees. At the annual meeting to be held this month, eight board positions are up for election. If the anti-abortionists are successful, they will control the board.

"Our goal is to become the first abortion-free province in Canada," says Donnie Doyle, a leading member of the West Prince Right to Life Association. The chairman of the hospital board, Harry Holman, says there's more at stake than just the abortion committee: "In the process of doing what they're doing, they're going to destroy the hospital board," he says.

The Right to Life Association began its anti-abortion crusade just under 10 years ago. Its activities have been highly visible — ads in newspapers, meetings with women's and church groups, fundraising rallies — and its success, dramatic. In 1981, pro-life forces mounted a crushing attack against the formation of a therapeutic abortion committee at the new, then not-even-opened central Queen Elizabeth Hospital. For people who felt abortion facilities should be available, the QEH meeting in June, 1981, was a devastating experience. They were hissed and booed, and branded as "murderers" by an emotional crowd of more than 2,000. The abortion committee never got off the ground, and the anti-abortionists started their successful campaign to take over the hospital's board of trustees.

Although on the surface there appears to be no organized opposition to the anti-abortion steamroller, there is an underground movement working quietly to counter the Right to Life attack against Prince County Hospital. A few meetings have been held and a low-key telephone campaign mounted.

Nurse Katherine Dewar says it isn't just the abortion issue that concerns them: "For any one group to control the board of a hospital isn't too healthy. You don't want any group of people controlling a hospital board with a budget of \$8 million that doesn't really have much concern with running a hospital, but are only pursuing their own interests."

Board chairman Holman puts it more bluntly: "In the process of doing what they're doing, they're going to destroy the hospital board. We have some very dedicated people who have served on the board of trustees, some of them for a good many years. You can't just bring someone in from off the street to replace those people."

Doyle says that the Right to Life Association only appears to be a single-issue group. "We've been accused of that," he says. "Because of the seriousness of the abortion issue, we spend most of our time trying to stop abortions. But our over-all goal is to promote life and the sanctity and dignity of life at all levels."

Dr. Tom Moore, a gynecologist and chief of staff at the Prince County Hospital, is not convinced. "Where does all this stop?" he asks. "Do the Jehovah's Witnesses come in and say we'll take over your board and then there will be no more blood transfusions at the hospital? Do the Christian Scientists come in and say we're not going to have any more operations done in your hospital; we're going to take over your board and close the operating rooms?"

Doyle is not bothered by charges that one group is trying to impose its values on everyone: "To me there's no compromise. . . . If our values are the values that say it's not right to kill unborn children, I don't consider those our values, I consider those the values of a Christian society. . . . If you don't have some absolute values to base your thinking on, then everything's up for grabs."

Most of those fighting to retain the abortion committee don't want to attract attention, don't want to be named, don't want to "put their heads on the chopping block," as one person put it. They're quick to point out that they don't speak for the hospital or any other employer, but as concerned citizens. They seem afraid of reprisals from the anti-abortion

forces, and in the case of doctors and nurses, afraid of losing their jobs for speaking out.

In fact, the anti-abortionists have practically won their case already — it's just a matter of putting the nail in the coffin. There hasn't been an abortion performed at the Prince County Hospital since October, 1982. But in a secret ballot, doctors at the hospital recently voted in favor of retaining the abortion committee.

Moore says the committee should be retained for genuine life-threatening situations. He quickly rejects the anti-abortionist argument that there are no pregnancies where the mother's life is in danger with today's medical technology. "They say that, but it's not true. I can tell you of diseases where the risk of dying during pregnancy or during labor or shortly after is 50% — such as pulmonary hypertension, certain kinds of heart disease, and cancer. They're not common, but they do exist."

Moore says they have had to refuse abortions to women living outside the area served by Prince County Hospital. "The last call I had was a woman who had generalized cancer. Her physicians were very concerned about it. But we couldn't accept her."

Bertha Lawless of the East Prince Right To Life Association dismisses any argument that abortion is a question of choice: "I feel that the woman does have a choice now, a choice of contraceptives or whatever, but once that life is there, I don't think that the mother has a choice to take that life." Lawless insists that "the fact that life begins at the time of conception is not a debatable issue now. . . . If we believe that, it's pretty hard to say that someone has the right to take that life."

Moore says the mother's life has to take priority: "A foetus is a potential child, the same as a caterpillar is a potential moth, but it's not a moth, is it? But it might become one, we don't know. But who takes priority? You have to choose. Do you want the mother to have priority, the mother's life, or the unborn foetus, which is a potential life. When you're faced with that choice, it's not too hard to decide what you're going to do."

The Prince County Hospital's annual meeting is set for June 7. Board chairman Harry Holman won't predict how the vote's going to go. "All I can say at this point is that the board is not going to take this lying down. We're going to endeavor to combat it; whether we'll be successful or not, I can't say."

Donnie Doyle says: "If we don't do it this year, we'll be back bigger and better next year. We just don't give up. You're either into it with both feet, or you're not in at all." — Katherine Jones



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Voice of the fishermen

Anne Budgell, host of Newfoundland's Fishermen's Broadcast, has a reputation for outspoken commentary. "The program can get pretty lively," says one fisherman. He's not kidding

Radio host Anne Budgell jokes with Ray Andrews, Newfoundland's deputy Fisheries minister, before their interview. The interview itself is serious stuff. Fisherman Glen Burton called earlier from La Scie in northeastern Newfoundland about his problem — a problem Andrews' department created for many fishermen. After three years of hoisting Burton's 60-ton longliner for repairs, the operator of one of the province's vessel lifts flatly refused. He said the boat was too big. The time had come, said a blasé Andrews, to restrict weight as a safety measure. As Budgell knows, many fishermen with longliners now won't be able to get their vessels repaired. "You're going to get a lot of telephone calls on this one," she tells Andrews. Budgell loves understatement.

She also loves the *Fishermen's Broadcast*. Budgell, a feisty 34-year-old broadcaster from Belleville, Ont., has hosted the issue-packed program for four years. "I've gotten to know the audience in a way I could never in another program," Budgell says. "I like feeling as if I am informed about things — you get respect when you know what you're talking about."

She does. With Budgell holding the reins the broadcast has sharpened yet maintained its popular appeal. Host and program fit together as comfortably as a track suit after work. The *Fishermen's Broadcast* gave Budgell a fresh start. She got her first broadcasting job 11 years ago at a private radio station in Labrador City. "The manager didn't want to hire me," Budgell recalls. He wanted a man. "But the pay was so low I was the only applicant." After joining the CBC, she rose quickly through the ranks, but in 1978 CBC fired her from its television current-affairs show *Here and Now* after her somewhat abrasive interview with then premier Frank Moores. "It was one of those personality clashes," she says simply. After her dismissal she languished as a freelance commentator maintaining her trademarks: A deadpan drawling delivery, populist style, ability to aim for the jugular and an unpredictable taste in material. "I used language that allowed people to make real connections," she says. "I wasn't interested in producing wishy-washy stuff." When she started in the business, she admits, she was young and arrogant. Today she's more careful and contained. "Mind you, I don't mean I've been neutered."

But the *Fishermen's Broadcast* had been neutered earlier in its 35-year history. Ray Carnell, host for 22 years, collected most show material from the studio. Fishermen tuned in only for weather reports, fish prices and the latest episode of Ted Russell's *Tales of Pigeon Inlet*. In the Sixties, interest in the fisheries sank; the program shrank to a 15-minute broadcast. It picked up again in the mid-Seventies when hosts Herb Davis and Jim Winter flavored it with

McCurdy angrily accused DeBané of "arbitrary thinking" and "a complete contempt for fishermen." The regulation, McCurdy said, "isn't going to matter a hill of beans" in some areas and will prove "absolutely devastating" in others. By Monday, irate salmon fishermen were jamming the phone lines. Many threatened to disobey the rules. By Wednesday, DeBané agreed to reconsider parts of the regulation. Whatever happens, one thing is sure: Come 5:30 weekdays, everyone's tuned to the *Fishermen's Broadcast* and hosts Budgell and Jim Wellman.

If the broadcast has become unique — an adjective people often use these days to describe the program — it has much to do with the nature of its fishing constituency. "Fishermen are a centralized community," explains former *Fishermen's Broadcast* host Jim



Budgell: "I wasn't interested in producing wishy-washy stuff"

pungent man-on-the-wharf interviews. With unionization of the fisheries, fishermen's comments became even spicier.

Enter Anne Budgell, a journalist with a reputation for outspoken commentary and cutting through red tape. She heralded a new era in the fisheries and made the show reflect the times. "It's become more issue-oriented in the past couple of years," says Earl McCurdy, of the Fishermen's Union. "When there's live coverage of a controversy, the program can get pretty lively." He's not kidding. In April when federal Fisheries Minister Pierre DeBané announced a draconian three-week reduction in the salmon fisheries, he picked a late Friday afternoon, hoping to skirt some of the criticism. But as soon as Budgell got the word, she had McCurdy on the air.

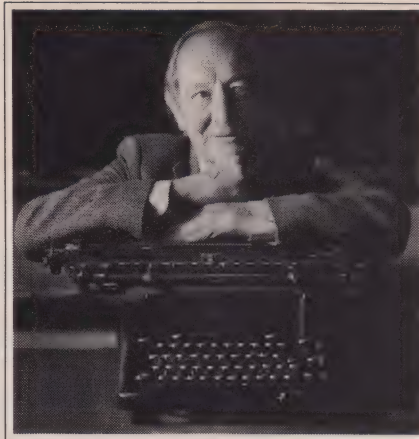
Winter. Unlike farmers they follow the same regulations, work for the same companies, face the same general problems. "A lot who listen are small independent guys and they like to hear what the other fellow has to say about a problem," Winter says.

Because the show is so popular — it attracts 35% of the radio audience in St. John's as compared with about 11% in other centres during the same time slot — Budgell has no trouble getting government brass to talk with her. "The Fisheries people know that if they talk to us, the people they really want to reach will hear." The hosts get well known too. Many end up with cushy government jobs. Will Budgell? She hesitates a moment. "I might just surprise everyone," she says, smiling, "and stay."

—Peter Gard

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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA



Here comes the bill

If it's a full-dress, church wedding you're planning, be prepared to spend thousands of dollars. Is it worth it?

By Roma Senn

Picture it: The radiant bride glides down the aisle in a gown of satin and lace, embroidered with pearls (cost: \$800). She wears a fashionable picture hat of draped tulle and lace (\$200) and holds a trailing bouquet of 24 platinum-white roses (\$80). Her four attendants wear off-the-shoulder, peach-colored organza gowns (\$200 each) accented with pallettes of soft pastel flowers (\$15 each). The groom and the four ushers are in rented tuxedos (\$62 each). After the hired photographer snaps off \$600 worth of pictures, the bride and groom head off to the reception in a rented Cadillac limousine (\$100). At the hotel, 150 guests nibble scallops and shrimp and sip chablis. After the guests leave the reception (almost \$2,000) with a piece of the \$150 wedding cake, the happy couple tally the bill: Their wedding, including pre-nuptial expenses, has cost more than \$5,000.

Weddings are big business. For dozens of bakers, caterers, florists, photographers and bridal-wear shops in the region, weddings mean bread and butter. For couples who go for the traditional, full-dress church ceremony, with several attendants and a hotel reception for about 150, the average wedding in Atlantic Canada means forking out \$3,000 to \$5,000. Is it worth it?

Darlene Horne and Robert Bradley of Dartmouth, N.S., think so. "I always knew when I got married I wanted a traditional wedding," she says. "I knew if I didn't I would regret it." Her parents are paying the bill. Heather Osborne and Stewart Lively of Lower Sackville, N.S., are bucking some aspects of the typical traditional wedding. Osborne wants to wear an ordinary, street-length dress, invite about 30 guests and dine at a pleasant restaurant. "Then we'll go our separate ways," she says, smiling. Her parents want something grander for their only daughter — a floor-length gown, 120 guests, a reception with entertainment. Their version of the wedding would cost \$3,000; Osborne's \$300.

Big, elaborate weddings have a long tradition just about everywhere. "The Greeks looked upon theirs as sacrificial feasts to the household gods," says Ann Monsarrat in *And the Bride Wore...* They are still feasts. Over the years some customs haven't changed. "Whatever the name [for the wedding] the father of the bride was expected to pick up the bill," she says. Today, some couples pay for their own weddings. One couple,

who'd planned a quick civil ceremony, reluctantly changed their plans and agreed to a large, church wedding after the bride's mother protested that her daughter was being selfish. The wedding wasn't for them, the mother argued, but for her.

Most people consider the wedding day special — a celebration of a social and legal union often performed during a religious ceremony. But the significance is often lost amid \$20.98 plastic brides and grooms sitting on top of the wedding cake, doggie bags (\$1.50 for 10) for guests to take the cake home, quill pens for \$16.95 to sign the wedding registry.

guidebooks in bookstores and libraries — *Have the Perfect Wedding, You and Your Wedding, The Bride's Handbook for Smart Wedding Shopping, Check List for a Perfect Wedding*. On the pages of *Bride* and *Modern Bride*, magazines for the up-scale bride, advertisers peddle pricey china and crystal, \$11,000 diamond rings, wedding dresses from \$950 to \$4,000. In this magazine, brides can also send away for "Together" wedding ensemble candles, which, the ad says, "symbolize the light of Christ present in their lives since baptism." The ensemble costs \$34.95. The company accepts VISA, MasterCard and American Express.

But that's just the icing on the wedding cake. (A professionally made cake, by the way, will likely cost at least \$85. If you prefer, you can buy a three-tier plastic cake for about \$20 to decorate the head table. Behind the scenes in the kitchen, you cut an ordinary white cake.) The big wedding expenses include the

DAVID NICHOLS



House of Bridal Fashion's Liz Hanson: "Things are getting frillier"

Once couples are committed to a frilly wedding, the expenses grow like dandelions in summer. Not all the 16,023 couples who wed in Atlantic Canada in 1982 went for fancy weddings, but many did. "The traditional wedding is still as popular as ever," says Doreen Fletcher of After Six Fashions in Halifax. Most brides, it seems, want floor-length gowns, and the gown sets the degree of formality for the wedding. "Things are getting frillier," says Liz Hanson of the House of Bridal Fashion in Dartmouth. In her two bridal shops, brides pay \$250 to \$2,000 for a gown.

"Orchestrating the perfect wedding — large or small — takes the organizational skills of a queen's secretary," says *Your Wedding*, one of many helpful

cost of the reception, bridal attire, flowers, photography, invitations. Then there are the little extras. If, for instance, you want to arrive at your wedding in style, you can rent a limousine for several hours for \$100. "It costs so much to have a wedding, what's \$100 more?" asks Tom Hartigan of Scotia Limousine in Halifax. For entertainment at the reception, you can rent the services of a disc jockey — who comes equipped with spotlights and music ranging from 1940s swing to Boy George and Culture Club. One company charges according to the number of guests: Four hours of music for 150 guests costs \$150.

You can, of course, hold the reception in your backyard and rope your friends into cooking and entertaining.

BUSINESS

Cheryl Chaddock of Halifax wanted a quiet, inexpensive wedding when she married Joe Dorey last year in Halifax. A judge married the couple in her mother's bungalow in front of about 80 guests. Her uncle next door was host for the reception, which featured a buffet of turkey, ham and roast beef Chaddock's mother and relatives prepared. Chaddock provided some liquor, but "my friends brought their own," she says. She wore a mauve dress because "I like mauve." The entire wedding cost \$600. "If I had to do it all over again, I'd do it the same way," she says. "I felt a lot more comfortable than I would have parading down the aisle."

Although Darlene Horne says she's not particularly religious, she decided to get married in a church. A civil ceremony, she says, would be "too impersonal." All the traditional touches are important to her. She bought a \$500 dress, although she also spotted a \$1,700 gown she loved. "I wanted it to be unique," she says. She also planned a reception for 100 at a Dartmouth golf club and a dance at the club for another 100 guests later in the evening. Inviting only relatives and close friends to the buffet-dinner reception helped keep costs down.

Most of the bigger hotels don't charge a reception room rental. They nab you on the cost of the food and liquor. Sit-down dinners at a mid-range Halifax

hotel cost about \$10 per person, not including tax or wine. At an elegant Halifax hotel, prices range from \$12 to \$17 per person. That means a \$14 meal for 150 costs more than \$1,100. At least one hotel charges an \$8-hourly security guard fee. And you can't save much by simply offering hors d'oeuvres. For hot and cold munchies at most hotels, count on paying at least \$1,000 for 150 guests. The time of the reception has some bearing on the cost. Hotels prepare additional snacks for late-afternoon receptions because the guests are usually hungry by then. If you opt for an open bar, prepare to liquidate your assets. One Halifax photographer attended an open-bar reception for 500 that cost more than \$15,000.

Reception room flower arrangements range from \$18 to \$50, and that's just the start. A bridal bouquet, flowers for the attendants, corsages for the bride's mother and mother-in-law, boutonnieres for the ushers and the bride's father and father-in-law will cost at least \$200. One Halifax florist who's arranged wedding flowers costing \$100 to \$5,000 insists on a personal consultation with the bride to ensure flowers match the gowns and fit the church and reception-room atmosphere.

Most couples want photos to record the occasion. "After the food is eaten, the booze drunk and the honeymoon's over, the only thing left is the pictures,"

says Halifax photographer John Powell. Some photographers take the wedding photographs before or after the event. "Fifty percent do them beforehand," says photographer Robert Calnen of Halifax. Calnen charges \$350 per hour for 60, 4x5 photographs.

Photographer John Powell has a trick for getting the bride's father to strike a memorable pose. "Think about how much this is costing," Powell tells him. Powell, who charges on a picture basis, says the average bridal party buys \$600 worth of photographs. But he's had customers who've spent more than \$2,000.

Some couples even have their weddings videotaped. Two years ago, Gail and Peter Stoney began videotaping weddings in Nova Scotia. Now they do about 200 a year. She tapes the service, the signing of the registry, the procession, the receiving line and the speeches during the reception. He edits the tape and dubs in music. The basic tape costs \$175. "It's definitely the thing of the future," Gail Stoney says. "You are the star."

Most of these stars shine in summer and fall, although, as writer Judith Martin explains in *Miss Manners Guide to Excruciatingly Correct Behavior*, the wedding month isn't all that important. Asked whether there's "any preferred date for weddings in modern life?" Miss Manners replies: "It is preferable to hold them after the divorce and before the birth of the baby."

Dartmouth photographer David Rowell says many couples choose July over June because it's warmer and greener. But in Fredericton, Georgia Kaye, a bridal consultant with J.D. Creaghan Co., says, "June's the number one month for getting married." In her 25 years in the bridal business she's seen few changes: A few more brides opt for small weddings and short, inexpensive dresses. Surprisingly, there's little relationship between the formality of the wedding and the bride's finances. "The poorest girl will wear the most expensive gown," Kaye says. "Money is no object."

The wedding business fascinates Kaye. "I could write a book," she says. Her job calls for the tact of a diplomat. When the bride's mother wants the dress she would love to have worn, or when the groom's mother complains about the price, Kaye gently reminds them who's getting married. She's seen as many as 10 relatives accompany the bride on the dress-buying expedition. Sometimes the groom tags along, too.

Today, bridal consultants sometimes see brides-to-be trying on \$500 dresses over their jeans and work boots. That's a more casual attitude than 20 years ago, but not much else has changed. Many couples still want traditional weddings and willingly pay the price. "It's quite a racket," Kaye says.



Gail Stoney: Videotaping is "definitely the thing of the future"

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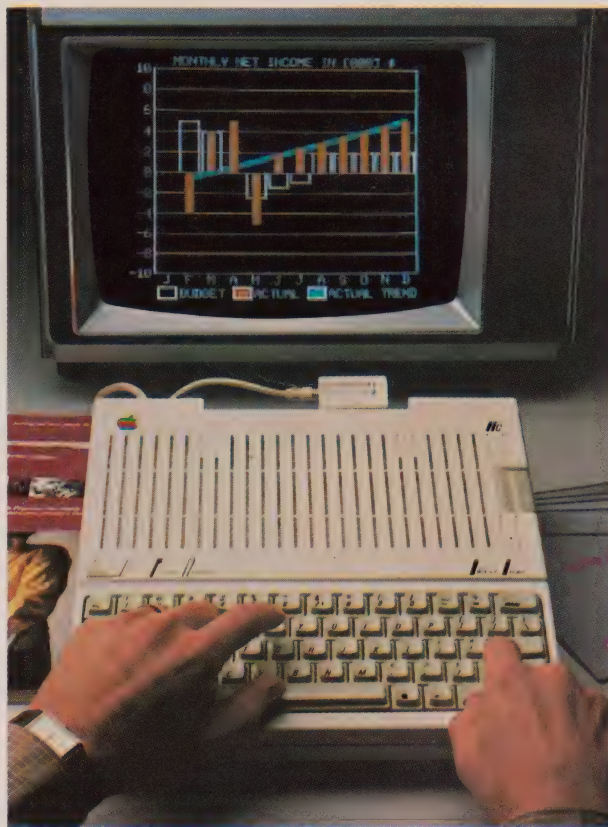
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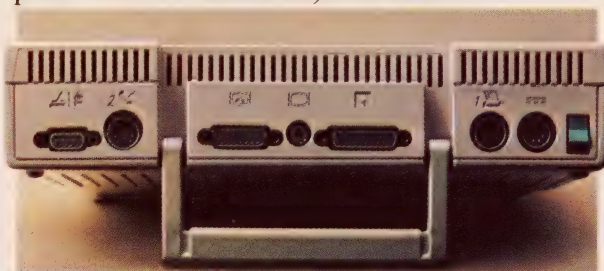
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STRICTLY BUSINESS

Whither Goest, EPA?

Will the Limping Heron rise Phoenix-like from the ashes of a human and public relations fiasco?

By Duncan Sherwood

It was said of the fundamentalists around Jimmy Carter that their fiscal philosophy could be expressed in a biblical paraphrase *The Lord giveth so taketh and run*.

If we are to believe Harry Steele's frequently stated claim that Eastern Provincial Airlines had to be slimmed down and

its muscle tone hardened by lower losses and better productivity, how is it that he sold the airline for \$20 million?

If EPA was such a salable item, and who are we to doubt the corporate wisdom of Canadian Pacific, are there still some further doubts that leap to attention?

If the airline was strong and blessed with growth potential such was hardly the singular product of one person or of senior management — staff at all levels deserve some appreciation for their hard work and dedication.

Will there be any real change, now that EPA has been sold? Well, Harry Steele will remain as president and chief executive officer and the board of directors may not be substantially altered. Beyond that, it will probably be business as usual as a subsidiary of CP Air while wounds heal and life goes on. Most apparent is the sea-change in the net worth of Steele and his umbrella company, Newfoundland Capital Corporation.

There is nothing unusual about selling a company and making a buck; there is food for thought in the hunch that Steele's call for greater efficiency and an easing of demands by these ubiquitous unions might have overstated the imminence of financial disaster.

Conditions may not have been as bad as they were painted, but he saw a decline in business as one reason for digging in his heels. Whatever the merits of that contention, there is some reason to believe the airline's situation was not as bad as it was painted. The publication *Air Transport World* (October, 1982) said that "in scheduled passenger loadings per employee, EPA was first among IATA affiliated airlines, worldwide." Investment counsellors

Burns Fry Limited said in January of 1983: "EPA compares favorably with some of the more successful U.S. regional airlines in terms of productivity."

In January, 1982, a year earlier, Marathon Securities Report declared that EPA had "done exceptionally well by virtually any measure of productivity."

If Eastern Provincial Airlines was in near danger of going down the drain and staff were being blamed for lacklustre effort, its subsequent sale at a very substantial profit illustrates a remarkably swift turnaround, a death-bed recovery that qualifies for the Guinness Book of Records.

As strikes by maintenance workers and pilots loomed on the horizon late in 1982, Harry Steele did two things: he climbed on the cresting wave of anti-union emotion and economic over-simplification so dear to the diamond-hard hearts of Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan. And he played on the understandable and historic fear of unemployment that chills the marrow of people in the Atlantic provinces who know that jobs are scarce and getting scarcer.

Some credence may be given to the idea that his natural inclination to rule with an iron hand was encouraged and refined by experts brought in to clear the deadwood and streamline the operation. But was the determination to seek a fight with the pilots' union based on something other than external influence, perhaps the result of training and environment? These are private matters and may only be mentioned as a means of analysing reason and motivation, of finding out what drives this implacable man.

To rise from humble circumstances is common to many in the eastern provinces; as is university training and a quarter century in the navy, as well as near-fanatical belief in the efficacy of the blue-serge uniform.

After 25 years as officer and gentleman, self-appreciation is well advanced, and culture shock may occur when the habit of unquestioned authority collides with the reality, that the marketplace has its own civil discipline.

A service career may condition some individuals to a womb-like sense of order; the amniotic protection inherent in a system that functions on rank and authority.

While there are no gold stripes on the sleeve of a worsted suit, a Chief Executive Officer can demand certain standards from his employees, after all, the CEO is the



What does the future hold for Harry Steele?

DAVID NICHOLS

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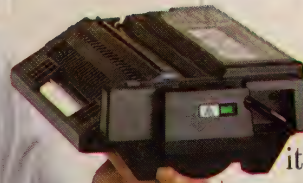


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STRICTLY BUSINESS



boss. It appears this gifted and energetic man believed in and practised tight management, perhaps to excess.

It is history that EPA suffered a long year of discontent. The pilots struck in January of 1983. The strike lasted five months, and in the middle of it EPA hired replacement pilots to maintain their operation. The union then filed unfair labor practice charges with the Canada Labor Relations Board (CLRB).

The board ordered the airline to reinstate the union pilots and EPA appealed successfully to the Federal Court; but in December, the board again ordered the line to rehire union pilots with seniority over replacements. It also ordered company and union to negotiate a back-to-work agreement. At the same time, an EPA spokesman denied rumors that the company would be sold.

In his quixotic tilting against the CLRB windmill, the president seemed determined to go the extra mile; each decision by labor board or court would be appealed and appealed again. Mr. Steele is on record as saying he would pursue the matter to the highest court in the land, unwilling to accept final judgment from any tribunal. It was reminiscent, in a minuscule way, of the U.S. warning that it would not be bound by a decision of the World Court on the mining of harbors in Nicaragua.

The planes flew on, and for a time union pilots and strike-breaking co-pilots shared cockpits, often as not hardly on speaking terms except for the necessary exchange of information. Regardless of differing views they were professionals all, but even so there was growing public concern that flying jet aircraft is too demanding to condone extra and unnecessary stress from flight crews in a continuing snit.

The federal authorities were worried about the situation and subsequently ordered the airline to stop assigning union and non-union personnel to one flight crew. Meanwhile, the Airline Pilots Association continued to warn about safety standards, something they had done even before the labor dispute began.

In a magazine article published in February, 1983, Harry Steele was quoted as saying, "What's the difference between a pilot and a poor old CN driver?" This elicited a comment from one wag: "Bus drivers revolt, you have nothing to lose but your planes."

The observation would have been funny if the situation did not involve the exquisite skill and experience required to fly jet aircraft, and still more important, the safety of passengers and crews.

Against the panorama of dispute, contradiction, and frustration affecting president, pilot and ticket-seller, came the announcement in April this year that Canadian Pacific would buy Eastern Provincial,

the culmination of a sort of love/hate relationship between the big airline and the little airline.

They'd had their grotesque moments in the recent past. CP had applied for and been granted permission to fly the lucrative Toronto/Halifax route but EPA called in its IOU's and made an emotional appeal for reversal of the ruling in its own favor; the appeal was supported by a mixed bag of politicians, community organizations and labor groups from the Atlantic provinces.

Ottawa changed its mind and EPA got the Toronto/Halifax run. CP Air put the hold sign on its Halifax ticket office and cancelled its well-advanced plans to fly into Atlantic Canada. Then, in what might be termed a marriage of convenience, EPA and CP Air subsequently agreed to share facilities at the Toronto and Halifax airports.

Being committed to private enterprise

***"If we are to believe
Harry Steele's
frequently stated claim
that Eastern Provincial
Airlines had to be
slimmed down and its
muscle tone hardened
by lower losses and
better productivity,
how is it that he sold
the airline for \$20
million?"***

except when another airline wants your route, the two companies may have decided to postpone their differences, if any, and concentrate on wresting a good piece of business away from Air Canada, which, like Petrocan, was considered a notorious example of government trying to do what others do best.

Among the investor-owned airlines in Canada and elsewhere there has been some feeling that unions are too powerful. Developments in Atlantic Canada were watched with interest and there may have been speculation that if EPA could whip its flyboys into submission, other lines might dare to defy the pilots' association; the millennium might be near.

Was Harry Steele the bellwether of the airline industry? Was this hard-headed entrepreneur building a test case by squeezing the pilots and maintenance unions with guts and what the economists call a symmetrical response in the classic struggle between employer and employee? Could he convince pilots, ground staff, and the

general public that exorbitant union demands could only be paid for by fare increases? It is tempting to observe that the same equation could be applied to the \$20 million extracted from the system through EPA's sale to CP Air which presumably receives much of its cash flow from passenger tickets and cargo.

It is also interesting to speculate that if Mr. Steele was testing the waters, so to speak, with single-minded determination, had he considered the possibility of losing? It seems apparent from hindsight that his fallback position would be to sell the airline if he didn't have his way.

The past is prologue and we may expect that Eastern Provincial Airlines will grow and prosper in the years ahead. Its personnel deserve better than they received in the recent past. With CP Air as owner, management will be improved if only through more experienced executive direction. Policies more appropriate to the times will be put in place and professionalism will be respected.

What is probably the final footnote came on April 25th; the Federal Court of Appeal upheld, except for one minor seniority point, the CLRB ruling of last December. Harry Steele commented that the new owner was pretty far removed from the dispute and the important thing was to get the business moving. CALPA spokesman Keith Lacey said that as of March the pilots were in positions which preserve their pre-strike status.

We seem to be witnessing the end of an unfortunate experiment in which tough management met head on with high tech and only the CN bus drivers remained unscathed. As customers, all we ask is that EPA get on with what it does well; we feel happier and safer when the folks up there in the wheelhouse are well paid and contented.

What does the future hold for Harry Steele and his Newfoundland Capital Corporation? There may be a hint of his ardent financial adventures in an article in the *Financial Post Magazine* last year. Stephen Kimber wrote that Harry Steele had asked about troubles in the Atlantic fishing industry and thought that perhaps this was the time to invest in it. His comment brings to mind an interesting analogy.

The airlines and the fishing industry in eastern Canada have been going through troubled times; difficult marketing, rising fuel costs, and consumer antagonism are blamed for current difficulties and sometimes even the enormous debt structure of the fishery is mentioned.

Perhaps it says something about Atlantic business leadership that industries in trouble or in reorganization always seem to generate hard cash for the individuals or families who directed them, often with dismal success, through the economic shoals.

A master mariner said recently that no matter how bad the shipping business is the owners always die rich. ■



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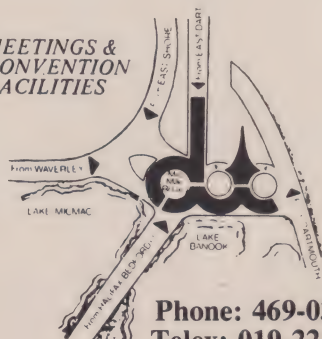
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STRICTLY BUSINESS

Service, First and Foremost

Early on a September morning in 1959, a young man climbed to the driver's seat of a large delivery truck at the loading bay of the Atlantic Wholesalers grocery warehouse at Coldbrook, N.S., and turned the key in the ignition. For Albert Rose, a farmer's son from Grafton, it was the first day of his new job as a driver for the company, and he had a problem. How could one man move all those cases and cartons of groceries and produce to stores along the length of the Annapolis Valley in just one working day?

Today, a quarter-century later, Albert Rose is again in the driver's seat and faces the same daily challenge, but on a vastly different scale. In October, 1983, he was appointed president of Atlantic Wholesalers, the largest food distribution enterprise in the Maritimes.

Sitting in his modestly furnished office in the company headquarters in Sackville, N.B., he recalls that first morning with a smile.

"I didn't think I could possibly get rid of that load of groceries in one day. But, as it turned out, I did. That was my first introduction to the food distribution business — making deliveries from store to store. It was very different from what it is today."

Very different indeed. The Atlantic Wholesalers network of the 1980s includes some 15 warehouse locations, 13 Cash & Carry outlets, 226 owned or franchised retail supermarkets and grocery stores, and over 3,000 independent clients. The company employs over 1,800 people, not including those who work in the franchise stores, and gross sales are in the hundreds of millions of dollars.

As it happened, Rose's introduction to the food industry in 1959 coincided with the onset of a crucial period of innovation and expansion at Atlantic Wholesalers. From a modest beginning in 1903 as the Sackville Hay and Feed Company Limited, the firm had extended its wholesale operations across the three Maritime provinces through an energetic policy of acquisition and consolidation of local grocery wholesalers stretching from Campbellton, N.B., to Digby, N.S. By obtaining the Maritime franchise for Red and White Stores, Atlantic had also taken an initial step into the retail trade. Now a larger plan was on the verge of fruition.

In June of 1959 a new voluntary fran-

chise group of supermarkets was launched with the opening of the first Save-Easy store. Two and a half years later, in December, 1962, it was evident that a success story was in the making. The original Save-Easy store in Lewisville on the outskirts of Moncton, N.B., had been joined by 23 others. The grand opening of a new Save-Easy in Middleton, N.S. on November 29, 1983 brought the present number of supermarkets in the chain to 63.

Nowadays, voluntary franchise systems are solidly entrenched in the marketplace, selling everything from hamburgers, to houses and hardware. In the late 1950s, and specifically in retail grocery sales, the concept was still something of an innovation.

The retail side of the Canadian food industry was taking on some of the aspects of a war zone as large corporate chain stores invaded small towns and neighborhood market areas in head-to-head competition with local independent merchants. The independents, out-flanked by the buying and promotional power of the nationals, were most often the casualties in these contests.

When Atlantic Wholesalers proposed to sponsor an alliance of locally owned stores under the Save-Easy franchise, many grocers were understandably receptive to the idea. By joining the new voluntary group, they would immediately enjoy the benefits of co-ordinated advertising, bulk buying, assured distribution, and comprehensive market scheduling. Yet, they would retain their own personal stake, as small community-minded entrepreneurs.

It was in the light these developments that Albert Rose moved steadily through the ranks of Atlantic Wholesalers, from truck driver to invoice clerk, to branch buyer, branch salesman, and 1965, retail supervisor for the western Nova Scotia territory. "We were really expanding in the retail area with the various voluntary groups at that time," he recalls. "About then we also opened some corporately owned stores so I had to wear many hats, counselling retailers, helping to solve problems, keeping then informed on new trends. You visited a corporate store in a different capacity than you did an independent one."

The pattern of retail expansion continued through the 1970s, not only in the existing franchise chains — Save-Easy, Red and White, and Lucky Dollar — but with two new ones, Quik-Mart convenience stores and the No Frills box store retail outlets. For six years between 1973 and 1979, a period when Rose progressed from district retail operations manager for Nova Scotia to vice-president, retail operations, Atlantic sought and won an even larger share of the Maritime retail market.

The late Harry Brooks, Rose's predecessor as retailing vice-president, was an architect of this policy. "I worked closely with Harry Brooks," Rose reminisces, "selecting locations for new

stores, planning and setting them up, and of course trying to entice independent retailers to join our voluntary groups."

Achieving corporate growth is one thing; sustaining an established and complex business structure is another. The food distribution industry, with its dependence on high sales volume, fast turnover, and low profit margin, is particularly sensitive to price fluctuations and consumer preferences.

As Rose sees it, the weekly advertisements dictate the rhythm of the business. Atlantic's produce, meat and grocery purchasing specialists analyse market conditions constantly, looking for product availability at advantageous prices. Once purchasing commitments have been made and a tactical marketing schedule has been determined, the advertising department swings into action.

The visitor who steps into the recently renovated, railside warehouse on Sackville's Lorne Street which now houses Atlantic's advertising operations, discovers an array of drafting boards, copying machines and computer typesetting equipment that would be the envy of many a national ad agency. Modern decor and a sense of quiet efficiency underline the importance of speed and precision in the task of communicating with consumers.

Design and layout considerations in this shop may be fairly constant from week to week or month to month, but there is a tremendous volume of mater-

ial to be handled with absolute accuracy. "If we were to distribute a flyer with incorrect prices," explains Rose, "we'd have created a string of problems all through the organization." In addition to flyers, of course, the department is responsible for media buying, arranging

"Despite current experiments in the United States with shop-at-home services utilizing personal computers, Albert Rose believes such innovations are still far in the future when it comes to the Maritime grocery store"

for weekly newspaper space and radio spots, magazine ads and television commercials. This year, the 25th anniversary of the Save-Easy franchise group has brought extra creative challenges.

"An anniversary year represents a special opportunity to reach the public," says Rose. "It's something to celebrate, to feel good about, and naturally we

want to share that feeling with the customers whose loyalty and support have been the mainstay of Save-Easy's success."

The anniversary year was launched with distribution of a complimentary kitchen calendar featuring photographs of Maritime scenes and a selection of recipes for down-home favorites like peanut butter cookies, and ham and potato scallop. Another highlight of the Save-Easy campaign was the signing of Carroll Baker as a celebrity representative for the supermarket chain. The Nova Scotia-born country music star's spring concert tour of the Maritimes figured largely among promotional activities, and throughout 1984 her picture is appearing in the Save-Easy calendar, in flyers and advertising supplements, and in television spots.

Promotions, celebrities and special offers serve to attract public notice and bring people into the stores, but it is the customer's degree of satisfaction with the shopping experience that determines future returns. And repeat business is the key to long-term success.

Albert Rose's personal philosophy of business hinges on the quality of service offered to the customer. In his view, there are few commercial transactions more personal than the customer's choice of a place to buy food for the table. "People in the food industry are there to provide service," he states emphatically.



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THE CANADIAN ARMED FORCES

STRICTLY BUSINESS

"It's that way with our wholesale staff, and of course with the retailers who have to identify deeply with the community they're in and the people they cater to.

"The weekly ads break at mid-week. This means that every store must be ready to serve the customers who have come to purchase the advertised specials on Wednesday morning. If not, we would lose then to the competition, and this is a very competitive business. The factor that gives us an edge is service, first and foremost."

What does service consist of? According to Rose it is a combination of friendly personal contacts at the point of sale, product quality, assured availability, and competitive pricing.

Observers of Atlantic Wholesalers may have wondered how this complex food distribution system would be affected by a takeover in the mid-1970s by Loblaw's Companies Limited, a major player in the industry on a national scale. The Toronto-based corporation had been acquiring an interest in Atlantic for several years prior to 1976 when it purchased the remaining outstanding shares.

As a division of Loblaw's, Atlantic Wholesalers has seemingly not faltered for a moment from its established pattern

of growth and service. Association with the larger company has meant that Atlantic executives may draw on a still greater depth of expertise in food merchandising to respond to new challenges.

However, Rose stresses that a principal characteristic of the relationship has been the high degree of freedom that Atlantic retains to run its own operations. "The president of Loblaw's recognizes that each company, operating in its own market area, must have its own management style and be able to respond to the particular needs of the people it is serving. "Operating in a different trading area means a great deal. The Maritimes is not Ontario."

Appreciating the benefits of significant degree of autonomy comes naturally to the head of the Atlantic Wholesalers organization. The vast majority of the affiliated retail stores, be they Save-Easy, Red and White, Lucky Dollar, Foodmaster, or Quik-Mart, are still owned and operated by voluntary franchise holders. Respect for their differing styles and strategies is a vital factor in sustaining a productive relationship throughout the network.

Such respect extends to actual market strategy. A community may be served by both a Save-Easy supermarket and a Quik-Mart convenience store, for example. Rose explains that each is designed to meet the demands of a different retailing concept. The supermarket aims to meet the weekly shopping requirements

"Promotions, celebrities and special offers serve to attract public notice and bring people into the stores, but it is the customer's degree of satisfaction with the shopping experience that determines future returns"

of the consumer. The convenience store, with more limited product lines and extended hours of operation, serves emergency and impulse buying needs. "They're not competing for the same dollar. Nevertheless, they all have to be aware of market and industry developments. That's an important responsibility of our sales force and our area supervisors — passing along the latest information."

Atlantic Wholesalers also circulates weekly bulletins to the various retail groups to communicate market conditions, special offers and merchandising ideas. In addition, the company offers a program of courses in everything from meat cutting to management in order to upgrade the skills of affiliated store managers and other employees. In today's business environment, this ongoing training is essential. The food industry, as much as any other, is in the throes of adjusting to the challenges of the computer age.

For several years, Rose admits, the company was content to limit its use of computers to a few basic financial applications. In view of the electronic technology's explosive increase in capacity and capability during that time, firms like Atlantic find themselves now racing to catch up. As a result, computerized filing, reporting, inventory management, and point of sale systems are changing the daily work experience at all levels of the company.

Albert Rose is hesitant, however, about predicting immediate, radical changes between the retailer and the consumer. Despite current experiments in the United States with shop-at-home services utilizing personal computers, he believes that such innovations are still far in the future when it comes to the Maritime grocery store.

"Of course, that's one man's opinion," he cautions, "but I think most consumers in our area will still prefer to go to the market in person. They will want to see for themselves what's available, to make choices. They appreciate personal service, and you can only get that from the direct shopping experience."

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DEBORAH WATERS

The Williams property: Municipal officials consider it an eyesore

Life on poverty row

The tiny shacks — often cold, unsafe and unsanitary — can be found in dreary poverty pockets throughout rural Atlantic Canada. Is there any hope for better housing for the region's poorest people? One Nova Scotia group says yes

By Deborah Waters

Outside the rotting entrance to her shack on the outskirts of Kentville, N.S., Jane Williams, wearing a plaid, woollen kerchief and torn, blue nylon parka, is gathering firewood. Behind her is the remains of a barn, a rickety assortment of weathered boards sheathed in torn tarpaper. It houses the gaunt, black cow now tied to a stake outside, and the half-dozen grey geese roaming among the debris — old tires, rusted refrigerators, auto bodies, broken storm windows, scrap wood full of nails. Jane Williams, her husband, Herb, two teenage daughters and a son, 20, live in an asphalt-shingled hovel the size of a single-car garage. A stovepipe poking through the roof acts as a chimney.

Municipal officials consider the Williams property an eyesore and a health hazard; they've offered to buy the land so the family can move elsewhere. Jane Williams says she's staying in this shack unless she can have a new home built on this property. Why? Because her part-time job and her relatives are within walking distance. And the drinking water's good.

Besides, where would the family go?

Because they live close to Kentville, the Williams family's living conditions are more visible than those of many rural Atlantic Canada's poorest people. In this northeastern section of Nova Scotia, for instance, most hardcore poverty is found on back roads along the mountain ridges bordering the Annapolis Valley. But the Williamses are by no means unique.

Cameron Jess of Kentville, manager of the Kings County housing Repair Society, estimates that more than 1,000 families in Kings County alone live in conditions as degrading as any he's seen in the Third World. And, while the poverty along the North and South Mountains bordering the Annapolis Valley is more notorious than elsewhere in the region, it is not limited to this area. In fact, a recent survey of housing needs in the Maritimes by Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp. (CMHC) shows that Nova Scotians don't have the region's worst housing problems.

In terms of the need for major repairs, such as a new roof, indoor plumbing and electrical wiring, the survey

found that 26% of Nova Scotians lacked adequate housing compared with 22% of Prince Edward Islanders and 29% of New Brunswickers.

The adequacy of housing for the survey was measured through criteria used to assess the need for CMHC's Residential Rehabilitation Assistance Program (RRAP), which, in Kings County, is administered by the Kings County Housing Repair Society. Jess says a recent county survey found 300 homes that he calls "unRRAPable" — that is, too dilapidated, rotten or otherwise unable to qualify for RRAP-funded repairs. And these figures, he believes, are too low to reflect the real hardcore poverty in the county.

In Kings County, the desperately poor are often descendants of farm laborers. In other parts of the Maritimes, their ancestors probably worked in the woods. As farming became more mechanized, and making a living in the woods became harder, some of these workers migrated to places where jobs were easier to come by. Jess describes this migration as "the gene pool hemorrhaging away." Today, most of the remaining families survive on welfare or on disability pensions. Some work as seasonal farm laborers, or for minimum wage at food-processing plants.

In these isolated, depressed areas, there's a high incidence of mental retardation, physical handicaps resulting from child abuse, incest and suicide. In February in Kings County, 13 adults were charged with a variety of sexual of-

fences, including incest and sexual assault against 10 children. The charges shocked some authorities into recognizing multi-problem families forgotten for too long in isolated rural areas.

Thirty years ago, a team of social scientists from Cornell University in Ithaca, New York, did a study of rural Nova Scotia communities and described the atmosphere in the poorest areas as being full of suspicion, apathy and self-disparagement. Today, little has changed. "The lifestyles," Jess says, "are characterized by tremendous mutual hostility, even among family members. The men, that's the weak link. They have no self-respect. The youth are lethargic; they lie around, almost in a daze. I see this everywhere I go."

He respects the determination and survival skills of many of the women. Some, he says, walk miles to work every day to menial jobs in pig barns or strawberry fields.

Jess, who also manages the South Central Nova Housing Association, an umbrella housing group serving five counties, drives the back roads in his grey Datsun pickup, a vehicle handy for delivering secondhand fridges and sofas to needy families.

The truck bounces over the ruts and water-filled potholes. Most of the really shabby housing on the mountains is not gathered in definable communities, but in small pockets. Many tiny shacks are flung intermittently along the roads on the edges of cut-over woodlots. Often they're surrounded by small, dilapidated outbuildings — a shed, a chicken coop, an outhouse. Three or four shacks or rusted trailers may cluster around a single muddy lane. Though some yards are filled with old cars and junk scavenged for parts, others are kept tidy. Some shacks are neatly banked with spruce boughs in the winter to keep out the cold. One shack, no larger than 16 feet by 10 feet, sports new, white vinyl siding with red trim. In another, a gaily lettered sign announces the names of the resident couple.

Some families maintain a fierce attachment to their own land, and to their subsistence lifestyle. But many of the tiny shacks are not only unsightly and uncomfortable; they're also dangerous. The poorest families usually heat with wood, and often stick an uninsulated stovepipe through the roof to serve as a chimney. Donna and Darryl Stevens, who live near Grand Pré, N.S., were forced out of their shabby, yellow trailer last winter when the wall behind their woodstove caught fire. They moved back in, but last fall their stovepipe had holes the size of silver dollars until the Wolfville Area Inter-Church Housing Society lent them the money to replace it. The small stove, near the rotting front porch, is the only source of heat. Donna Stevens says the trailer is far too cold in winter for the couple's two pre-school-age children.

Bruce and Elaine Groves, who live at

the end of a muddy driveway in West Brooklyn, N.S., have problems with their drinking water because of their outside toilet. Outside their two-room shack, signs warn strangers to Keep Out. Inside, work clothes, dishes, cereal boxes, canned soup, tools, detergent, towels and papers are stacked on the kitchen counter, the small table and the floor along the walls. The kitchen is so small, there's room for only one cushioned chair, which has faded upholstery and wide, wooden armrests. A small, aluminum sink under a window has a single faucet for cold water. Elaine Groves, is a slender woman wearing thick glasses, and hair pulled back into a barrette.

"I think my husband'd still like to live here, but the water ain't good," she says. "So I can't drink the water that's out here in the well. It's got a swampy smell to it; some days it's awful in the house here. Just terrible. So, they think where we got our outside toilet, they think that's in the wrong place. But that was there when I come here."

In rural areas like Kings County, there are housing programs designed to improve living conditions. But so far these programs have failed to filter down to the hardcore poor. They don't qualify for RRAP grants because their hovels are past repair. They lack the social skills to meet the responsibilities of co-op housing. They don't want to leave their own land to live in low-rental apartments. And in many communities, there's a low vacancy rate for rentals of any sort. The other program administered by the Kings County Housing Repair Society besides RRAP is CMHC's Section 40 Rural and Native Housing Program.

Started in the mid-Seventies, it provides needy families with well-insulated, three-bedroom bungalows, with either electric or central heating. CMHC provides the funds to build the house and subsidizes the mortgage, so the family pays only a quarter of its monthly income in mortgage payments. Jennifer Foster, president of the Wolfville housing group, says government programs such as the Section 40 one convey a middle-class standard.

"These people are not middle class, nor do they want to be middle class. They want to live in the country; they want to cut their own wood. It's subsistence living, but it's not the kind of lifestyle we're going to change overnight."

The difficulty in changing lifestyles is illustrated graphically in bad experiences housing groups have had with Section 40 housing. In Cameron Jess's three years administering the program in Kings County, 12 families have lost their Section 40 homes through failing to keep up with payments or to properly maintain

the house.

When one family fell thousands of dollars behind in their mortgage payments, it cost CMHC \$6,000 to make the house habitable again after they evicted the family.

"They kept a bird, a budgie, in a kitchen cabinet," Jess says. "There were layers of straw and excrement a foot deep up over the sink. The walls of the house were fly-specked in a continuous layer, and the toilet was so coated it couldn't be saved."

"Teaching people to live in these houses is not easy. The Section 40 is the kind of house the middle class aspires to. People must have some sort of middle-class aspirations. They must be willing to mow lawns and not litter the grounds with old cars."

Some families who get a Section 40



Bruce and Elaine Groves outside their two-room shack

home ignore the central heating and stick a stovepipe through the roof so they can continue to burn wood. Some can't afford to heat or maintain a three-bedroom house. And many don't like the Section 40's tiny, utilitarian kitchen. As Jess points out, most rural families live in their kitchens, not around the coffee table in the living room.

Since taking over the program three years ago, Jess has tightened up the screening for applicants for the Section 40 housing. He makes sure the families who get these houses have the skills to hang on to them. Consequently, no families have lost the 50 homes he's delivered in the past three years.

In Kings County, the Wolfville Area Inter-Church Housing Society has been the agency of last resort for people who couldn't get help through other housing programs. A couple of years ago, the society came up with a "little house" design. Jennifer Foster says the society decided to try building a small house because they recognized the need for "something in between a Section 40 and a shack."

Almost two years ago, they built a little house as a pilot project and moved Clayton Hiltz and his family of four in.

Barbara Hiltz sits on the edge of her faded maroon sofa, her elbows on her

COVER STORY

knees, her round face beaming. One daughter, Marilyn, 11, sprawls next to her, watching a soap opera on a small, black and white television. Another daughter, Bernice, 7, plays with an orange cat in an upholstered chair.

The beige, wall-to-wall carpeting gives way to a patch of no-wax flooring in the kitchen area. The room smells faintly of woodsmoke. A white, enamelled woodstove keeps the temperature a toasty 25 degrees C.

Located in West Brooklyn, Kings County, the Hiltz home is less than 500 square feet. Built on a concrete slab, with a partial basement underneath, the house is well insulated, so the Hiltzes seldom need to use the back-up electrical heat except to warm the two bedrooms. The house has a full-sized bathroom, a safe, masonry chimney for the woodstove and a root cellar for vegetables. Though small by middle-class standards, it is more than three times the size of the tarpaper shack the family used to live in.

Before the Hiltzes moved here, they had to haul water from a stream. Cold air seeped through the cracks in the bare wooden floor. When the two girls weren't sharing a bed in their parents' crowded room, they slept in a horse trailer next to the outside toilet.

Still beaming, Barbara Hiltz describes what it was like: "Cramped, mostly. But we got through it till we got this new house, and we was awful proud over that."

When Wolfville Area Inter-Church built the little house, they used private funds to meet the \$20,000 in construction costs. Clayton Hiltz is paying off the mortgage through income from his disability pension.

When the South Central Nova Housing Association tried to build a second little house for Wolfville Inter-Church this winter, costs had escalated so much they had to find a new source of funding. They found a bank willing to lend the money if CMHC would insure the mortgage. CMHC refused. The design did not meet National Building Code standards because the rooms were too small. CMHC also criticized the lack of storage space and laundry facilities.

Jess believes bureaucrats sometimes have, like Marie Antoinette, a "let-them-eat-cake" attitude. He says they sit in offices, working over the telephone, and don't understand the needs and wants of the poor.

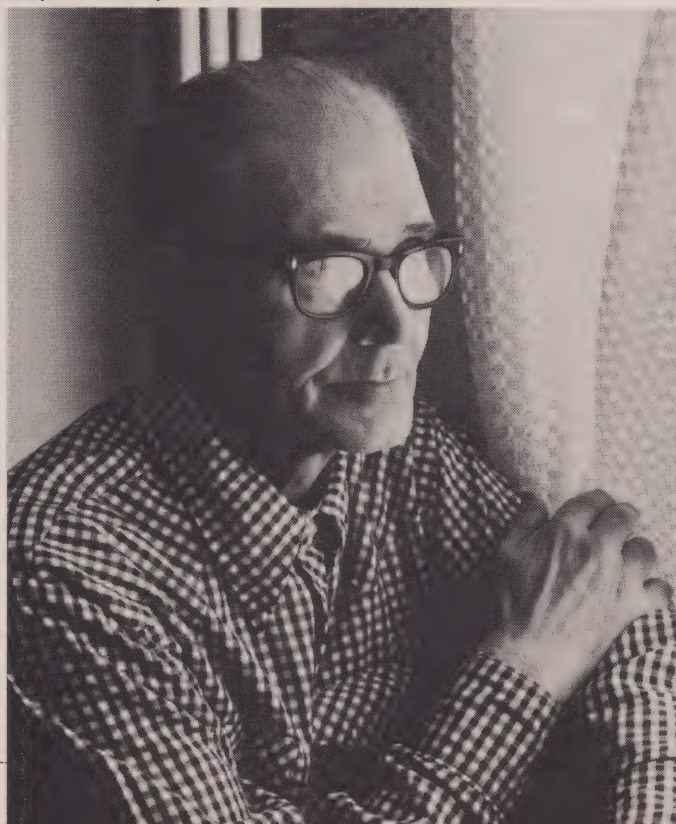
It's taken housing groups a couple of years to convince CMHC of the soundness of the little house idea. Now,



Behind the young Hiltzes is their former home

however, CMHC is showing a real interest in the project, and that means that 20 more little houses will be built in Kings County as a pilot for a nationwide program. The units will be financed by private banks, backed by CMHC insurance. Wolfville Inter-Church will manage the units, renting them to families on a lease-to-purchase basis. The families will be carefully screened and trained in budgeting, housekeeping and home maintenance. If, after five years, the

Clayton Hiltz is proud of his new, warm and safe "little house"



family shows it can meet its payments and take care of the property, the rent will become equity.

One advantage of the little house is that it's so cheap to build, a family's shelter allowance from social assistance can pay off the mortgage. Because the mortgage for a Section 40 house needs to be subsidized, it can cost CMHC an additional \$100,000 for the subsidy over the life of the mortgage. And it costs about \$55,000 to build a Section 40 house, compared with \$26,000 for a little house.

"It costs the same to put a family in one of these little houses as it would to pay a slum landlord for a cold-water flat," says Bill Drummond, technical coordinator for South Central Nova.

CMHC's change of heart followed a February meeting arranged by Harry How, formerly MLA for Kings South, and now chief justice of the Nova Scotia provincial court. How drove Jess through a snowstorm to Halifax to meet Tony Pitt, provincial CMHC director. Pitt liked the housing concept and turned the design over to a CMHC architect.

Pitt says he's interested in a small, modest house appropriate to the needs of the poor, and Jess says he's pleased with CMHC's changes in the plans. The modifications have added about 50 square feet and improved the layout. South Central Nova already is laying the groundwork to build the additional 20 units.

The Hiltz family has lived for more than a year now in their cosy little house. Clayton Hiltz, a small, wiry man in his 60s, hauls wood from his woodlot with a pony. He's erected a split rail fence

around the small barn, the old privy, and the tarpaper shack where his family used to live. He's planted some shrubs in front of the new house and adorned the yard with three wooden birdhouses on top of tall poles. His stove wood is neatly stacked out back.

"I'm using the old house now as a workshop", he says. "The old stove is still in there, and when it gets cold I just fire her up to stay warm."

As innovative as the little-house project is, it's no panacea for the problems of the desperately poor. But it does give them a chance at warm, safe and sanitary shelter. It also means that the children have a better chance of going to school in clean clothes, of spending more time on homework and less on hauling water and keeping warm, and of breaking the poverty cycle that has entrapped many of these families for generations.

DAVID NICHOLS

Music that's all in the family

Not everybody in Charlottetown approves of John and Jenet Clement's teaching methods. But they do get results

The year cellist Allan Kennedy, 17, of Charlottetown finished Grade 8, his music teachers, John and Jenet Clement, took him into their home for the summer to coach him for hours every day. When he was ready for more advanced work, Jenet arranged lessons for him in Halifax and Fredericton, N.B. And when he needed a better cello, the Clements drove him to New York and spent a week helping him choose one.

For this husband-and-wife team, who teach strings in Charlottetown area schools, that mom-and-pop sort of devotion is not unusual. They teach 320 students in grades 3 to 12, including a full-credit course for senior students taught on an individual basis after school hours. They produce a musical every year; sometimes they're still at school at 2 a.m. or 3 a.m., building and painting sets. They prepare hundreds of students for string, choral and piano competitions at music festivals. And on weekends and holidays, they have open-house for students who want extra instruction or just want to feel part of the family.

"Sometimes the kids forget and call us Dad and Mom," Jenet says. "We have a fantastic family of 320 children. We do our share of counselling, too — kids need a shoulder to cry on sometimes."

The Clements have spent most of their waking hours involved with music and young people since they arrived, separately, in Charlottetown in 1971. John, 46, came from his native England where he was trained and taught music. Accompanied by his wife (they later divorced) he arrived to take over the string program, begun in Charlottetown schools by an English colleague. Jenet, 44, who was born in Moncton, studied music at Mount Allison and Acadia, and taught and performed in Kitchener-Waterloo and Regina, came to Charlottetown to teach music soon after her marriage broke up.

John, looking and sounding scholarly with his grey beard and English accent, remembers the first time he was aware of Jenet at a rehearsal of the P.E.I. Symphony. (John plays violin and is now president of the Symphony; Jenet is concertmistress.) "This outspoken lady came up to me and said, 'You play quite well, but you make an awful sound.' She had tact enough to blame the sound on the instrument, but she still tells me things like that," he says with a laugh.

They married five years ago and live in an old farm house near Charlottetown

with Jenet's mother and three of the five children from their first marriages.

Allan Kennedy says he and other students like visiting their music teachers at home because "we all like helping with their garden and chickens and things, but most of all we work on our music. John has a dry sense of humor, but Jen can be really funny, too. They're teachers, but they're also good friends."

They also get results. Their showcase is a 17-member ensemble of senior students, the Singing Strings, which the Clements founded in 1977. Next month in Eugene, Ore., the group will perform at the World Congress for the International Society for Music Education.

Last year, the ensemble was a star of the Nova Scotia Kiwanis Music Festival. And they've been unofficial stars on the Island since they gave their first public performance at Government House on New Year's Day, 1978. They perform an average of once every two weeks all year, and there are always extra rehearsals before performances and competitions.

Not everyone in Charlottetown supports the Clements' near-immersion approach to music education. Some parents complain about the pressures the kids are under, particularly when performances conflict with school exams. Some say the Clements spread themselves too thin, that the better players get most of their attention, leaving the average and weaker students to struggle on their own. Some feel the Singing Strings are pushed too hard, just for the sake of publicity.

Bert Tarsteeg, chairman of the music department of the University of P.E.I., says, "I don't always agree with the Clements' philosophy. They have improved the string program, but they're pushing some of the kids too far. Many musicians, especially those in education, get too involved. I believe in glorifying the music itself, not the people who are doing it."

Ralph Aldrich, chairman of the applied music department at the University of Western Ontario and a fellow-student of John in London, has adjudicated the Singing Strings in Charlottetown and Halifax. "Wherever you have strong people fighting to achieve something, you have controversy," he says. "My guess is that the fact that the students are almost at the professional level has put some people's noses out of joint."

Most parents are supportive. Frank Lawson's three children have been in the string program, and his oldest son is studying music at the University of

Western Ontario on scholarship. "Bruce wouldn't be at Western if it weren't for the Clements," Lawson says. "They demand a lot of the kids, but that's good."

It was Jenet who coaxed Allan Kennedy to try the cello in the first place. When he finished Grade 10, he won a full scholarship for the summer music program at the Banff School of Fine Arts. Now finishing Grade 11, he's been accepted into Sir Wilfrid Laurier University in Ontario; after a year, he'll move on to study the cello at Boston University. Except for the Clements, he says, he'd never have dreamed of a career in music.

What makes the Clements run? For one thing, they say, their work is exhilarating. "One keeps going on adrenalin," John says. "The feedback from students recharges me. I just hope I don't



For the Clements, work is exhilarating

lose that as I get older."

Jenet says, "There aren't many jobs where you build up so many close relationships that rejuvenate you."

Because there are cutbacks in music programs across Canada, John says, all teachers now feel vulnerable. "One must have a shop window; one must be seen to be succeeding. Because the program at the moment is showing what it can do, we don't feel immediately threatened."

Their success has been acknowledged far beyond their home territory. "The Singing Strings can hold their heads up when compared to any group of the same age level in the country," says Western's Ralph Aldrich.

Bob Skeldon, music professor at Western, who adjudicated the group at the 1982 Kiwanis Music Festival in Halifax, says: "There are pockets of excellence in the teaching of strings across Canada — Toronto, Winnipeg, Brandon, Ottawa and a few others — and Charlottetown is one of these pockets of excellence." —Elaine Hammond

The Marshall family: "We're still suffering"

As the fight for compensation for Donald Marshall drags on, his parents wonder if their lives will ever be normal again

By Terry Tremayne
Painstaking Gothic lettering on a sign inside the front door of the only house on the street with a fenced front yard proclaims to visitors that the occupants care about their home. It asks that shoes be removed.

The woman of the house, who raised 12 children, works with elderly people, providing support so they can stay in their own houses instead of moving to nursing homes. She's also helping with preparations for the Pope's upcoming visit. And recently, officials of the Nova Scotia Museum in Halifax thought so highly of her needlework that they asked her to spend a day there demonstrating what she does.

Parts of the house are a showcase. There's no room for ornaments in the

family room; every available space is taken by scores of trophies — baseball, hockey, football, bowling. There are more packed away elsewhere in the house. Each member of the family, it seems, is used to winning.

The father, a successful businessman before he retired, holds the highest political office in the community. Quiet-spoken, earnest, diplomatic, he's well-liked by people of diverse backgrounds.

Donald Marshall Sr. and his wife, Caroline, are, in short, pillars of the community.

Theirs is a family that speaks quietly about the pain it suffered — and is still suffering — as a result of the wrongful imprisonment of Donald Jr. for a murder he didn't commit. A family uncomfortably aware of racial prejudice

outside the boundaries of the Membertou reserve in Sydney, N.S., where they live. A family that recently gave six hours from a busy day so a stranger could peek under the bedcovers of a human tragedy, not once trying to embellish or to hide details. Skeletons in the closet were as accessible as trophies.

The Marshalls display no bitterness over perceived racial discrimination; as they see it, it's a fact of life to be accepted and dealt with by each in his or her own way. There's no anger directed against the two men who lied on the witness stand and cost Donald Jr. perhaps the 11 most vital years of his life. There's not even hatred for the man now convicted of the killing, a man who kept quiet all those years their son spent in prison. "He did what he had to do [to survive]," they say calmly. The Marshalls understand survival.

But mention Sydney police chief John MacIntyre, the detective who arrested 16-year-old Donald in 1971, and the reaction is slightly different. Donald Marshall Sr., the quiet-spoken Grand Chief of the Micmac Indian Nation, lays full responsibility for his son's conviction and for the family's pain at the police chief's doorstep. A gentle man who saw his painting and decorating



Donald Marshall Jr. (R) with his lawyer, Steve Aronson: The family's fear is ended now, but not the bitterness

business virtually disappear after his son's arrest, Marshall silently bends the forefinger of his right hand and twists the knuckle into his forehead at the mention of MacIntyre's name. It is the only dramatic episode, the only show of hatred he displays.

He says one of the witnesses who testified against his son, convicted on false evidence of the stabbing death of his teenage friend, Sandy Seale, whispered to him as he entered the courtroom for the murder trial in 1971. "He said my son didn't do it, but he [the witness] had been told what to say, and if he didn't they [the police] would get him for perjury." (Two witnesses who testified they saw Marshall stab Seale in a Sydney park have since admitted they were not there.)

Pius Marshall, six-foot-three and as solid as an oak door, hunches forward intensely at the kitchen table, his loud voice contrasting with that of his father. A 29-year-old drywall contractor when he can find work, he is one year younger than his brother Donald and claims to know him better than anyone else. He confirms what others in their generosity have tried to minimize: Donald Marshall was a tough street kid before he was arrested.

"We had a good time and stuff, you know. My Dad and my Mom always thought we were good boys. No, hey, we were street boys, too, you know. We were damned close; we grew up together. A lotta guys was calling us squaw man and all that stuff. We were tough; we had to be. It was a do or die situation we was in a lot of times. A lotta times someone would say: 'Hey, man, you Pius Marshall?' I'd say, 'Yeah, Mister,' and he'd step back and I'd step back and, there it goes, we'd get into a fight. Junior and me, we were both scrappers. We just thought the law was your hand and we didn't have no one to take care of us. We always felt like we were the underdogs 'cause, hey, we were the minority.

"You talk about being prejudiced: That's why they wanted to put my Junior away. They framed him so bad it wasn't funny."

He blames stress created by the arrest and conviction for the months he spent in the Nova Scotia mental hospital. For 11 years, until he was able to talk with Donald after his release from prison, Pius wondered if his brother was guilty. "I grew up with the guy. I know how hard he is. I wondered as a brother, man, as a guy that knew him straight on."

Pius Marshall doesn't look as if he was scared of anyone in his whole life. But he says as a teenager he was scared of the Sydney police force. There have been suggestions that Donald Marshall didn't admit to being in the park to commit a robbery because he was scared of the police. "They used to pound the shit out of us. We were the minority here in

Cape Breton, and still are, the black guys and the Indians, and we're still fighting against the whites. Just being Indian really bothers a lot of white people. I really don't know why."

Many non-Indian Sydney residents deny racial prejudice, but they seem to equate prejudice with hate or dislike. Some do admit jealousy. "When I buy a car I have to pay \$1,100 sales tax," one says. "They don't pay a cent."

"They're drunk all the time," says another. "Anything they want, the government pays for. Their houses are paid for and all furniture that's in them. I know this used to be their land and the white man took it from them. But do we still have to bear the guilt for that today?"

"No," a bank manager says, admit-

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ting he scrutinizes Indians more thoroughly than anyone else applying for a loan, "I'm not prejudiced. But I know seven out of 10 Indians who get a loan won't bother paying it back. And I can't go onto the reserve and seize their property; it's against the law."

A businesswoman insists she's not prejudiced, but adds: "You can't trust them; they're lazy. They'll work for about three months but that's their limit. Then, one morning, they wonder why they're working every day when they can sit at home and get welfare." Would she socialize with Indians? "No, but I'm not prejudiced." Then why wouldn't she socialize with them? "Because they're Indians," she says, surprise in her voice, as though that explains everything.

Few non-Indian residents will venture onto the reserve. "You'll get your ass filled with buckshot," one warns. "You should see the hospital on a Friday or Saturday night, the Indians that come in there with stab wounds. What a mess."

But those who know Donald and Caroline Marshall speak highly of them.

Caroline Marshall acknowledges the feelings of many whites. "But," she says, "we like the white people. They are our friends. It's just that when they took Junior away it was one-sided. It's still one-sided, but it's getting better."

David Marshall, one of Donald's younger brothers, is a counsellor with Canada Manpower's Outreach employment program. He says there is prejudice in the workplace against Indians. "I'll give you an example: We tried to get this guy a job under one of our Manpower training programs. The owner of a gas station was willing to take this guy on. But when he found out he was an Indian he changed his mind right away. 'Don't trust 'em,' he said, 'I've got a lot of money coming in; I just don't trust 'em.' We sent him to another gas station, and the employer was willing to take him on. And then what happened was a woman went to the service station and started bad-mouthing the guy I referred, and he didn't get hired because of that."

Despite this attitude, David Marshall says, the rate of unemployment among young Indians is lower than that for the rest of the population. "But only because of the Native Programs [a federally funded employment initiative]."

And to charges by some that Indians are lazy, drunkards and live off the government, Caroline Marshall responds: "White society made the Indian that way." Her husband adds: "It only takes one bad apple in the barrel to make the others look bad."

Their daughter, Donna Gould, comptroller for *Micmac News*, a native newspaper, says: "Just because you're Indian, to the white people you can't do well. So from then on you're conditioned that you can't do what they can do. It goes on and on like a big round circle. The white man gave us liquor; we gave him a cigarette. The feeling [that Indians can't do as well as whites] grows with you; it grows right into your personality."

The Marshall family lived in fear from the day their son was arrested until last year, when Roy Newman Ebsary, 71, was convicted of Seale's slaying. (An appeal against the conviction will be heard this month.)

They received frequent hate calls and death threats and had to have their telephone number unlisted. That virtually ended Donald Marshall Sr.'s business. Caroline and the children moved temporarily to the Whycocomagh reserve, on the other side of Cape Breton Island, where she was born. And during the years their son was in prison they lived in fear of the then-unknown person who had actually killed Seale; the parents never doubted their son's innocence.

Caroline Marshall recalls how her fear kept her son behind bars for yet another Christmas. He had already been

THE LAW

in prison for 11 of them. "A parole officer asked me what I thought about Junior coming home on a pass. I said no. He said I should talk it over with the family. They all said Junior should come home. But when the parole officer came back, I told him it was too dangerous. I thought whoever had done the murder might kill him."

The fear is ended now, but not the frustration, the bitterness, the feeling of impotence because they are "little" people.

The Marshalls say their son had a "quick" trial. It lasted 3 1/2 days. "It was an Indian and a Negro. They just wanted it out of the way," Donald's father says, motioning with his hand as if to brush away a fly. Sandy Seale was black.

The delay in settling the compensation issue continues the hardships the family has faced for more than a dozen years. They're pleased that the Nova Scotia government accepted the recommendation of Mr. Justice Alex Campbell, the P.E.I. Supreme Court judge investigating the compensation matter, and made an interim payment of \$25,000 to Donald. They're heartened by the efforts of a Montreal minister to create a fund for their son (though, when asked, they admit they would have been even more pleased if the fund had been started in Cape Breton). They're happy Donald finally has a job. But they're sick of the battle. They're tired. They've seen enough reporters to last several lifetimes. They wonder if their lives will ever again be normal. And then they try to remember what normal is.

"All Junior wants is to build a little house somewhere and get a new start," his mother says. "They said he was living on welfare before he got the job [as a counsellor to Indian youth]. He wasn't; he refused to go on welfare. His girlfriend works in a bank and she was helping him out; they plan to get married."

The parents don't often talk with their son, who they say has had bouts of depression because the political system has been so slow helping him to re-establish his life. They can't afford to drive to Halifax to see him, and he has no telephone. Until recently, he hasn't been able to afford to travel to Sydney. Donald Jr. lives in Halifax because, even though recognized on the street, he can more easily lose himself there than in Sydney. No one says so, but the inference is that a desire for personal privacy also keeps him apart from his family.

The Marshalls are waiting for Indian Affairs Minister John Munro to keep what they consider to be a promise made during presentation of a \$1-million land claims settlement cheque in the Cape Breton Indian community of Nyansa in March, 1982. Donald Marshall Sr. says the minister told him his department would pay the \$83,000 legal fees outstanding to lawyer Stephen Aronson.

But, Caroline Marshall says bitterly, "he never said one word yet, not one word. What gets me, he's supposed to pay the lawyer, huh? Instead of that, he offered a job to the lawyer." Aronson, whose private practice suffered when he devoted all his energies to fighting for Marshall's freedom, now works for the federal government in Ottawa.

(Shortly after this interview with the Marshalls, Munro announced his department would provide additional funding so that the Union of Nova Scotia Indians could hire Donald Marshall as a youth counsellor. On the compensation issue, he said Ottawa's hands are tied "with respect to making any payment, even if the political will were there.")

"I always think I'm so small compared to them big people," Donald's mother says. "When you're an Indian you never win. It's not easy to fight Ron Giffin [Nova Scotia's attorney-general]. It's not easy to fight a big man like that. But thank God for my boy there was no capital punishment."

She quietly admits to feelings of bitterness. During the years of struggle for her son's freedom, she says, no one would help. She met with countless lawyers. "They wouldn't take the case. They said there was nothing they could do. We had no money." She felt isolated, frustrated, helpless. "We were alone," her husband adds. "Even our people, even our people. I couldn't name one person who was really concerned about us. Nobody."

But there's no bitterness toward Ebsary, the man who kept quiet during the years their son served time for a crime Ebsary committed. "He did what he had to do, and my son feels the same way, too," Marshall says. Nor is there bitterness toward the two witnesses whose false testimony resulted in the conviction.

The family's savings (Pius says his mother had about \$10,000) are gone. One of the reasons Caroline Marshall went back to work was to help make ends meet. She earns about \$100 a week. Her husband's Canada pension is supplemented every two weeks with a welfare cheque for \$22.50. The Marshalls are proud people, used to reasonably comfortable living standards won through their own efforts. The solid front is still there, but the indignity of the welfare cheque shows in the eyes of the parents.


Donald Marshall Sr. had a kidney transplant two years ago; illness completed what an unlisted telephone number started: It put him out of business. He doesn't have the options he might have had when he was younger and healthier.

Adversity sometimes makes families stronger. Marshall says this has not been the case with his family. He doesn't explain.

But the family seems united during suppertime recollections of sporting triumphs. The 100 or so trophies and medals in the family room next to the large eat-in kitchen all belong to youngest son, Stephen, mostly for hockey. "You should see the ones upstairs," another son, Terry, says. "Junior must have more than 100 for baseball and stuff. He won a lot while he was doing time in Dorchester."

"I played baseball with my brother [Junior] once," says one of the brothers between mouthfuls of salt cod. "But not on his team; against him. We took a team up to the penitentiary."

Even seemingly unrelated subjects bring conversation back to the oldest Marshall son and the family's troubles.

They are troubles that are a long way from over. And when this round is over, there will be another. "We will probably sue for compensation when Junior's compensation is settled," his father says. "We've suffered a lot and we're still suffering." 

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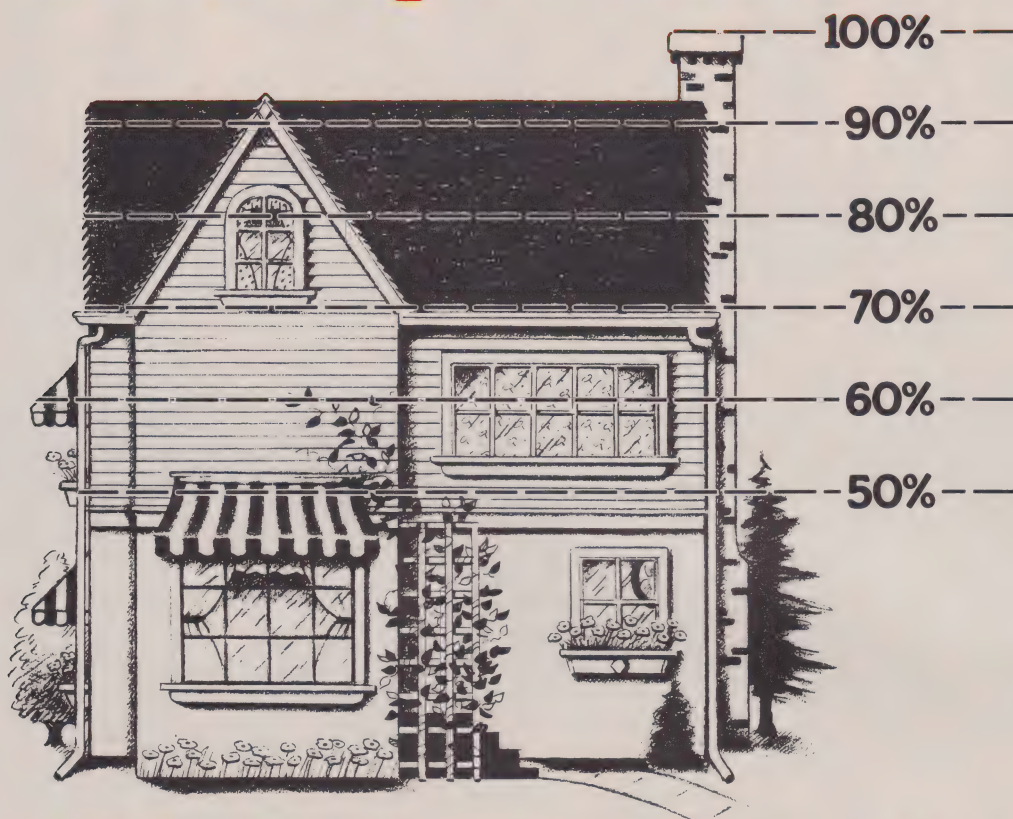
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PHOTOS BY PETER CHENEY

It's the only way to fly

Imagine sitting in your favorite chair with several thousand feet between your slippers and the ground. That's about what it's like to fly an ultralight

By Peter Cheney

A line of tall poplars loomed just 800 feet away. Not much of a runway, I thought. Then again, this wasn't much of an airplane. I was buckled aboard an ultralight, a tiny aircraft that looks like a cross between a Cessna and an aluminum chaise-longue, all tubes and wires and fabric. The engine snarled and the little propeller bit the air, booting us smartly ahead. We bobbed into the air after rolling just 200 feet. I watched the poplars pass beneath us. We levelled out at 2,500 feet, and my pilot, ultralight veteran Andy Duinker, smiled and pointed straight down. Gripping the polished tubing, I peered over the edge, my pants flapping like flags in the wind. Dinky-toy cars threaded their way along miniature roads. I was flying, open to the air like Superman, and the earth was far away; green, brown, parcelled like a map. Duinker pressed the control stick, and we banked smoothly to the left, the

sun lighting up our blue and red wing, bright as a candy-striped awning as we arched toward the earth.

"Everyone is scared to death for the first couple of minutes," Duinker had said before takeoff, "but once they relax and start looking around, they love it." Imagine you are sitting in your favorite chair with several hundred — or thousand — feet between your slippers and the ground: That's about what it's like to fly an ultralight. The sensation is that of buoyancy, of soaring through an infinite ocean of air with a soft breeze on your face as though you were riding a bicycle. It's an acrophobe's nightmare and a flier's dream come true, the closest you can get to the kind of flying you dreamed about when you were a kid — when you stretched out your arms, looked up at blue sky, and dreamed of liftoff.

At Moxsom Farms, about 60 km from Halifax, the ultralights buzz into the air from the rolling, smooth cut

fields, spiralling up into cobalt-blue sky, bright as kites. This is the home of Aero-tech, the largest ultralight flying school in the Maritimes. With its soft grass runways, fluttering windsock and hangar stuffed with splashy-colored ultralights, Aero-tech would make Baron von Richthofen feel right at home.

Although it opened for business just eight months ago, Aero-tech has already enrolled more than 60 students. "Business is good," says chief flying instructor Bill Hicks. "There's lots of interest. People drive in all the time to see what's going on." Andy Duinker and John Riley of Atlantic Airsport, Nova Scotia's other ultralight training centre, report similar interest. "We get at least one solid inquiry every day," Duinker says. In addition, there are two ultralight schools in New Brunswick, and one each in P.E.I. and Newfoundland. There are now 31 holders of ultralight private pilot's licences in the Maritimes, but that number is expected to increase to at least 250 by this fall. "Two years ago there were only three ultralights in the Maritimes," Duinker says. "This thing is taking off."

Just how far the ultralight movement will go, nobody really knows, but it's clear the potential is tremendous. There are now 20,000 ultralights flying in the



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U.S., and more are being sold every day. In 1983, Eipper, the largest ultralight manufacturer in the world, reported that it sold as many aircraft as the three largest builders of conventional aircraft combined. Many feel the ultralight represents the future of sport aviation.

Ironically, the ultralight is based on nearly forgotten technology: The realm of low-speed flight, where inventors like Leonardo da Vinci and Otto Lilienthal once concentrated their efforts. Ever since the Wright brothers' first successful powered flight in 1903, airplanes have grown steadily larger, faster and more expensive. Even a "light" conventional aircraft weighs nearly a ton, lands at 70 miles an hour, and costs about \$75,000. The ultralight, on the other hand, weighs just 250 pounds, wafts in for landing at 20 miles an hour, and costs as little as \$4,500.

"It's a cheap way to get into flying," says David Morgan of Sackville, N.S. Morgan, a 35-year-old concrete batcher, was Aero-tech's first graduate. "I looked into a private pilot's licence, but it was just too much money." At most ultralight training centres, lessons cost less than \$600, compared with \$3,000 for a licence to fly conventional aircraft. For his money, the student receives a class-



room theory course and from five to eight hours of instruction in the air, first with an instructor aboard a two-seat trainer, then solo in a single-seater.

"Anyone who's interested can learn to fly an ultralight," Morgan says. "It's better than flying a regular airplane. You're out in the open. You get a great view, and enjoy it more." The ultralight's windy, wide-open style may frighten the uninitiated, but devotees say it's the only way to fly. "It's the way flying should be," says Doug Neary of Kentville, N.S. Neary, an experienced pilot who once owned a light aircraft four-seater airplane, bought an ultralight three years ago, essentially on a whim. "It was great! The ultralight made me feel like a six-year-old kid. I'd get up when the dew was still on the grass and fly down the Valley. I bet my average height wasn't more than one foot. If I couldn't stick my foot down and clip grass, I was too high."

"Maritimers tend to be conservative," says ultralight instructor Hicks, "but as ultralights become more accepted they'll get into the sport. A lot of



An acrophobe's nightmare and a flier's dream come true

people are holding back, waiting to see what's going on and examine the safety-record." In the Maritimes, the ultralight has a flawless record, with no reported injuries at all. Elsewhere, however, the sport has generated some grim statistics. A recent rash of deaths in the U.S. prompted a television news documentary that may have frightened many would-be pilots away, perhaps forever. The U.S., unlike Canada, does not require that ultralight pilots be licensed, and observers say this is at the root of the ultralight's poor record south of the border.

The ultralight's safety record in Canada prior to the introduction of the licensing requirements last year, though better than that of the U.S., was still not good: Of the 1,400 pilots flying ultralights in this country in 1983, 12 were killed, a ratio of one death per 115 pilots. It is clear that many have not approached ultralight flying with anything near the proper degree of respect and caution. A study of the accident reports reveals case after case where pilots attempted aerobatic manoeuvres such as loops in machines specifically prohibited from performing them. "If you're taught right and don't fool around it's very safe," David Morgan says. "You must know the limits and not exceed them."

Experienced ultralight pilots point to the machine's low speed as a safety factor. "Aircraft accidents happen during takeoff and landing," Bill Hicks says. "In an ultralight, you're going at bicycle-like speeds." Hicks emphasizes, however, that safety begins with training: "The ultralight, like any aircraft, is as safe as the person flying it. They're easy to fly; they almost fly themselves. That's led a lot of people to fly them without any training whatsoever. You have to re-

member that this is an air vehicle like any other. The air is unforgiving of mistakes."

"We're trying to minimize problems by requiring licences," says a Ministry of Transport official. "We want to ensure pilots are trained to a minimum level, instead of just saying go ahead and buy an ultralight and teach yourself to fly it." Though a minority of those in the ultralight industry would prefer that the government leave the sport strictly alone, there is nearly universal support for licensing. "You've got to have some sort of requirement," Duinker says. "Too many people would just buy one and take off."

Another major factor in the ultralight's spotty safety record has been a lack of airworthiness standards. Tough conventional aircraft must be designed, built, and tested to rigid standards; no such rules exist for ultralights. Anyone can build — and sell — an ultralight. At last count there were more than 60 companies selling ultralights, ranging from large corporations to one-man mail-order outfits. Some of these companies have produced extraordinarily dangerous machines. It was recently revealed that half the ultralights sold by one large company had broken up in mid-air. "Some of the best pilots in the world have been killed flying experimental machines," Duinker says.

Though the much-publicized failures of a few shoddy machines have caused many to worry about the safety of ultralights in general, most are safe, well-designed aircraft. "Many ultralights are as strong or stronger than regular airplanes," Hicks says. The ultralight industry has already moved toward self-regulation, proposing airworthiness standards and certification procedures that would guarantee safe ultralights. For

now, however, the consumer must make his own judgments as to the safety of a given machine. "Buyers should stick with a proven design," Duinker says.

The cost of ultralights has soared in recent years, and adopting certification procedures will drive it even higher. "This started out as everyman's way into the air," Hicks says. "In 1979, you could buy an ultralight for \$2,500. That's not true anymore." Today, some ultralights sell for more than \$10,000, though most are priced in the \$7,000 range. Typical of the breed is the Wizard, a Florida-built machine sold by Aero-tech. Equipped with a 34-horsepower engine that enables it to climb faster than many small airplanes, the Wizard sells for \$6,995.

"Some people think that's a lot of money," Blake Dewhirst says. Dewhirst, a commercial helicopter pilot, is Hicks's partner. "You've got to remember that this is an aircraft, and building to aircraft standards costs money." Examining a new single-seat Wizard, Dewhirst points to a two-inch bolt that connects a pair of tubes. "If you bought a bolt that size from a hardware store, it would cost about 25 cents. But you wouldn't want to fly with it. This is a special aircraft-grade bolt, the same as you'd find in a Boeing 727. It costs about six dollars, and there are a lot of them in one ultralight."

For those seriously interested in the sport, rising costs aren't a deterrent. "I don't think it's too expensive, not when you compare it with other things," says Ralph Dooks of Musquodoboit Harbour, N.S. "The last snowmobile I bought cost \$3,500." Dooks, 40, is planning to add a \$1,000-set of fibreglass pontoons to his ultralight so he can fly into remote lakes and fish. "I bought this purely for fun-flying," he says. "It's a release."

Newfoundland's king of comedy

Critics have called Andy Jones's humor everything from brilliant to disgusting. "I'm at the anal stage," he explains

It's been nearly nine years in the making, but Newfoundlanders are finally going to get a look this month at one of the province's first locally produced

movies. The film's called *The Adventures of Faustus Bidgood*, and the name itself gives some idea of its zany nature. Zany is also an apt description of

some of the hundreds of Newfoundlanders who helped make the movie. Chief among them is Andy Jones, film-maker, actor, comedian, writer and director.

Jones, 36, of St. John's wrote the original script of *Faustus* in 1976, when he was a member of CODCO, one of the province's most successful comedy troupes. The CODCO experience, on stage and film, and the help of other members of the group provided a basis for the film.

It's a big undertaking, costing around \$100,000, and Jones has a big part in it. Besides helping write the script, keeping an eye on the editing, and plowing through the paperwork involved, he's also the main character, Faustus Bidgood.

Jones says the film is both hilarious and gruesome. It shows a day in the life of the fictional Faustus, a civil servant working at the Confederation Building in St. John's. There's an assortment of odd characters (Faustus has an imaginary friend called Shagoff and two female co-workers called Margaret Mary Stack-deck and Phyllis Meany), lots of comic adventures and flashbacks to Faustus' past.

"It's about local issues and local people," Jones explains. He describes the movie, which he thinks might become a cult film, as a cultural statement. And he's not afraid that the subject matter will be too local for audiences outside the province. "The more local you are, the more real you are," he says.

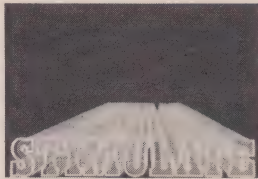
Jones says the film has changed a lot since its original conception in the Seventies. So has he. Twelve years ago, he was teaching in a Newfoundland outpost after graduating from Memorial University. Now he's one of the most respected actors and writers in Newfoundland, and he's also received critical acclaim outside the province. Since 1973, he's worked with Theatre Passe Muraille in Toronto, the Ken Campbell Road Show in England, and the Madhouse Company of London in the United States.

But when CODCO beckoned in the mid-Seventies, he jumped at the chance to get back home.

Newfoundland is where his roots are, and his growing-up years here have provided a lot of material for his plays. His school years at a local Catholic boys' college provided the incentive for one of his best-known characters — the infamous Father Dinn, a fanatical priest whose sermons to children conjure up the eternal fires of hell waiting for them. Other Jones creations include Rev. Percival Freep ("It's part of an anti-clerical feeling I have"), who's "raging inside with smallness of heart," and "exotic local impresario" Ricardo Huerta.

Jones says all the characters he invents have a common trait. "All I ever write about is the same piece over and over again, and that's that a person

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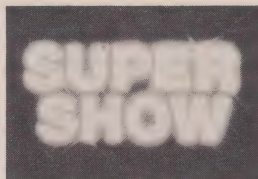
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who's under a lot of pressure and trying to keep up appearances almost cracks, but pulls himself back at the last second." Does this description apply to himself? Jones hesitates, then murmurs, "Probably."

Perhaps it's only a person close to the edge who could take on the workload that Jones has. He's just finished starring in another run of a one-man play he wrote, *Out of the Bin*. He's trying to tie up the mountain of paperwork connected with *Faustus Bidgood* before the movie opens, and he's heavily involved with the board of directors at the newly renovated Resource Centre for the Arts in downtown St. John's.

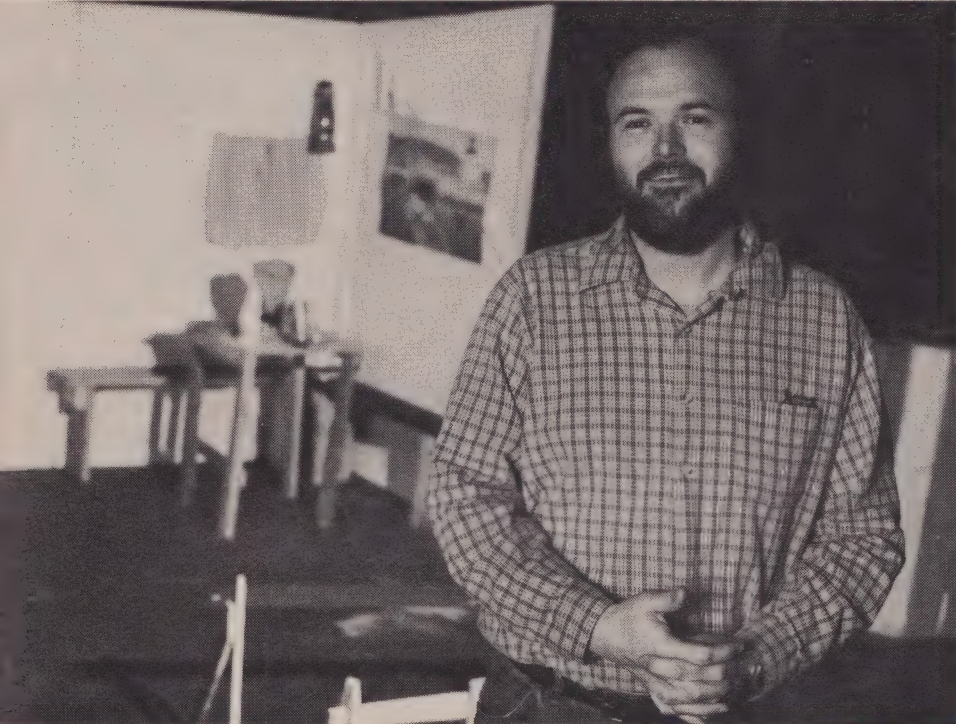
That's a job and a half, Jones says

live in an incredible way onstage... when it clicks for you."

These "clicks" are rare. It didn't happen when he played Prospero in a Newfoundland version of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* two years ago. Although the play's director, Steven Bush, calls Jones "one of the best actors in Canada," his portrayal didn't work onstage.

"I still moan out at night, I feel so bad about *The Tempest*," Jones says. "The Prospero I worked out in the end was halfway between two interpretations, and it was so bad that it just didn't work."

But other ventures *have* clicked. Jones was a big hit with CODCO, and



ROBIN HIRST

Andy Jones: "I just do what I think is funny"

— keeping daily checks on the LSPU Hall which houses the Resource Centre and its box office, booking performances and trying to raise money for the \$100,000 mortgage, half of which the directors hope to pay off this year.

"The Hall and the film have been two big projects in my life that have never ceased, in a sense. And both of them were undertaken too bravely. It was like walking foolishly into something you knew nothing about; taking it on, and finding out that the workload was beyond, beyond, beyond what you'd ever dreamed it would be."

While Jones sometimes sounds disheartened by the projects on his plate, his commitment is total. This was recognized last March when he won the first Newfoundland and Labrador Arts Council award for the performing arts. His only complaint is the time his volunteer work takes away from his first love, acting.

"I love the applause, and I like what you go through," he says. "It's like you

has acted, written and directed several plays since.

His latest is his one-man monologue, *Out of the Bin*. One reviewer calls it the type of show designed to "... make you laugh or make you walk out." Most people see the humorous side of Jones's many scatological remarks. But some cringe when he does his famous throwing-up sequence, or the defecating pig scene. Some look away when Father Dinn threatens to reveal to all what's really under his cassock (he never actually does).

"I'm at the anal stage," Jones explains. "Kids of four or five like my humor then. They outgrow me at about seven, when they start to think I'm a bit silly."

But a lot of people never outgrow his brand of humor, which has been called everything from disgusting to brilliant.

"I just do what I think is funny," Jones says. And he's going to keep doing it as long as there's an audience.

— Victoria O'Dea



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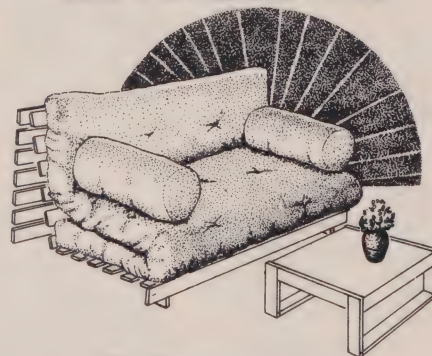
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Cleaning up the boarding house mess

Now that Newfoundlanders know how filthy and overcrowded some St. John's boarding houses are, the provincial government is finally starting to take some action

It's not the first time that Charlie's overdosed on his medication, but his landlady swears it will be his last, at least in her boarding house. She shoves him out the front door of her Victoria Street house in St. John's, Nfld., and sends him tumbling down the front steps to the street below. As she shouts abuse from the top of the stairs, he stumbles along the street, falling at every second or third step, picking himself up laboriously every time with his cane. Blood starts to flow from a cut on his temple, where his head has hit the pavement. At last, disgusted with the spectacle, neighbors call the police, who cart Charlie off to a detoxification centre.

Charlie, a crippled drug-and-booze addict, is one of about 500 people boarding in St. John's residences that are, in some cases, overcrowded, dirty and cold. Twenty years ago, boarding houses served as residences to rural Newfoundlanders looking for jobs in the city. In recent years, they've become a dumping ground for permanently homeless people like Charlie — psychiatric outpatients, disabled veterans, alcoholics and the chronically unemployed.

Many people have long suspected that the boarding houses had deteriorated. But until recently, few knew how bad things were getting. What brought boarding house conditions to public attention was a report in January

by Marie Hedderson of the Community Service Council (CSC), an independent social planning agency. Disguising herself as a boarder, Hedderson spent five days in a Gower Street house, one of the worst in the city.

"It was like living in a different city with different people," Hedderson says. "It was like stepping into another life." Her landlady, legally allowed 12 boarders in her three houses, kept close to 60. The overcrowding was so bad, Hedderson had to share a bed with another boarder. Meals consisted, at best, of a single potato with a mouthful or two of liver or bologna. The rooms were heated for only a half-hour in the evening; like most residents, Hedderson stayed in bed to keep warm. The rooms were filthy and ill-lit. Boarders had to supply their own toiletries out of the \$20 to \$40 left in their social assistance cheques, after paying \$200 for room and board.

Hedderson's report, released to the media, made front-page news in St. John's, and provincial Social Services Minister Tom Hickey responded angrily. He accused Penelope Rowe, the CSC's executive director, of engaging in "CIA tactics," and of making the boarding house problem worse by turning a complex issue into a media event.

Hedderson's report was not the first to condemn the boarding houses. Last fall, the CSC said conditions were so

bad, mental patients living in the houses were committing minor crimes so they could be readmitted to psychiatric institutions. In September, Hickey commissioned a confidential study that was sharply critical of the houses. It was bad enough to think of competent people living in some of the houses, the in-house report said; it was worse to imagine what these houses were like for the mentally, physically and socially disabled.

The downhill slide of the St. John's boarding houses started as homes were being gradually demolished in the city's downtown core. That reduced the number of licensed operators, and most of the remaining operators went underground when stringent fire regulations were imposed. Municipal officials, who fear that closing more houses would make overcrowding worse, have been reluctant to keep tabs on the illegal houses. And provincial officials have been reluctant to raise social assistance rates to boarders, fearing this would mean more money for the operators, but not necessarily for the boarders. "With things as bad as they were in the houses," Hickey says, "one adopts the attitude that the bare minimum is sufficient. I shunned sending good money after bad."

Two years ago, an Inter-faith Church Commission studying the boarding house problem said the low social assistance rates were a major cause of declining boarding house standards. Last fall, the CSC reached the same conclusion.

The future of the St. John's boarders started looking brighter this spring, when the provincial government announced a 44% increase in social assistance housing allowances for residents of legitimate boarding houses.

Hickey announced that a coordinator, Lorna Vallis, would be hired to look into the needs of boarders on social assistance. And Hickey and St. John's Mayor Shannie Duff said in a joint press release they are recommending that 14 houses be closed and close to 100 boarders moved to other facilities.

"What is important to note," Hickey says of his department's sudden spate of activity, "is that there is now a co-operative, healthy relationship between city officials and my staff. We've come together in the most meaningful way we ever have."

He's less enthusiastic about the CSC: "I have no problem doing business with them," he says, "but I remain adamantly opposed to their tactics. There was no need for a press conference. It was a calculated act that created a lot of unnecessary misery."

Rowe is unperturbed by Hickey's criticisms. "We tried every other route," she says. "Professionally, everyone knew the problem existed. What's happened now is that the public knows too."

— Peter Gard



Now people know how badly St. John's boarding houses have deteriorated



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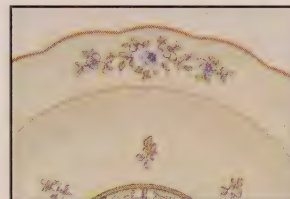
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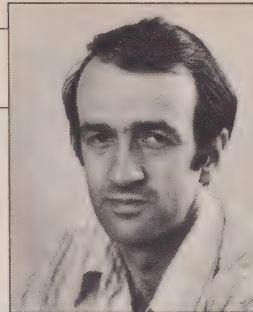
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At last, the little secret is out. Tidal power is a tourist trap



The Annapolis tidal power project is the result of more baloney per kilowatt hour than any hydroelectric power project in the known world

Nova Scotia's prototype tidal power plant on the Annapolis River is finally, it seems, churning. As you've no doubt heard, it's a big deal — a North American first in this, a world first in that.

Here's the story. Small tidal power plant (20 megawatts) opens on Annapolis River. Plant paves way for gigantic, world-busting, \$25-billion, 128-turbine, 5,000-megawatt, five-mile-long tidal power dam across upper Bay of Fundy to zap power-parched Gotham City and environs every time waters rise to salt marshes. Larger project to begin in three years for completion in 1990s. Happiness looms.

At least so it goes. A closer look, alas, will reveal more kinks in this jolly yarn than you can shake a Digby chicken at. In fact the most impressive thing about the Annapolis project is that it's the end result of more fevered political blather, high-octane editorial spume and sheer baloney per kilowatt than any other hydroelectric project in the known world.

Let's pick up on the notion that the large project will start in three years. Now this is a very solemn assumption which has been widely reported hither and yon; I saw it last in the mass-circulation *Science Digest* last fall. The twist is that it has been reported over and over for going on 15 years: Like clockwork, sure as the tides themselves, a behemoth project will start in three years.

How did this come about? Here's a dab of history for you gentle non-Nova Scotians who haven't been suckled on the faith that tidal power is as desirable and inevitable as the return of the 12th Imam. Although there was a fair bit of tub-thumping in the 1960s (a big report in 1968 said tidal power could be done, but oil was still too cheap in comparison to make it worth a go), the real story begins with the arrival of Gerald Regan as premier in 1970 and the quest that then began to catapult Nova Scotia into the sphere of cosmic economics.

If Newfoundland and New Brunswick could have such marvels as Churchill Falls, the Bricklin and so on, then Nova Scotia, its pride on the line, would have to do better. It would have no less than 12 enormous nuclear reactors on Stoddard Island off Shelburne rigged

with a submarine cable to the U.S.; it would have a petrochemical complex on the Strait of Canso that would shrimp Dallas-Fort Worth; it would be super-steel, super this, super that; and it would have tidal power — maybe even with the salt domes of the Bay of Fundy gouged out, filled with compressed air when the tides are high at the wrong time and changed back to electricity when needed with a new whiz-bang process.

Regan made great treks to France, Britain and elsewhere while the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald* blazed red with triumphant headlines. Baron Edmund de Rothschild, the British financier whose

"The fight for tidal power was nothing less than a battle of good versus evil, with evil unfortunately prevailing"

interests manufacture the turbines that would be used (and the one used at Annapolis), came to Nova Scotia repeatedly, touching off more headlines.

Why, then, didn't tidal power proceed? Here we get to the nub. The fight for tidal power was nothing less than a battle of good versus evil, with evil unfortunately prevailing. Evil was personified by those hideous Ottawa bureaucrats who, with their filthy Upper Canadian sovereignty, denied federal funds under the pretence that the economics of tidal power didn't work.

Regan crusaded on. He browbeat Ottawa mercilessly. He even resorted to ridicule — telling "Gillespie jokes" about recalcitrant Energy Minister Alistair Gillespie. This was a serious matter in the Grit family. Finally Ottawa cracked. But in doing so, the mandarins devised a Machiavellian scheme. Instead of giving Regan the three-year engineering and design study preliminary to large-scale tidal power which he wanted, they gave him the Annapolis River project. A tidal power toy to shut him up.

Regan never got to enjoy it. John Buchanan and his Tories took over in 1978, and it looked for a bit as though tidal

power was kaput. Although Buchanan signed the actual pilot plant agreement with Ottawa, he at first pooh-pooed tidal power as a Grit fetish. Then someone poked him in the ribs and informed him that this was heresy. Buchanan then set out to outdo Regan, making tidal power his own. He instituted a new practice — the pilgrimage to the shrines of Mammon on Wall Street (more headlines) in search of crisp billion dollar bills for the big project. Regan, you see, had it all wrong. Running off to Ottawa for money smacked of socialism.

Alas, neither free enterprise nor socialism seemed able to coax tidal power to life. Buchanan lucked out.

Then a very peculiar thing happened. Buchanan and his tidal power officials began hinting that maybe the big project wasn't very likely after all. At the same time they mumbled about the tourism potential of the Annapolis plant — which is in fact decked out with facilities to run through more tourists than water.

At last we have come to the fuller reality. Mammoth tidal power, at least in this century, is about as likely for Nova Scotia as an A-plus credit rating. Still, the word must continue to go out. Headlines must flare about the imminence of a tidal mind-blower preceded by Annapolis. This will keep those tourists chugging through.

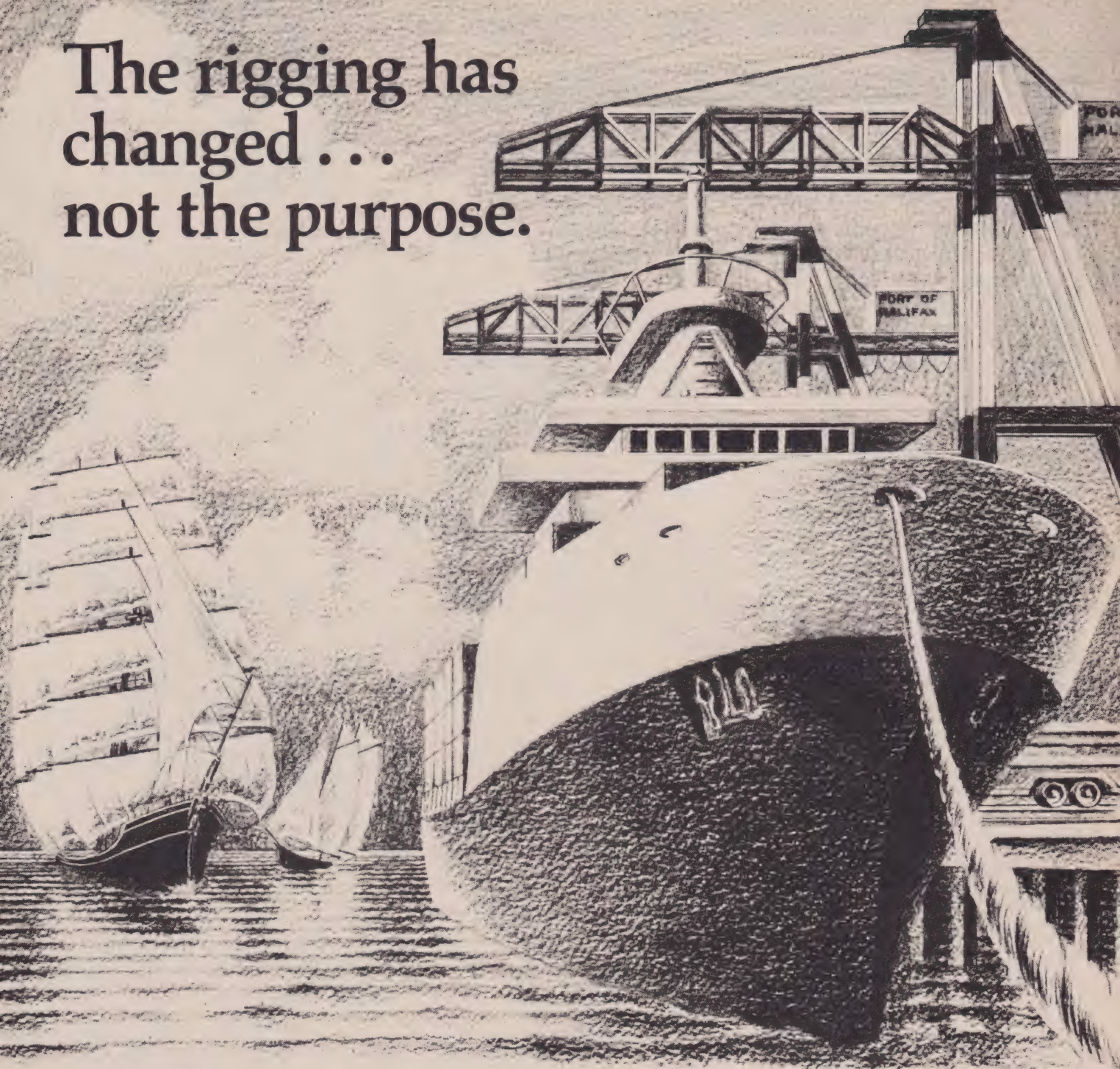
So the little secret is now out. Tidal power is a tourist trap. Won't publicizing it take the juice out of it? Not at all. Editors have been ringing me up for years, saying, "What's this about a zillion-dollar, zillion-megawatt etc. project?" "Nothing," I say, "it's all flim-flam." "Never mind," they say, "we gotta have it. Everyone's talking about it." So I write a story knocking tidal power. But still the headline they put over it always seems to be some variation of "Tidal Power Looms."

So this is a happy story after all. Taxpayers won't be stuck with a white mammoth (although the \$50 million plus, half federal, spent on the Annapolis plant should have raised more eyebrows than it has), environmentalists are spared fears of catastrophe, and the Nova Scotia Tourism Department will have scored again.

For in the end we have to acknowledge a special kind of genius at work here — the capacity of the government of Nova Scotia to get the province's name in the papers far and wide on the strength of little more than sound and fury.



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Augusta Lapaix

and the midnight special

How a Maritime CN waitress became a voice in the night for insomniacs coast to coast.

Augusta Lapaix's face is drawn, and there are dark circles under her eyes. She's tired, as any woman should expect to be who stays up until 6 a.m. filling the airwaves with melodies from the Flying Lizzards and reading from Gertrude Stein's *Four Saints in Three Acts*.

Two of her listeners have suggested she do them a favor and stay in bed nights. But everyone else — including Augusta Lapaix — likes her new program, CBC's first all-night radio show, *Brave New Waves*.

It's broadcast live coast to coast from midnight to 6 a.m. weeknights on CBC Stereo's FM network and was launched in February in the hopes of attracting a younger audience, which CBC planners feel the network desperately needs.

What it has attracted in its first two months is a nighttime audience, some of whom are "younger." They tend to be students who start their letters of congratulations with "Dear People's Radio." They like the music selection, which can be described as the vanguard of New Wave. "Really, no one else plays

it," Lapaix says.

Lapaix lives in an elegantly renovated home in downtown Montreal with Lindsay Meagher, who plays double bass for the Montreal Symphony Orchestra, a dog, Sam, and a cat, Steven.

At 31, she's two years out of Halifax, her home town. She misses home and the ocean, but still, she says, "Montreal is my favorite big city in Canada. It has lots of soul." It's also a useful place to be home base for an all-night radio program. A lot of interesting people pass through town, and a lot of them are up all night. In fact, the only disappointment Lapaix has experienced in Montreal has been the St. Lawrence River: "I looked over the wall of the St. Lawrence, and there was this gringy mess. They call this a river. It's not exactly the Halifax harborfront."

Lapaix's broadcasting career started seven years ago when she applied at the Halifax Manpower and Immigration office for a training program in broadcasting. She had just dropped out of Dalhousie University after the first half of her first year. "There was a huge

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PROFILE

waiting list for the program, so I kind of forgot about it. I took a job as a dining car waitress on the Canadian National run through the Maritimes. I was the first woman ever hired as a waitress, and the old guys used to call me Charlie. And at the time, I had long hair and used to wear large pieces of jewelry. It was their way of dealing with having a woman around." (These days, she's adopted a kind of modified New Wave hairstyle, short on top — but not quite spiky — with the length in the back. There are no other concessions to high style: Today, she's wearing blue jeans and a simple sweater.)

Nine months after she began her job on the train, Manpower called, offering \$60 a week and an education; the boys on the train said goodbye to Charlie, and a broadcaster was born.

Lapaix spent her first year as co-host of a CBC morning show in Sydney, N.S. Then she moved back to Halifax to work for three years as a CBC staff announcer and appear on the Sunday public affairs show *Maritime Magazine*.

At the end of three years, "I felt broadcasting wasn't going anywhere for me." She worked as a waitress for a while at Fat Frank's in Halifax, then researched the history of fire departments for the Nova Scotia Museum. "It was the farthest away I could get from media work."

Lapaix has a perfect broadcaster's voice, deep and clear, but she says it's something people notice only when they know she's a broadcaster. Nobody at Fat Frank's told her she should get away from all this and go into radio. Her mother, a Cape Bretoner who lives in Vancouver, was more prescient. "She always told me I'd earn my living with my mouth," Lapaix says, laughing.

Lapaix moved to Toronto two years ago, working first as a freelancer for the CBC, then as associate producer on *The Food Show*. She also filled in on *Morningside* and was a host on *Cross-Country Check-up*, a national phone-in program.

Then came *Brave New Waves*. "I've always been interested in all-night radio," she says. "Night is a much more laid-back time. People are more prone to listen at night, to really listen to a piece of music."

During the part of the show when guests come on the air, from about 1:30 a.m. to 3:30 a.m., she tries to maintain the impression of conversation rather than interviews. "We bring on diverse people, like a psychiatrist and a dancer, who aren't known, really, but who are interesting talkers. Information today is presented in such a sterile way. You get one point of view from one person, but here there's an inter-weaving. It's like having dinner with friends in the Maritimes, where everybody sits around the table talking for five hours."

— Janet Bagnall

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It's a piece of cake

This Nova Scotia cake-decorator offers brides a choice of 200 designs

By Pat Lotz

Barbara MacDonald of Eastern Passage, N.S., can't remember how many wedding cakes she's made. "I haven't a clue, couldn't even begin to guess." She made her first one back in Halifax Vocational School, where she finished the cook's course in 1950. From there she went to work as pastry cook for then Lt.-Gov. John McCurdy. While MacDonald was there, the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, came to stay. "But I didn't get to cook for her," MacDonald explains. "The Royal Family travel with their own fleet of cooks. They come into the kitchen and take out all the food that isn't sealed up."

Although she has made cakes for friends and relatives for about 15 years, it wasn't until she started B & M Chocolate Crafts (she's Atlantic region distributor for Foley's Candy Ltd. of Vancouver) in 1979 that she turned wedding cakes into a business. "I made a cake for my niece's wedding, and suddenly all sorts of people wanted me to make their wedding cakes."

August is her busiest month. "It's unreal. Never under a dozen cakes a week." June is the next busiest, when she averages about six cakes a week. She bakes 20 cakes at a time, using a convection oven because it gives the most even heat. "My sister Audrey smoothes the icing. That's an art in itself." Husband, Lloyd, who's "very supportive," has been known to help out by applying the glazing that must go on the cake before the icing.

MacDonald likes to co-ordinate the flowers on the wedding cake with those of the bridal party. "I like the bride to have visited the florist before she comes to order the cake." At one time, wedding cakes were all white, but over the last 10 years, MacDonald says, there's been a move to color in decoration.

"I made all the flowers, 1,000 of them, for the largest wedding cake in the world that Roy Butterworth [a Halifax chef] made three years ago. It's in the *Guinness Book of Records*." MacDonald's own cakes are considerably smaller than that 50-tier, 33-foot giant and their size is related to the number of guests. "The largest cake you should put on the table is for 150 guests. For more, you keep extra iced, undecorated cakes in the kitchen." Some brides prefer to cut and wrap their cake before the wedding. MacDonald then ices and decorates a cardboard replica. "The cake is always taken into the kitchen to cut, so

the guests don't know the difference.

MacDonald is now making cakes for the children of brides whose cakes she made. She also makes cakes for birthdays and anniversaries, and recently made a "house" cake for a housewarming party. She has over 200 cake designs for her customers to choose from, but she's happiest when the bride tells her to do whatever she likes. "Then," says MacDonald, "I really go to town."



MacDonald: Cakes are her business

Pound Cake

In a traditional wedding cake, the second layer (and third if there is one) is pound cake and known as the bride's cake. The bottom and top layers are fruit cake (groom's cake). MacDonald is sometimes asked to substitute chocolate cake for fruit cake.

4 eggs
1 cup shortening
2 cups white sugar
2 tsp. lemon juice
1/2 cup canned milk

1/2 cup water
3 cups flour
3 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt

Line a round 9x3-inch cake pan with brown paper. With electric mixer, cream the first 4 ingredients together. With the mixer running at slow, add the liquids. Sift the next 3 ingredients and fold into the mixture. Bake in a pre-heated 350° oven for 1 1/2 hours. Apply a fruit glaze before icing.

Fruit Cake

Stored in an airtight container, a fruit cake will keep for 25 years, MacDonald says. Just remove from container two weeks before using, to allow the cake to absorb moisture.

1 cup shortening
2 cups brown sugar
6 eggs
1 cup molasses
1 cup apple juice
3 cups flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. baking soda
1 tsp. powdered cloves
1 tsp. allspice
1 tsp. cinnamon
2 cups raisins
1 cup currants
1 cup chopped dates
4 cups mixed fruit
1 cup slivered almonds

Line a 10x3-inch round pan (or a 9x9x3-inch pan) and a 6-inch pan with brown paper. Using an electric mixer cream together first 3 ingredients. Add molasses and apple juice and mix well. Sift together 2 cups flour, salt, baking soda, cloves and allspice and add slowly to the liquid mixture. Dredge the last 5 ingredients with the remaining cup of flour and add to mixture, blending in by hand. Pour into large and small pans, and bake in a preheated 275° oven for about 4 hours. Remove brown paper and store cakes in a cool place for 2 months.

Icing

Decorator's icing is used to cover the cake and to decorate it. Royal icing, which dries quickly into a very hard finish, is used to make flowers. MacDonald also uses this to decorate cardboard cakes.

Decorator's Icing

3/4 cup shortening
1 kg. icing sugar
1/4 cup water
1/4 cup canned milk

Mix ingredients for about 10 minutes. To ice cake, use metal spatula, dipping it in hot water. Keep icing covered when not in use.

Royal Icing

1 tbsp. meringue powder (available in cake decorating supply stores)
1 lb. icing sugar
1/4 cup water

Mix water and meringue powder. Add icing sugar. You may need a little more than a pound. Use immediately.



The bad boy of Newfoundland country

Singer Eddie Coffey may have had the odd problem staying on the straight and narrow. But he's had no problem packing in loyal crowds of fans at one of Toronto's down-east oases

On the street outside, it might be Greece; inside, with the strains of Eddie Coffey's down east country sound rising above the din, it might be St. John's, Nfld.

But the city is Toronto, and the Caroletta Restaurant and Tavern on Danforth and Pape is an east coast oasis in the middle of Hogtown. Here, the bad boy of Newfoundland country has pulled in a loyal crowd of expatriate Atlantic Canadians six nights a week for most of the past six years.

A relaxed and informal performer with a mass of frizzy brown hair and a well-earned barroom pallor, Coffey, 38, sings the usual hurtin' and cheatin' tunes, plus Newfoundland standards such as "I'se the B'y" and some of his own material. Accompanying himself on the accordion, and backed by his part-

ner of eight years, guitar player and singer Dusty Bulmer, Coffey sings in the Irish-tenor style common to Newfoundland's southern shore. Some of his songs tell stories about his own hard-living, hard-drinking past.

"When people hear me play, they say, 'That's Newfoundland music,'" Coffey says. "But it's not, really. It's country music with an accordion. I call it country and eastern. When you add an accordion to it, it makes a whole lot of a helluva difference."

Raised in Cuslett, Placentia Bay, Coffey learned to play accordion from his mother: "Mussels in the Corner" was the first tune he learned. His grandmother, an accordion, violin and flute player, and traditional musicians along Newfoundland's Cape Shore also influenced him musically.

"When I was 12 or 14, I sent away for this book called *How to Be a Musician*," he recalls. "Cost me 10 bucks, and on the first page, it said, 'Play for everybody, everywhere.' That always stuck with me, and I always did."

At 18, he left home to work in the mines in Wabush, Labrador. In line with his play-for-everybody credo, he entertained for free in a bar called the Snake Pit and wrote "Black Around the Eyes," a song about his mining experience.

His stay in Labrador ended ingloriously. To raise enough money to get out of Wabush, he passed a bum cheque and got 18 months in the slammer. (He served only five.)

It wasn't his only brush with the law. During the most recent Newfoundland election, he went home and bought a station wagon, outfitting it with speakers and travelling around the province to campaign for Premier Brian Peckford. It was the first time he'd been home in a long while, and he fell in with his old buddies, igniting once again his long-standing problem with booze.

"Things were going good for me at the time," he says, "and there's nothing worse for an alcoholic than to have things go too good."

He sold the station wagon for a ridiculously low amount, and then, he says, forged seven money orders to make up for the money he lost. He got five days for that one, and paid back all the money.

Booze, he says, has frequently thrown his musical career into reverse. But he claims to have that problem pretty well under control, an accomplishment for which he credits the help of his fiancée, Cheryl Barta of Toronto.

His musical career didn't really begin until he left the Atlantic region. Although he played whenever anyone asked him, he never had a paid gig in the region. After Labrador, he made his living deepsea fishing out of Halifax; he used to sing and play for the crew of his boat, and even played over the short-wave radio for crews on the Russian draggers, who radioed back their applause.

But his first professional gig came only when he moved to Ottawa and got hired in 1974 by an Irish group called the Beggarmen. After a year and a half, the group fired him for being drunk.

But that was only the beginning of his life as a full-time musician. In 1975, he got a job playing accordion for Kevin Rowsell, an entertainer from Corner Brook, Nfld., who played at a Newfoundland Club in Beaton, outside Toronto. The following year, Coffey played the Horseshoe Tavern in Toronto. John Irvine, an executive of the recording company Don Park Music, was in the audience, and invited Coffey to make a record. Coffey showed up for the recording session without knowing



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Eddie Coffey: "Country music with an accordion. I call it country and eastern"

what he was going to play. Then an old song he'd heard at parties back home popped into his head. "Let's try this one," he said, launching into "Sweet Forget-Me-Not." Back home, that well-loved traditional tune became a popular standard.

Since then, Coffey has recorded five albums, mostly from his own material. "Sister Madonna" is the title song of his latest album, which was due out this spring. Sung to a Calypso beat, the song tells the story of a "Newfie bum" — a musician at a club called the Caroletta — who has a romantic encounter with a rum-drinking woman, a nun from Nova Scotia.

"I love to write my own stuff," Coffey says, "I'm a Newfoundlander first, but I'd like to write like Neil Diamond, and maybe put the accordion to it."

At the Caroletta, Coffey has become a Saturday-night fixture for patrons, about 65% of whom come from Newfoundland, and 30% from the Maritimes. Many Newfoundlanders, having seen Coffey perform back home, head straight for the Caroletta when they first move to Toronto. They make their first connections with other expatriates there, and the ambience helps soften their culture shock.

But the Caroletta doesn't look as though it's always been one of Toronto's many Maritime-Newfoundland bars. Maybe it's the crystal chandeliers hanging amongst the fish nets, or maybe it's Papa Kotsopoulos, a Macedonian who owns the club with sons Roy and Mike.

The Caroletta has had other incarnations. But when Mike Kotsopoulos mar-

ried Shirley MacLeod of Strathcona, P.E.I., 11 years ago, she introduced him to the east coast.

She and Mike now maintain a home on the Island, and dream of moving there some day with their three children.

Partly to alleviate her homesickness, Shirley convinced the Kotsopoulos family that they needed a down-east bar. She now works there as a waitress, cook, personnel manager and bookkeeper. She and Mike also have acted as talent scouts: After catching Coffey's act one night down the street at the Newfoundlander, they lured him to the Caroletta. That turned out to be a good move for the club.

"Eddie has a lot of charisma," Shirley says. "He's a good entertainer and knows how to be with people and get them going. We could have him 20 more years and he'd still pack the place."

— Cheryl Ray

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"Here, pussy, pussy, pussy!"

You like cats?

Maybe you should see a shrink

His real name is Chedabucto, but when he bothers to answer at all he answers to "pussy." He was born 14 years ago in southern Ontario, and by heritage should be an Upper Canadian Tory. He is, in fact, an independent killer. While a kitten, he slaughtered a pigeon his own size, dumped it on our doorstep as an offering. His toll of birds and mice is unknown. I've caught him having a rare, old time with a dying garter snake in his claws. I saw him drag a baby rabbit under our cottage to kill it in his own good time, and I once found a tiny pair of bunny's ears in the nearby grass. I knew where the rest of him had gone. On the advice of vets, we've often fed Vaseline to our darling pussy so the bones of his little victims would pass through his system without tearing his insides.

Now that he's old, he sometimes traps a live mouse in his mouth, stands outside our bedroom door at 3 a.m. with the creature's tail switching among his whiskers, and tries to meow without losing his prize. The noise is weird, both beseeching and sinister. My wife jumps up, grabs cat and mouse, rushes the package downstairs, fumbles with the latch on the front door while praying that the cat will not drop the mouse on her bare feet, then dumps the whole cargo outdoors. By 4 a.m., she's downstairs again, begging "poor pussy" to come in from the cruel night to the safety of our warm home. I'm not very good with animals.

We recently thought he was dying but a vet diagnosed him as being allergic to his own fleas, and prescribed medicine that restored him to such health that he resumed all his cute little habits: Shedding, scratching, vomiting throughout the house. "Do you have a pet?" a doctor asked while examining an itchy red spot on my right biceps. "A cat," I replied. "Ringworm," he snapped. "I'll prescribe a cream." It cost me \$9.50 for a thimbleful. Still, in the eyes of my wife and daughter, Chedabucto can never, ever, do serious wrong. He is too beautiful. They suffer from an incurable condition that's more common among women than men: Cat addiction.

Like victims of other personality disorders, cat addicts frequently pass unnoticed among normal people. You have doubtless stood in lineups at banks, supermarkets and theatres without once suspecting that the woman behind you — so close you could feel her feverish breath on your neck — was in truth an

incorrigible cat-lover. Such people can answer the phone, make rational conversation, drive cars, even hold down a responsible job. Their workmates seldom recognize their condition because cat-addicts are masters at faking normalcy.

But no victim of this affliction, which is peculiarly virulent among the more affluent, industrialized nations, can hide her craving indefinitely from her husband. Sooner or later, while they're strolling near garbage cans, she'll spot a grey kitten scampering on white paws that remind her of "adorable little spats." Or maybe the creature that triggers the woman's ecstatic hysteria is a pulsating blob of orange fur with nasty yellow eyes. But whatever the style of cat, the addict swiftly abases herself in public. Smirking strangers witness her strange performance. She assumes an ingratiating pose and, in high-pitched, squeaky, inhuman patter, actually tries to communicate with the beast. She is on a cat "high," and for a while no power on earth can bring her back down.

She says the brute absurd compliments, interrogates it, caresses it, gets it slithering round her calves. "Ooooh, you're so friendly. What's your name? How are you today anyway? How've you been? Just fine? That's good. Ooooh, what a baby. Yes, you're very handsome. Yes, yes, you're very pretty, you really are. I'd like to take you home. Would you like that? You would? Awww. Isn't that sweet?" In extreme cases, the addict demands that her husband also converse with the cat. "Nice pussy," he mumbles, hoping no one he knows has heard.

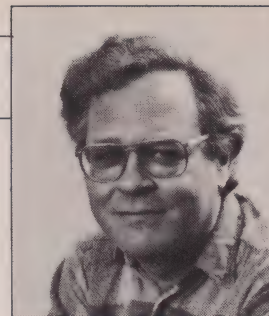
Before proposing to a woman, a prudent man finds out about her religion, family, home town, economic status, job prospects and previous husbands; but if he's like the Newfoundlander who told me, "I hate cats," then he'd also be well-advised to determine if she's a cat addict. Here's a simple, pre-marital test: Sit her down before a TV show sponsored by a cat-food manufacturer. When fluffy pussies march in squads, play the piano, dance the can-can, or otherwise strut their stuff on the commercial, does your beloved switch channels? If so, feel free to pop the question. But if her eyes gleam unnaturally and she emits simpering vowel sounds, if she asks you to guess which pussy she's chosen as the absolutely darlings of them all, then get rid of her. Just tell her you've been meaning to surprise her with the news that you've got the friskiest old Dober-

man in a compound out back, and that as long as you keep him chained and muzzled, why, he'll be cuter than any cat a girl could ever want to stroke.

Only rarely does a man such as myself come along, one who loves a woman with so monumental a passion that, *even though he already knows she's a cat addict*, he proposes to her. Such commitment, surely, is as inspiring as a death scene in Wagnerian opera, and yet it is not more touching than the battle for cat custody that a Toronto couple recently carried all the way to the Supreme Court of Ontario. In this rare case, the man, too, was a cat addict. To spare the principals the further pain of publicity, let us call him Roger, the woman Alice, and their two cats Mutt and Jeff.

The cats were brothers, and inseparable. But Roger and Alice, a childless couple, were not at all inseparable. They separated. Each one wanted both cats. They hired lawyers, went to court. An interim court order gave them shared custody. Roger got Mutt and Jeff for a while, then Alice got them, then Roger again, and so on. This routine was heart-breaking for both Roger and Alice, and no one could get straight answers from Mutt and Jeff about the harm that a severely unstable home life might be doing to their psyches. Was Alice teaching them to hate Roger? Was Roger filling them with poison about Alice? Roger declared his "need" for Mutt and Jeff, but did they need him? Did Alice want them for her own sake, or for theirs? When a marriage collapses, why must it always be the little ones who suffer most? One could only thank providence that, throughout this ordeal, Mutt and Jeff at least had each other. (Marriage break-up is such a traumatic experience for "the only cat.")

Surely it behooves the court to consider what's best for the future well-being and psychological health of Mutt and Jeff. They're only 3½ years old. They have their whole lives ahead of them. If King Solomon could make a shrewd ruling in a similar situation nearly 3,000 years ago, I'm sure the Supreme Court of Ontario will do the right thing by Mutt and Jeff. Meanwhile, the case stands as further proof that cat addiction, if left uncontrolled, can turn normal human beings into creatures who do strange things whenever the moon is full and something's yowling on the back fence.



NOUVELLE-ÉCOSSE

An aerial photograph of a coastal town in Nova Scotia. A large, white, Gothic-style church with a tall, pointed steeple is the central focus in the lower-left foreground. The town is built on a hillside, with various houses and buildings scattered across the landscape. A winding road curves through the town, and a body of water is visible in the background. The overall scene is captured in a vintage, slightly grainy style.

NOVA SCOTIA

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Nova Scotia The Colours of Acadia

La Nouvelle-Ecosse des Acadiens Un Paradis Touristique

Of course, you know about Nova Scotia. But do you know about the Acadian community of Nova Scotia? Not really! Well, don't worry, you're not the only one!

The songs of Angele Arsenault and Edith Butler, as well as the Sagouine by Antonine Maillet, have recently contributed to spread the Acadian culture. But do you know we are more than 35,000 francophone Acadians living in Nova Scotia? You're astonished, aren't you?

We 35,000 French-speaking Acadians are scattered along our lovely shores and as we say here in our colourful idiom: "We would really appreciate that more people come and visit us." If only you knew how picturesque it is here. And how friendly we are!

As most of us *were born with our feet in the water*, we are easy to find. You just have to roam about our shores. And let's talk about these shores! Although Nova Scotia stretches 300 miles from tip to tip, there are actually 4,625 miles of coast, bays, coves, islands and peninsulas. And standing guard over this intricate lacework, 365 lighthouses!

Let me just tell you about the fabulous sightseeing trip we had last summer when my cousins from Quebec came over for three weeks. "A journey out of this world" summarizes their impressions.

In fact, they enjoyed their holiday so much that they are planning to return in July. "It's cheaper than in the States, the beaches are fantastic, the people are charming," wrote my cousin.

As soon as they arrive, it's Pomquet for the three of us! They just adored this typical Acadian village situated on a cove facing St. Georges Bay with dunes as far as you can see and a splendid sandy beach where the water is the warmest north of the Carolinas. They already have many friends there. The hospitality of the

Les fêtes qui se dérouleront un peu partout en Nouvelle-Ecosse cette année pour commémorer le Centenaire du drapeau acadien ne sont qu'une raison supplémentaire de choisir de passer ses vacances ici.

Parce qu'il faut bien l'admettre, la Nouvelle-Ecosse c'est le paradis des touristes et des vacanciers. Pas un endroit en Amérique n'offre autant de possibilités de repos physique et moral que cette province. Si le Créateur, dans son plan global a pensé à créer un endroit où l'homme, à un moment ou l'autre, puisse se mettre en harmonie avec lui-même et la nature, c'est certainement sur cette terre néo-écossaise qu'il a décidé de réaliser son projet.

Sans doute que la mer est pour quelque chose dans ce changement de rythme qui vous gagne dès lors que vous vous retrouvez en Nouvelle-Ecosse. Cette mer, elle est partout dans cette province. Peu ou pas de villages sont éloignés de plus de cinquante kilomètres de la côte. Et la côte s'étend sur plus de 7,000 kilomètres. Que de baies, que d'anse, que d'îles tout tout au long de la côte. Et chacune d'elles cache joliment ses charmes pour ne les dévoiler qu'à celui qui se donne la peine d'y arrêter ou qui décide de tout bonnement se laisser séduire par l'une ou l'autre. Elles cisèlent le littoral comme le ferait la plus passionnée et la plus des dentelières.

Et que dire de cette vie champêtre qui s'offre aussitôt au visiteur pour peu qu'il accepte de tourner — oh, pas pour longtemps — le dos à la mer. Il sera tout de suite fasciné par les parfums délicats qui embaument nos riches vallées si fertiles. S'il y vient au printemps, le visiteur ne pourra jamais oublier le souvenir visuel et olfactif des prommiers en fleurs de la Vallée d'Annapolis.

Vous savourerez chacun de vos moindres déplacements tout au long de vos vacances en Nouvelle-Ecosse.



people of Pomquet characterizes the warmth of the Acadian people in general.

And there is so much to see around Pomquet: Antigonish and its lovely harbour; further south, Sherbrooke, a village that has regained its past splendour; and all along the shore line, a network of country roads and sandy beaches.

A few kilometres from there, the

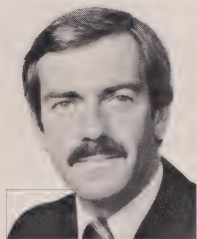
Canso Causeway and Cape Breton Island with its magnificent landscapes, rushing rivers, and huge lakes: Bras d'Or Lake, a sailors' and water sports' paradise, and Ainslie Lake that meanders through the mountains.

A little further inland, the breathtaking Margaree Valley, famous for its sheepfarms. Then St. Joseph-du-Moine, once again in Acadian country, with its colourful wooden houses,

Vous serez émerveillés par tous ces paysages enchanteurs que vous découvrirez à chaque tournant de route.

Les paysages de mer et de campagne pourraient à eux seuls suffire à vous garantir les plus belles vacances de votre vie mais il y a plus. beaucoup plus. Il y a tous ces néo-écossais qui, eux, vivent depuis toujours au rythme du temps et savent toujours en trouver pour parler avec qui le veut bien. En Anglais? Bien sûr, avec tout le monde en Nouvelle-Ecosse. En Français? Bien sûr, partout aussi en nouvelle-Ecosse avec l'un ou l'autre des quelque 35,000 Acadiens qui vivent dans la province mais principalement dans six grandes régions que vous aurez tout particulièrement intérêt à visiter cet été. Ces descendants de Champlain et de ses compagnons (au fait, saviez-vous que la première colonie fondée en Amérique du Nord par Champlain en 1605 s'appelait Port Royal et au'on la connaît aujourd'hui sous l'appellation d'Annapolis Royal?) ont conservé le goût ancestral pour la joie de vivre, la musique, les chansons et la bonne chère, qui ici, s'apparente aux plus joyeuses ripailles.

Pour le Centenaire du drapeau acadien cette année, les Acadiens ont mis tout en oeuvre pour accueillir comme



BON ANNIVERSAIRE

Lorsque je présentais en 1981 l'amendement à la loi scolaire qui assurerait la population acadienne de droits en éducation française, j'affirmais que pour la première fois dans notre province la langue, la culture et le patrimoine des Acadiens seraient dotés de protection légale. L'année 1984, où nous célébrons le centenaire du drapeau et de l'hymne acadiens, est pour nous un temps de réjouissance particulière, découlant de la certitude que les Acadiens sauront continuer leur contribution à tous les aspects du développement de la Nouvelle-Ecosse, mais surtout en éducation.

When I introduced the 1981 amendment to the Education Act ensuring Acadian education rights, I said that for the first time, Acadian language, culture and heritage enjoyed certain legal safeguards. In this, the centenary of the Acadian flag and anthem, we can rejoice in the certainty that the Acadians will continue to contribute to the growth of Nova Scotia in every aspect, particularly education.

Nova Scotia



**Department of
Education**

Hon. Terence R.B. Donahoe, Q.C.
Minister

Gerald J. McCarthy
Deputy Minister



abrupt capes and barren soil reminiscent of the coasts of Brittany.

Next stop, Cheticamp, a quaint fishing village at the entrance of the Cape Breton Highlands National Park and Cabot Trail.

Here, you would do well to take our advice: Before *attacking* the Cabot Trail, stop in Cheticamp. Admire St. Peter's Church which overlooks the entire shore, its multi-coloured shingled houses painted in mustard yellow,

salmon, pink, pistachio, burnt orange, pearl grey and, far away, gorgeous vistas of hills, sea and sky. When in Cheticamp, one must go to the fish market, take part in the Festival de l'Escaouette, a great gathering that will take place from the 1st to the 5th of August 1984, taste local dishes: *chiard*, meat pies and chowder and visit the museum *Aux Trois Pignons*, where my cousin was taken by Elizabeth LeFort's unique collection of hooked rugs. She even bought a rug at Flora's, the most popular handicraft shop in Cape Breton.

But please don't leave Cheticamp without having a chat with the Aucoins, the Deveaux, the LeBlancs and all the others. As all Acadians, they are open-hearted, hospitable and very sociable.

And just to give you an idea of how popular Cheticamp is, 800,000 tourists go through every summer on their way to the Cabot Trail, a panoramic route, 185 miles long, chiselled through the water-bordering cliffs. I think it's incomparable. Alexander Graham Bell, a world-wide traveller, once said it was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen in his whole life.

All along the way, there are lovely camping and picnic grounds and belvederes.

For those not totally dedicated to the camping life, more luxurious tastes can be indulged at the Keltic Lodge at Inverness Beach. It occupies one of the most spectacular sites along the Cabot Trail, and features excellent cuisine and a full range of outdoor activities, including golf.

From there on, the choice is yours. There are so many things to see and do that one needs some extra time to roam around and savour each moment.

On the way to Isle Madame, is Baddeck, a lovely village on Lake Bras d'Or. While there, a visit at the Bell Museum and a stay at one of the delightful inns like *The Telegraph House* or *The Inverary Inn* are a must. We then headed south all the way to Fortress Louisbourg, "one of the most impressive historical reconstructions in North America." A fabulous undertaking!

The Fleur-de-lis Trail took us to Isle Madame where the weather was glorious. We admired the Assomption Church with its bell-turrets, and numerous other wooden churches. I must stress that the Acadian way of life is still strongly linked to the church.

(continued on page 8)

**Cape Breton
Bed
&
Breakfast**

Ces réclames de bienvenu se represente une maison qui donne une ambiance de chez-soi et une maniere unique pour découvrir, pour vous-même, l'hospitalité renommée du cap-Breton.

Pour plus d'information, visitez aucun Bureau de tourisme du Cap-Breton ou écrivez a:

Société de développement du Cap-Breton C.P. 1750 Sydney, N.E. B1P 6T7

15 ans de travail Ensemble
FÉDÉRATION ACADIENNE
DE LA NOUVELLE-ÉCOSSE



1969 — 1984

1106 South Park St., Halifax 421-1772

Venez découvrir la personnalité et le charme de l'Acadie de la Nouvelle-Écosse.

L'année 1984 verra le 100e anniversaire de l'acte qui a symbolisé l'émergence des Acadiens en tant que peuple par le choix d'un drapeau et d'un hymne.

Come and explore the personality and charm of Nova Scotia's **Acadie**.

The year 1984 marks the 100th anniversary of the emergence of the Acadians as a people, symbolized by the adoption of their flag and anthem.

il se doit, les visiteurs de partout qui deviennent si rapidement leurs amis.

Ce peuple à l'histoire si riche, ce peuple si fier et si courageux a su conserver à travers les siècles, le sens de l'humour, de la fraternité et de la cordialité qui a toujours caractérisé l'esprit français.

Vous ne regretterez jamais d'avoir découvert les Acadiens de la Nouvelle-Ecosse au cœur même de leurs villages au sein des six grandes régions dites acadiennes de la Nouvelle-Ecosse. Qu'ils soient de Par-en-Haut ou de Par-en-Bas comme le mentionne une des chansons les plus populaires interprétée par les célèbres Thymex de la baie Sainte-Marie, ils sont tous aussi accueillants. Seule leur *parlure* diffère. Ces *Parlures* d'ailleurs vous resteront aussi comme de doux souvenirs de vos vacances en Acadie de la Nouvelle-Ecosse.

Durant tout l'été ce sera la fête en Acadie pour marquer d'une manière spéciale le Centenaire du drapeau et de l'hymne acadiens. Inutile d'insister pour dire que êtes tous invités à vous joindre à la ronde des festival acadiens qui se tiendront presque en permanence dans les régions acadiennes de la Nouvelle-Ecosse.

Pour vous donner un avant-goût de ce qui vous attend comme merveilles lors de votre visite chez-nous, laissez-moi vous parler un peu de ces régions acadiennes dont le souvenir vous fera rêver pendant des années.

Cette route au nom évocant l'héroïne acadienne rendue célèbre par le non moins célèbre pote américain Longfellow s'étend sur des dizaines et des dizaines de kilomètres à partir de Dibby à travers l'extraordinaire Vallée d'Annapolis d'un côté et le long de la majestueuse Baie Sainte-Marie de l'autre côté.

La Vallée d'Annapolis est depuis toujours, le centre de la culture fruitière en Nouvelle-Ecosse. Les paysages féériques, d'une rare beauté, continuent inlassablement d'attirer visiteurs et artistes de tous les coins qui y viennent pour le plaisir des yeux ou pour croquer quelques scènes champêtres attrayantes.

La route d'Évangéline se rend jusqu'à Halifax en passant par Grand-Pré



tacles donnés par de petits groupes de danseurs et de musiciens acadiens et pourront admirer une exposition d'art et d'artisanat acadien.

Les visiteurs auront aussi l'occasion, en se rendant à Grand-Pré par la route d'Évangéline, de s'arrêter à Annapolis Royal que les Français, du temps

où se trouve le Parc historique qui commémore le retour des Acadiens après la grande Déportation. Ce Parc constitue, dans l'âme de tous les Acadiens fiers de leurs origines et de leur histoire, le lieu de pèlerinage privilégié. Des milliers et des milliers de visiteurs s'y rendent chaque année pour admirer la beauté naturelle du parc mais aussi pour boire à source même de ce qu'a été et de ce qu'est encore le déroulement de l'histoire des Acadiens.

Les visiteurs qui se rendront cet été à Grand-Pré pourront voir des spec

de Champlain avaient baptisée Port Royal. C'est aussi le plus vieil établissement permanent en Amérique du Nord. C'est là que les visiteurs pourront voir le Parc historique national de l'Habitation, le Fort Anne ainsi que de nombreuses attractions comme le musée, le théâtre, les Jardins historiques et le pittoresque et fort actif marché des fermiers et commerçants.

Par l'autre côté de la route d'Évangéline, vous entrez alors au cœur même d'une des plus belles et des plus célèbres régions acadiennes.

(continued on page 9)

Radio-Canada Atlantique participe au Centenaire du drapeau acadien

à la télévision:

- enregistrement du **JOUR DU SEIGNEUR** le 15 août à Miscouche, I.-P.-E. Diffusion au réseau français le 19 août à 11 heures.
- diffusion des cérémonies à Miscouche le 15 août à 20 heures.

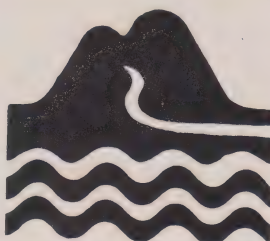
à la radio:

- enregistrement du spectacle par Angèle Arsenault et autres artistes le 17 août de 20h30 à 23 heures à Miscouche.
- Diffusion à l'automne.



CHETICAMP

UN VILLAGE DE PECHE ACADIEN
NICHE DANS LES MONTAGNES
ENCHANTERESSES DU CABOT TRAIL



Cheticamp [pop 3,000] situated on route 19 at approximately 145 km from Port Hastings will guarantee you a memorable vacation in this part of "l'Acadie". Well known for its warm hospitality, its fascinating heritage, its unique handicrafts, its Acadian culinary specialties and other attractions, Cheticamp remains a tourist stop to be discovered.



Festival Acadien Acadian Festival

LE FESTIVAL DE L'ESCAOUETTE '84

(du 1^{er} au 5 août / August 1st - 5)

- Soirée Evangéline et Gabriel (Pageant)
- Boîte à chansons (Coffee House)
- Parade de chars allégoriques (Float parade)
- Buffet acadien (Acadian meal supper)

Pour ample / for further INFORMATION contactez / contact
C.P. / P.O. Box 430, Cheticamp, N.S., BOE 1H0 (902) 224-2612



pharmacie ACADIENNE

Cheticamp, N.S.
(902) 224-2841

Situated on the beautiful / Situé sur la route pittoresque
Cabot Trail and crammed du Cabot Trail, vous y trouverez
with all those summertime tout ce dont vous avez besoin...
things you forgot at home...

When in Cheticamp, why not Venez voir notre sélection de
browse through our gifts cadeaux et de souvenirs
and souvenirs

Do have a very pleasant vacation!
Nos souhaits pour un séjour agréable!

Restaurant Evangeline

OUVERT/OPEN

7:30 a.m. - 1:00 a.m.

Dimanche à Jeudi / Sunday to Thursday

7:30 a.m. - 2:00 a.m.

Vendredi et Samedi / Friday & Saturday

7:30 a.m. - 2:00 a.m.

Dimanche à Samedi / Sunday to Saturday
(Juillet et Août / July & August)



Flora

Artisanats - Handcrafts
Souvenirs

TAPIS "HOOKES" - HOOKED RUGS

OUVERT/OPEN: 7:30 a.m. - 9:00 p.m.

Cheticamp, Cabot Trail, N.S.
902-224-3139

Plage St-Pierre Camping

Située / situated route 19 / 3.2 km
Ile de Cheticamp / Cheticamp Island

Sites: 60 aucun service (unserviced), 49 Électricité (electric)
33 eau (water), 16 complet (complete)

Plage/beach, terrain de jeu/playground, mini-golf, tennis,
cantine/canteen, foyers/gireplaces, tables de pique-nique/
picnic tables, toilettes/toilets, douches/showers

Saison/Season: Juin/June - Septembre/September

INFORMATION: C.P./P.O. Box 430, Cheticamp, N.S., BOE 1H0
(902) 224-2112 224-2642



Harbour Restaurant

Situated on the scenic Cabot Trail, our licensed dining-room overlooks Cheticamp harbour

Situé sur la route pittoresque du Cabot Trail. Salle à dîner
licenciée avec vue du havre

Poisson et fruits de mer / seafoods; plats de viande /
steaks & pork chops; soupes / soups & chowders; salades /
salads; lunches / léger repas

C.P. / P.O. Box 400, Cheticamp, N.S., BOE 1H0 (902) 224-2042

NATURE BOOKSHOP-LIBRAIRIE

LES AMIS EN PLEIN AIR



located/située

National Park Information Centres
Centres d'Information du Parc National
(Cheticamp - Ingonish)

Fine display of Nature Books
Étalage Superbe de Livres sur la Nature

Field guides/guides de poche (Peterson & Audubon),
magazines/revues, calendars/calendriers, notecards/
cartes, cookbooks/livres de recettes, posters/affiches

INFORMATION: Les Amis du Plein Air, C.P./P.O. Box 472
Cheticamp, N.S., BOE 1H0
(902) 224-2306 224-3016

CHETICAMP CO-OP LTD.

LA CO-OPERATIVE DE CHETICAMP LTEE.

C.P./P.O. Box 40, Cheticamp, N.S. BOE 1H0 (902) 224-2066

Épicerie/Groceries; viandes/meats; produits/produce
quincaillerie/hardware

matériaux de construction/building supplies
10,000 sq. ft. of space/10,000 pieds carrés

OUVERT/OPEN: Lundi-Jeudi / Monday-Thursday
(9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.)

Vendredi/Friday (9:00 a.m. - 9:00 p.m.)

Samedi/Saturday (9:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m.)

Chéticamp

Chéticamp is a beautiful Acadian village nestled among the mountainous landscape of the Cabot Trail and cradled by the Gulf of St. Lawrence. A 95-percent French Acadian population accounts for the friendliness and inviting faces of its people. Its main industries are fishing and tourism.

A great spot for your stay, where you will discover the various attractions and entertainment it has in store for you. Your vacation would not be complete without seeking the rich culture and unique heritage of this area. In the summer time, share a festive atmosphere with the local people as they revive the folklore, the ancient traditions, the past.

Come visit our incomparable church, recognized for its architectural beauty and remarkable history.

Our local handcrafts, particularly our hooked rugs, have acquired world wide recognition. Many gift shops display a wide array of rugs in all dimensions to please the most demanding.

Extend your stay in Chéticamp by making use of our campground facilities and beaches situated at different scenic points of our community.

Two information centres provide our visitors with the many services available in our area, namely accommodations, attractions and shopping facilities.

While in the area Cape Breton Highlands National Park where the sportsmen can explore many hiking trails and the fisherman can try his luck at trout or salmon fishing. Take in the breathtaking scenes, the picturesque beauty of the famous Cabot Trail.

If you, as a tourist, are seeking a big city with its high rise buildings and Disney World-like amusements, Chéticamp will most likely leave you with an empty feeling. However, if you like peaceful and relaxing surroundings, a spot with all of nature's wonders, Chéticamp, with its many, though somewhat modest attractions, is the ideal place for you. Above all, you will always treasure the friendliness of the people. Their unique history makes the people all the more hospitable.

Chéticamp has a special way of charming all its visitors! ■

WARREN GORDON



Chéticamp est un village acadien de toute beauté niché dans la verdure des montagnes du Cabot Trail et bercé par les marées du Golfe St-Laurent. Une population 95% acadienne française explique le visage accueillant et la chaleur de ses habitants. La pêche et le tourisme en sont les industries principales.

Comme lieu de séjour agréable, vous découvrirez ses attractions, les divertissements qu'il vous réserve et la richesse de sa culture ainsi que de son unique héritage. Pendant la saison festive vous pouvez partager avec ses habitants une ambiance de fête. On fait revivre le folklore, les anciennes traditions, la vie d'autrefois.

Vous apprécierez une visite à notre église incomparable, reconnue pour sa beauté architecturale et son histoire assez singulière.

Etant renommé son artisanat connu à travers le monde, soit, les tapis hookés, vous trouverez de nombreuses boutiques qui étalent un grand choix de tapis aux dimensions variées pour satisfaire les goûts les plus exigeants.

Prolongez votre séjour à Chéticamp, en profitant de nos terrains de camping et de nos plages

bien situés à des points scéniques de notre région.

Deux centres de renseignements touristiques mettent à la disposition des visiteurs un service complet d'information sur les services offerts dans la région, l'hébergement, les attractions et les magasins.

Lorsque vous êtes dans la région, faites une promenade dans le Parc National des Hautes-Terres du Cap Breton ou les sportifs pourront explorer les divers sentiers dans la nature ou pêcher la truite ou le saumon. Admirez les scènes ravissantes, le détail pittoresque du grandiose Cabot Trail.

Si le touriste est à la recherche d'une grande ville, avec ses gratte-ciel et ses amusements à la Disney, notre Chéticamp ne saurait l'intéresser. Mais, au contraire, s'il désire une atmosphère paisible, reposante, tissée de beauté naturelle, Chéticamp avec ses nombreuses quoique modestes attractions est tout désigné pour lui plaire. Surtout, jamais il n'oubliera ses aimables gens. Leur unique histoire les a marqués pour en faire un peuple très hospitalier.

En fin de compte, Chéticamp saura toujours vous charmer. ■

(continued from page 4)

All about are the pastel-tinted houses, graveyards by the sea, and harbours where one can haggle over the price of fish or chat with local fishermen.

Everything was a pleasure on this trip, especially the colourful names of villages like Petit de Grat, Gros Nez, Arichat, and D'Escousse.

From there, it's on the way to Halifax.

A recommendation: if you can spare the time, go there by Highway 7. It's much longer, but it's really worth the detour! Otherwise, take the Trans-Canada Highway. My cousin

insisted on making a stopover in Halifax. A worthwhile decision, I must admit!

Although Halifax is not an Acadian town, there are approximately 20,000 francophones living there. I don't want to boast, but I must say that Halifax, like the rest of Nova Scotia and Acadia, is a splendid city with its grand old wooden Victorian houses, its tree-lined avenues, its citadel, its European-style park, Point Pleasant Park, with lovely shaded footpaths leading to the ocean and its Historic Properties in the harbour district, bustling with boutiques and

restaurants. As usual, my cousin made a find: The Henry House, a delightful restaurant where we had a wonderful meal.

After two days of strolling around the city visiting museums, checking out boutiques and restaurants, it's all aboard for Yarmouth and the Baie Ste. Marie via the Lighthouse Route which seems to be cut through forest and rock. The weather was glorious!

"Wait till you see the sun flooded bays," I told them, "there is nothing like this in the world!" Peggy's Cove, Chester, Mahone Bay, Lunenburg, were all dreams to behold, with historical churches, vintage houses and busy harbours.

After spending some time in that area sailing, cycling, fishing, beaching and shopping, we headed for the Pubnicos, a cluster of nine Acadian Villages amongst the oldest in the world. Acadians have been living there since before the Deportation of 1755. These villages are spread over a distance of ten miles.

Pubnico West is one of the richest Acadian villages in Nova Scotia. Last year, the fishermen there sold 34 million dollars worth of lobster, fish, scallops and herring.

It is an ideal spot for history buffs, featuring the oldest wooden court-

Cette Plage est notre Arrière-cour!

- une plage magnifique • un terrain de camping
- les cottages en ménage bien équipé • les courts de tennis



*Au nom de tous les Québécois
nous saluons avec fierté le peuple acadien
à l'occasion du 100e anniversaire de son drapeau*



*We wish to extend our very best wishes
in the name of all Quebecers
to the Acadian people
on the occasion of the centenary of the Acadian flag*

**Le Bureau de Québec à Moncton, Place de l'Assomption, 770 rue Main,
Moncton, N.-B. E1C 1E7, Tél.: (506) 382-7851, Téléc 014-2168**



En effet, à quelques kilomètres de Digby, en vous dirigeant vers Yarmouth, la municipalité de Clare ou communément appelée la Baie Sainte-Marie constitue un long chapelier de villages côtiers où vivent une dizaine de milliers de francophones.

Il s'agit de villages de pêcheurs qui s'échelonnent sur une rue principale (on la dit la plus longue en Amérique avec près de 35 milles) traversant la municipalité de Clare entre Sainte-Bernard et Rivière-aux-Saumons.

Des noms aussi français que Grosses-Coques, L'Anse-des-Belliveau, Comeauville, Pointe-de-l'Eglise, Petit-Ruisseau, Saulnierville, Mavillette, Cap-Sainte Marie, vous permettront de vivre une partie de vos vacances à la française. Il ne faut surtout pas manquer l'église de Saint-Bernard, un majestueux monument pouvant accueillir plus de 1,000 personnes. On mit plus de 30 ans à construire cette église de granit.

A quelques kilomètres de là, en longeant la mer, vous êtes à Pointe-de-l'Eglise où se trouvent, côte-à-côte, la fabuleuse église Sainte-Marie et la célèbre université Sainte-Anne.

L'église Sainte-Marie est le plus vaste monument en bois en Amérique du Nord et la pointe de son clocher guide encore les pêcheurs de homard de la Baie Sainte-Marie. De son côté, l'Université Sainte-Anne fondée en 1890 par les Pères Eudistes est la seule université francophone de la Nouvelle-Ecosse. Vous pourrez vous y arrêter et profiter de l'occasion pour visiter le Centre acadien qui renferme d'innombrables archives dans lesquelles vous trouverez peut-être un ancêtre qui prouvera, encore une fois, que rares sont ceux qui ne possèdent pas quelques gouttes de sang acadien dans les veines.

Il y a tant et tant à dire de cette région de Clare que je m'en voudrais

de ne pas vous inviter tout de suite au fameux Festival acadien de Clare qui, cette année, se déroulera du 11 au 15 juillet. Toute la Baie Sainte-Marie sera alors en fête et ce serait dommage que vous manquiez cela.

Si, par un impossible hasard, vous ne pouviez pas trouver un Acadien pour

vous familiariser, lors de votre arrivée, rendez-vous au bureau touristique de l'Anse-aux-Hirondelles où les guides vous fourniront tous les détails utiles pour jouir pleinement de votre séjour en Clare.

Chaque village de la région mérite que l'on s'y arrête ne serait-ce que pour y flâner, y causer avec les gens de la place ou pour y découvrir un autre point de vue pour admirer la Baie Sainte-Marie dont les couchers de soleil constituent de grandioses spectacles quotidiens.

Arrêtez-vous à Meteghan, le plus important port de pêche de la région et venez sur le quai, pour causer avec les pêcheurs et admirer la flotte de bateau équipés pour la pêche au homard, à l'aiglefin, à la morue ou aux pétoncles. Laissez-vous bercer par le calme tumulte des milliers de goélands qui rivalisent avec tous les Caruso du monde. Respirez cet air salin et laissez imprégner vos narines de ce doux mélange d'odeurs de fruits de mer et de varech.

Piquez une pointe jusqu'à Cap Sainte-Marie, ce joli et minuscule village de pêcheurs niché au creu.

De la falaise. C'est là que vous découvrirez les plus belles plages de la région. Ne manquez surtout pas l'endroit, ce serait dommage.

Clare, c'est aussi le lieu des artisans, des peintres, des fermes d'élevage de visons de renards, des entreprises axées sur la pêche des ressources forestières.

C'est aussi le pays des musiciens et l'on affirme qu'il s'en trouve au moins un dans chaque maison de la municipalité. C'est pourquoi, vous ne devez pas manquer, non plus, le Festin de musique de la Baie Sainte-Marie qui se déroule, cette année, du 29 juin au 1er juillet et qui confirme bien l'affirmation précédente.

Après Clare et en poursuivant votre route, vous vous retrouverez dans la région acadienne d'Argyle, à quelques kilomètres seulement de Yarmouth. Vous y trouverez alors les Par-en-Bas, comme on les appelle ici, en empruntant la route des phares.

On peut s'y perdre agréablement dans ces villages acadiens d'Argyle. Que vous soyez à Tusket, à Sainte-Anne-du-Ruisseau, à Wedgeport, vous serez encore et toujours fascinés par la mer et par les résidents qui vous charmeront certainement.

Pour tout l'or du monde, comme on dit, il ne faudrait manquer Pubnico. Encore qu'il faille parler des Pubnicos en prenant soin de prononcer *Pomnicos*, cette agglomération formée de neuf villages acadiens, les plus anciens du monde. Il y avait là des Acadiens avant le grand Dérangement de 1755. Et ces villages s'échelonnent sur une distance d'en



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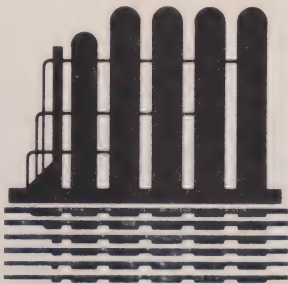
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house in Canada, Ste. Anne's Church, and the Acadian museum. My visitors were taken by the lovely white and vivid-coloured houses, flower-bordered lawns, trees and the coves. They savoured the local accent, ate the *râpûre acadienne*, tasted the fish chowder and made a stop at D'Eon bakery to buy molasses biscuits.

Another option is the boat trip through the 356 Tusket Islands.

After spending the night at the Baronnie Motel, we left Pubnico West for Ste. Anne-du-Ruisseau, Wedgeport and Yarmouth.

While in Acadia, do as the Acadians do, by taking the Evangeline Trail to Baie Ste. Marie in the municipality of Clare. Stretching from



the boundaries of Yarmouth to Weymouth, the trail is the longest main street in North America running for 35 miles and lined by homes of the descendants of exiled Acadians who returned there in 1768. If it weren't for parish churches and billboards announcing the village limits, one would never notice where one community ends and another begins. And what a village it makes — lovely churches, shops, magnificent vistas, beautiful sandy beaches like Bartlett and Mavillette, dunes similar to these of Cap Ste. Marie, and rivers ideal for fishing and canoeing.

Of course, my cousin knew about Felix Thibodeau, the area's famous historian. So, one lovely afternoon, she went about to chat with him and visit his ironsmith tool museum while we were clamming on the beach. We boiled the clams in an old pan filled with seawater and ate them on the spot. They were delicious!

In the evening, a glorious sunset turned the offshore islands into a glowing fire.

After a night's sleep at the Meteghan Bed and Breakfast, we headed for Smuggler's Cove, where we spent the day visiting fox and mink farms, old sawmills and wild nature sights like St. Benoni Falls, accompanied by young guides from the Tourism Bureau.

Oh! I could go on for hours and

viron 15 kilomètres.

Pubnico-ouest est certes le village acadien le plus riche de toute la Nouvelle-Ecosse. Imaginez, l'an dernier les pêcheurs de l'endroit ont vendu pour près de \$35 millions de homard, de pétoncles, de poisson de fond et de hareng.

C'est à Pubnico-ouest que l'on peut visiter le Palais de justice en bois le plus ancien du Canada, l'église Sainte-Marie, la plus vieille de la région ainsi que le musée acadien.

C'est une région riche de couleurs aussi. Les bleus du ciel et de la mer se marient avec les blancs, les rouges, les jaunes et les verts vifs des maisons de l'endroit. On est littéralement ébloui par toute cette palette de couleurs. Vous apprécierez certainement participer là aussi, aux grandes fêtes de l'été.

Il ne faut pas manquer L'Esprit de Wedgeport, du 29 juin au 1^{er} juillet ni le Festival acadien de Sainte-du-Ruisseau du 20 au 22 juillet ni le Festival acadien de Pubnico-Ouest du 9 au 12 août.

Vous pourrez alors danser, chanter et fêter au rythme des Acadiens de la région qui ne manquent aucune occasion pour faire bombance. Vous pourrez déguster avec eux la fameuse *râpûre acadienne* ou le fricot de poulet ou de fruits de mer. Vous vous en purlêcherez les babines, le reste de votre voyage en Nouvelle-Ecosse.

Argyle vous offre aussi l'occasion d'excursions en mer dont vous vous souviendrez. Vous pouvez effectuer le circuit des îles, si vous avez le temps. Vous avez le choix, on compte 356 îles à Tusket.

En quittant Argyle, vous longez la côte pendant quelques heures en vous arrêtant au gré votre fantaisie dans les

villages attirants comme Lunenburg, Mahone Bay, Chester, Peggy's Cove, puis, vous atteignez Halifax.

Dans cette magnifique capitale, on compte plus de 20,000 francophones sur une population de 250,000 environ. Vous n'aurez donc pas difficulté à les trouver.

Ce sera encore plus facile si vous pouvez être présents pour le Festival acadien de Halifax qui se déroule cette année, du 25 au 27 mai.

On peut marcher à sa guise dans cette ville à dimension humaine, aux rues bordées de magnifiques maisons de style victorien aux coloris vifs, avec sa citadelle, son jardin public de style européen, ses arbres plus que centenaires, le Parc Pleasant avec ses allées ombragées donnant sur la mer, son quartier historique, le vieux port, ses hôtels modernes et ses restaurants à la cuisine remarquable raffinée.

Ne soyez surtout pas surpris, cette année, si vous apercevez des drapeaux acadiens flottant à différents mâts, dans la ville. De toute manière, il flottera officiellement sur l'édifice de l'Assemblée législative afin de commémorer, comme il se doit, le Centenaire du tricolore étoilé.

En quittant Halifax et en vous dirigeant toujours vers l'est, vous parviendrez à une autre magnifique région acadienne. Il s'agit de la région de Richmond où les noms des villages vous feront sourire et vous amuseront. Voyez, vous êtes à Gros-nez, puis là, à Petit-de-Grat, puis, ensuite, à Arichat puis à d'Escousse et quoi encore. A Paulamon, à Poirierville etc.

L'île Madame constitue le foyer d'une autre communauté acadienne composée de près 5,000 francophones. Ne manquez pas l'église l'Assomption avec ses deux clochetons et les innombrables autres petites églises en bois





hours telling you about the Acadian flavour of Nova Scotia. The famous Ste. Marie Church, the largest wooden monument in North America, which stands at the Pointe-a-l'Eglise, as well as the stately St. Bernard Church.

Rounding out the experience are the numerous summer festivals, where participating tourists are greatly APPRECIATED.

Ceremonies taking place this summer in Acadia honour the Acadian flag, which is one hundred years old this year, and the Ave Maris Stella, the Acadian national anthem.

This land is best compared to an open window on the sea, with lobsters, salmon, clams and all the stream, river and sea-water fishes.

Other highlights include Grand Pré and its historical park, erected in honour of the exiled Acadians of 1755, and the Annapolis Valley and its orchards.

But, think of it, why don't you visit Acadia this summer. Discover our colourful language, the secrets and traditions of our country. And while you are here, don't hesitate: Stop in our villages, knock at our doors, we

could have a little chat. And who knows, some of us might discover some family links. I'm sure about that.

You will be overwhelmed by our exhilarating landscapes of dunes and marshes, capes and peninsulas, bays and coves, islands and beaches.

Our internationally known Acadian writer Antonine Maillet once wrote: "Remember we are the descendants of people who returned on foot, through the woods, to reconquer a land they thought was the most beautiful in the world." If you do come, you will see how right we were!

We are expecting you! Promise you'll come! You will be welcomed with open arms.

And if you have already been here, "See you again," as we see you in Acadia! ■

This is a promotional supplement to the June, 1984 edition of *Atlantic Insight*. **Publisher:** Jack M. Daley. *Atlantic Insight* is published by Northeast Publishing Limited. Address: 1668 Barrington Street, Halifax, N.S. B3J 2A2. Second Class Postal Permit No. 4683, ISSN 0709-5400. Indexed in *Canadian Periodical Index*. Contents copyright ©1984 by Northeast Publishing Limited may not be reprinted without permission. PRINTED IN CANADA.

Centenaire du drapeau acadien 1884-1984 Acadian Flag Centennial

La présence acadienne dans les provinces de l'Atlantique se manifeste de différentes façons. De plus en plus remarquée, elle est aussi de plus en plus féconde. La coïncidence du centenaire du drapeau acadien avec le bicentenaire du Nouveau-Brunswick est à la fois stimulante et significative.

As Acadians, we share a common dedication to our country, our provinces and our ancestry. It is both significant and inspiring that the centennial of the Acadian flag coincides with the bicentennial of New Brunswick. May we all live and prosper united and proud.



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de la région. Rencontrez ces Acadiens chaleureux qui vous parleront de pêche et vous communiqueront peut-être quelques unes de leurs recettes secrètes pour apprêter le poisson.

Et surtout. Surtout, ne manquez pas le Festival acadien de l'Ardoise, du 25 au 29 juillet ni le Festival de Petit-de-Grat du 9 au 12 août. Ils ont prévu quelque chose d'encore plus fantastique pour cette année. Bien entendu, ils veulent souligner à leur manière le



centenaire du drapeau acadien. Vous vous souviendrez toujours de votre séjour dans la région.

Vous quitterez l'Ile Madame à reculons mais d'autres surprises merveilleuses vous attendent parce que l'Acadie se trouve aussi ailleurs. L'Acadie est partout en Nouvelle-Ecosse et, en vous dirigeant par le nord, après l'Ile Madame, vous attendrez vite Chéticamp après passés par Baddeck, sur les bords du lac Bras-d'Or, célèbre par son musée Graham Bell et ses merveilleuses auberges. Au hasard de la route, vous trouverez moult terrains de camping, d'aires de pique-nique et de belvédères d'où vous pourrez admirer à loisir montagnes et vallées dont vous garderez un souvenir impérissable. Puis à deux pas, vous êtes à Chéticamp. Comment voir la Nouvelle-Ecosse sans visiter Chéticamp, ce célèbre village acadien qui garde l'entrée du Parc National des Hautes-Terres et de Cabot Trail? Et juste à côté, ce pitto resque village qui a nom Saint-Joseph-du-Moine.

Vous ne serez pas les seuls à vous arrêter dans ces villages de pêche où l'on ne compte plus les Deveau, les AuCoin et les LeBlanc tellement ils sont nombreux. Chaque année, en effet, près de 1 million de vacanciers et de voyageurs passent à Chéticamp en route pour Cabot Trail, une route panoramique s'étendant sur plus de 200 kilomètres à travers les montagnes.

Cette année cependant Chéticamp, foyer majeur de la culture

acadienne retiendra davantage votre attention. Vous regretteriez toujours d'avoir manqué le Festival de l'Escaouette qui se teindra du 1er au 5 août.

Pendant votre séjour à Chéticamp, profitez de l'occasion pour visiter sa grande église de granit, admirer les maisons de bardeaux de bois qui couvrent toute la gamme des couleurs connues. Vous serez par ailleurs fortement impressionnés par la majesté des montagnes dont les flans s'étendent jusque dans la mer. Vous conserverez pour toujours le souvenir mets locaux comme le chiard, le pâté à la viande et le tchode une version locale du chowder.

Trouvez-vous quelques heures pour visiter le musée aux Trois Pignons où vous pourrez admirer la superbe collection de tapis *hooks* d'Elisabeth Lefort. Vous les trouverez si beaux que vous prendrez certainement la décision de vous en procurer un chez Flora's, la plus célèbre boutique d'artisanat Cap-Breton.

Cette tournée des régions acadiennes ne saurait évidemment pas être complète sans un détour par Pomquet. Pomquet, c'est une perle baignée par un havre s'ouvrant sur la Baie St-Georges. Vous ne finirez plus de raconter à vos parents ou amis, comment les dunes de Pomquet, qui s'étendent à n'en plus finir, sont accueillantes surtout lorsque vous vous serez jetés dans la mer et que vous aurez constaté, par vous-même, qu'il s'agit des eaux les plus chaudes au nord des Carolines.

A Pomquet, c'est toujours la fête, me direz-vous au retour, tellement les gens sont accueillants et superbes. Il y a tant à voir dans cette région. Antigonish vous fascinera par son port et toutes les plages de la région vous laisseront pour toujours le sentiment de farniente si propre à toutes les périodes de vacances.

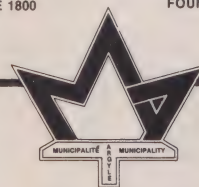
Vous les savourerez pendant de longues années, ces vacances passées dans l'Acadie de la Nouvelle-Ecosse. Vous vous en souviendrez si longtemps que vous y reviendrez pour revoir les sites uniques et revoir surtout vos nouveaux amis acadiens que vous n'aurez pas manqué de vous faire durant votre séjour. Vous y reviendrez aussi avec des amis de chez-vous à qui vous aurez raconté votre séjour et qui voudront eux-aussi, constater par eux-mêmes. Vous y reviendrez certainement parce que vous ne pourrez pas faire autrement tant vous aurez apprécié vos dernières vacances en Nouvelle-Ecosse. ■

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Calendar of events

Festival Acadien d'Halifax

May 25-27

Halifax

Program: 1984 celebrations highlight the 100th anniversary of the Acadian flag.

L'Esprit de Wedgeport

June 28 to July 1st

Wedgeport

Program: Acadian celebrations including mass, children's parade, acadian music

Le Festin de Musique de la Baie

Ste-Marie

June 29 to July 1st

Church Point

Program: Annual outdoor Acadian music festival.

Festival Acadien de Clare

July 11 to July 15

Clare

Program: Gabriel & Evangéline pageant, parade, bazaar, deep sea fishing tournament, lumberjack contest, barrel rolling contest and mass.

Festival Acadien à

Ste-Anne-du-Ruisseau

July 20 — 22

Ste. Anne Du Ruisseau

Program: Evangéline & Gabriel pageant, ox haul, parade, bazaar and dances.

Festival Acadien de l'Ardoise

July 25 — 29

L'Ardoise

Program: Evangéline & Gabriel pageant, dances, variety show, mass, sports.

Festival de l'Escaouette

August 1 — 5

Chéticamp

Program: Evangéline & Gabriel pageant, float parade, milling frolic, children's activities, coffee house and dances.

"Chez-nous à Pombcoup"

August 7 — 13

West Pubnico

Program: Evangéline & Gabriel pageant, float parade, children's activities, dance, mass.

Acadian Day "Journée Acadienne à Grand Pré"

August 5th

Grand Pré

Program: Mass, Acadian arts and crafts exhibition, music and Acadian dance group.

Festival Acadien de Petit de Grat

August 9 — 12

Petit de Grat

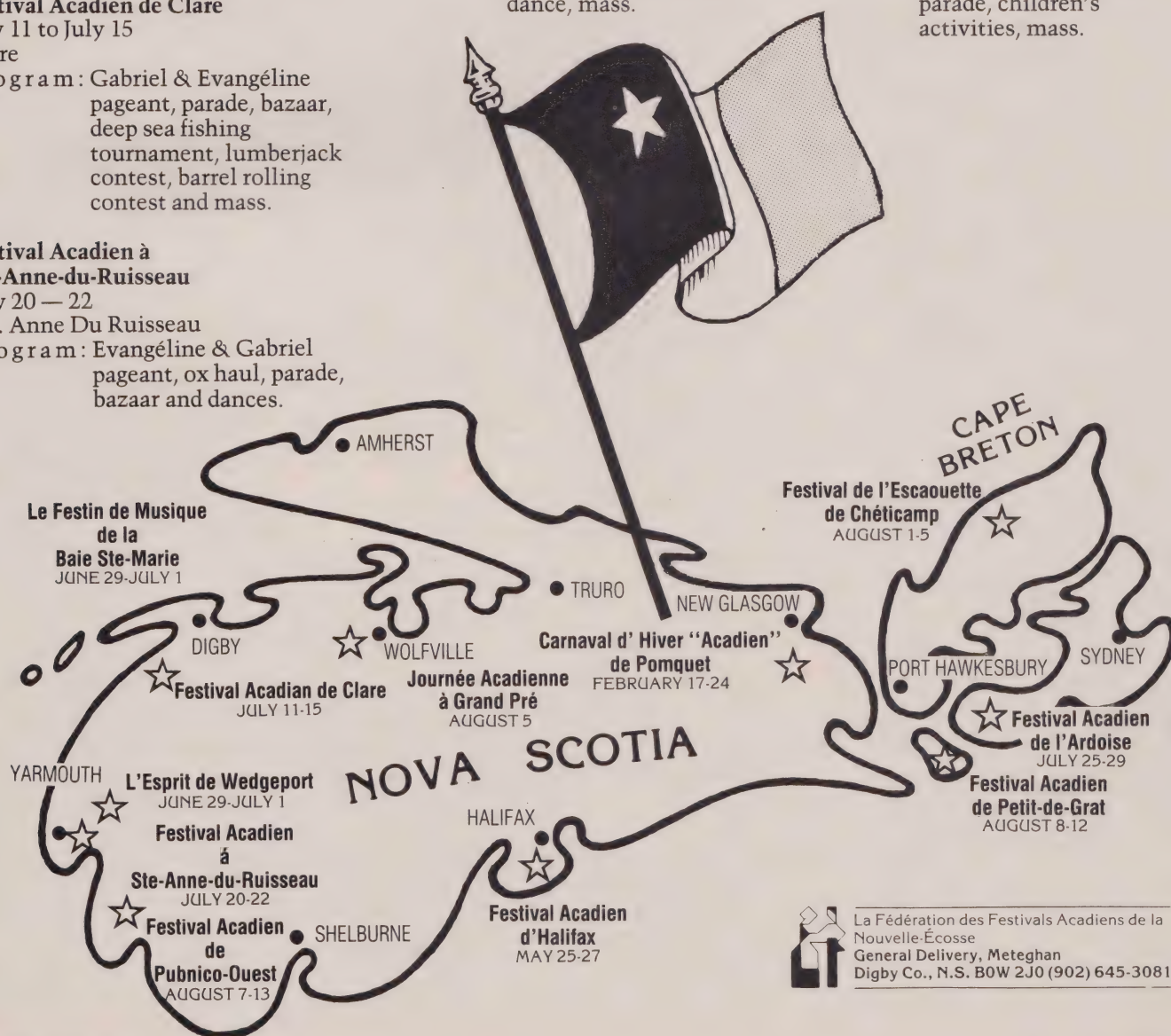
Program: Evangéline & Gabriel pageant, children's activities, dances, mass, sports.

Pomquet Acadian Winter Carnival

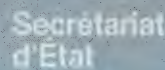
February 17 — 24

Pomquet

Program: Acadian celebrations with a dance, concerts, parade, children's activities, mass.



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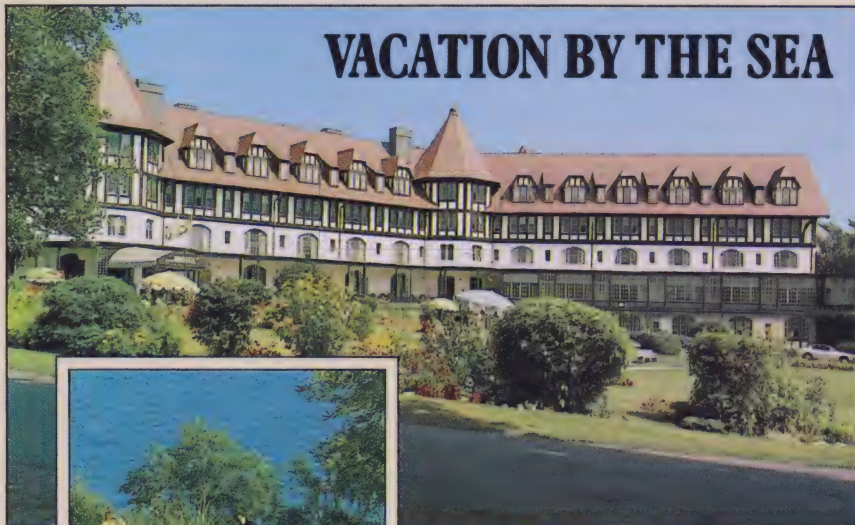
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
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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 5)

not allow regional chauvinism to deny them that value by forcing comparisons that can only give fuel to the detractors of Atlantic culture.

*S.P. Corbett
Halifax, N.S.*

Shedding light on the Welsh

I was very interested to read in your March issue both the Editor's Letter and the article by John Mason with regard to Welsh settlers in Atlantic Canada. There is no doubt people of Welsh descent are hard to find; because our numbers were (and are) so small, we're very easily assimilated. If, sadly, you have no Welsh Societies in the east, you will find them throughout the rest of Canada, and there are many people who still speak the language. We have a St. David's Society in Montreal, though our numbers are now very, very small. Unfortunately, so many have left this province and, due to the prevailing situation, very few new people are coming here from Wales. We have the Cor Meibion Cymraeg (Welsh Male Voice Choir) whose repertoire to date has consisted to a great extent of Welsh music sung in Welsh. Over the years we have hosted choirs from Wales and they have performed before packed houses. We celebrate St. David's Day with a dinner and dance and we also hold an annual Gymanfa Ganu each May. In 1985, Labor weekend, we are hosting the North American International Gymanfa Ganu, at which time we anticipate a gathering of a couple of thousand people from other parts of Canada and the States. We would very much enjoy being able to welcome people from the east for this most "Welsh" weekend. I think Peter Thomas would be especially interested in attending, as he would then hear some Welsh being spoken and would also stand a good chance of meeting someone from his home town.

I would like to suggest to Peter that he tries to maintain contact with the people he has met during his research. You now have a nucleus of people who are a little more conscious of their heritage. Because we are so few, we seem to be very self effacing and this is not helped by the general lack of knowledge all round of Wales and the Welsh people. It is rather deflating to be asked "Where is Wales?" and "What is Welsh?" Mention of Tom Jones and Richard Burton does elicit a small glimmer of recognition but I think even they would be asked the same questions. Saying you are a Celt like the Scots and the Irish, and that Wales is that bit sticking out on the west side of Britain seems to help a little. We have a very fascinating history of which so little is known even by the Welsh people themselves. Unfortunately, it is true that we have often over the years been made to feel ashamed of being Welsh. Maybe because the Welsh language was

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St. John's

a living language for so long it irritated visitors who seemed to feel that the "natives" had no right to be speaking a "foreign" language and they must surely "be up to no good."

Peter has lighted the first candle in eastern Canada with his books and I hope much more light will be shed on the Welsh of that area. Being interested in the fact that you are Welsh or of Welsh descent will not detract from being a Canadian. The whole world is becoming so Americanized, I feel that people and cities are fast becoming clones. If we can maintain pockets of people keeping their different heritages alive, we can hopefully hold back the day when everything and everybody will be uniform.

May Carol Millington continue her Welsh dinners and may her guests grow in numbers. The beautiful pictures of Wales in the travel section will surely ensure that the country is included in the itinerary of any future overseas travelers. As for all the other people mentioned in the article, I trust this exposure will not only prevent the awareness of their Welsh connections sinking into the background again but that they will make a conscious effort to develop it.

*Mortuud (Morgan) Gibson
Montreal, Que.*

Healthy, but not boring

I was interested and encouraged to read Marian Bruce's article *Keeping the Doctor Away* (Special Report) in the March edition. At long last we Atlantic Canadians are getting sensible and thinking about prevention of disease and true care of our health, in addition to the subject of medical based care. However, I was very disappointed in the attitudes and information regarding nutrition dispensed by the article. I sense that Ms. Bruce did not talk with a qualified nutrition professional when writing the article. It has an all-too-familiar ring, reinforcing the idea that being well-nourished means eating stingy amounts of extremely healthy, totally unappealing food, that also happens to taste terrible! I would suggest that advocating the Pritikin Diet or, perhaps, even Dr. Harlow's Great Nova Scotia Diet, follows this unfortunate and outdated train of thought. Healthy eating does not mean boredom or starvation. It does often mean rethinking the way we cook and eat. I must also comment on some inaccuracies in the article. The author's statement that the "link between cholesterol and heart attacks and strokes is well-established" is not entirely substantiated by research. It is true that high levels of serum cholesterol have been linked to heart attacks. However, the dietary component implicated by current research seems to be saturated fat, followed by dietary cholesterol and a lack of dietary fibre. This is worth emphasizing because some foods rich in cholesterol, such as eggs and some shellfish, are low in fat and can be enjoyed in moderation by people wishing to alter their diets as a preventive measure.

Dr. Sydney Grant was quoted as saying that "no one in this province is suffering from malnutrition. Our problem is the opposite, obesity." Nutritionists working with the obese are quick to learn that overfed people are not necessarily well nourished and indeed, are most often suffering from inadequate nutrition.

Dr. Harlow was quoted expressing concern regarding the limited amount of time that physicians have to counsel people regarding nutrition. It will perhaps be reassuring to health professionals sharing his concern that there are many well-trained nutritionists and dietitians available to provide nutrition information and individual counselling to patients.

*Carole Milligan
Halifax, N.S.*

Who suffers most?

I was very pleased to see your article *Rematch: Dal Med School vs. Outraged Animal Lovers*. I hope you will be printing many more as the antivivisectionist movement in Nova Scotia grows, but you should be aware that it is not only "animal lovers" who oppose the use of animals in laboratories. Many doctors, researchers, and even former animal-using researchers are against it because many of the experiments are useless, there is too much repetition and the experiment results are not applicable to man (i.e. certain drugs can kill a man but have no effect on some animals). Vivisection will not end easily because it is a big money business. For example, the

Swiss nation has a population of about 6 million, but uses many times more lab animals than Russia, which has a population of about 250 million, the difference being that in Russia there is no money in research and medicine making, and they use alternatives extensively, which are much cheaper. I urge everyone not to take every word Dal researchers say at face value. As George Bernard Shaw said, "He who would not hesitate to vivisect would hardly hesitate to lie about it."

*Bonnie Greenwood
Shag Harbour, N.S.*

A thoughtful alternative to *Should Animals Suffer for Science?*, the cover title of your April Special Report, might have read: *Should Humans Suffer for Anti-vivisectionists?* Disappointingly, however, the report did not live up to its provocative title and merely presented a lacklustre dissection of the politics of obtaining animals for research rather than the real issues behind the controversy. Certainly, secreted amongst maudlin accounts of Ernest the mouse's drunken wobble and the antics of Electrolux, the lobotomised kitten, a discerning reader may have noted brief mentions of the purpose of research using animals, but otherwise, there was little attempt to balance sentimentality against the human cost inflicted by genetic mutations such as Ernest's and the eye diseases as developed in Electrolux. Perhaps a future special report could incorporate an ac-




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FEEDBACK

count of the medical developments and undeniable human benefits made possible by the "sacrifice" of creatures in experiments? If, as the report suggests, the public image of scientists is of a Frankenstein fraternity toiling ghoulishly in ivory towers to create grisly freaks of nature, then *Atlantic Insight's* focus should be to penetrate the illusion rather than perpetuate it.

*Dr. Robert W. Elner
St. Andrews, N.B.*

I greatly enjoyed the reading of Mr. Clark's article on the usually controver-

sial issue of animal use in medical research. However, I was most concerned by Dr. Don Mitchell's comment on eye patches in the treatment of amblyopia. While I am well aware of his and Dr. Max Cynader's research in the psychology department of our university and moreover am grateful for the many discoveries they have made in the field, I must voice my concerns regarding the way Dr. Mitchell's words are reported. Amblyopia has been treated with patches since the 17th century. It is also well recognized that if the cause of the amblyopia is not eliminated, the effect of the amblyopia treatment (the patch) is indeed short term. Hence, the need of a maintenance treatment until the chances

of reoccurrence are minimal. I also agree with Dr. Mitchell's comment that amblyopia can be dangerous as proven in the cases of occlusion amblyopia (the good eye has become amblyopic after too long a patching). All these clinical realities of amblyopia treatment which have been confirmed by Mitchell, Cynader and other prominent researchers like von Noorden and Crawford of the States are all taken into serious consideration in the treatment of amblyopia in the clinical settings of an ocular motility clinic like we have here at the IWK Hospital for Children.

*Dr. G. Robert LaRoche
Halifax, N.S.*

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GENERAL

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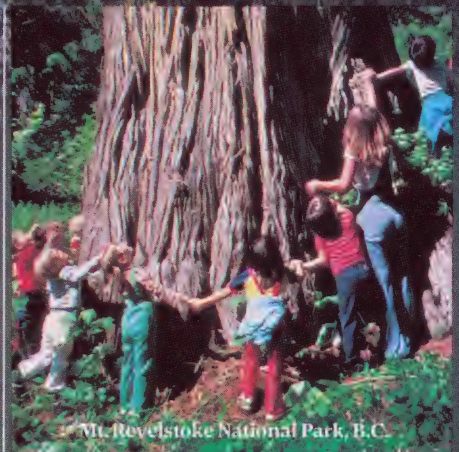
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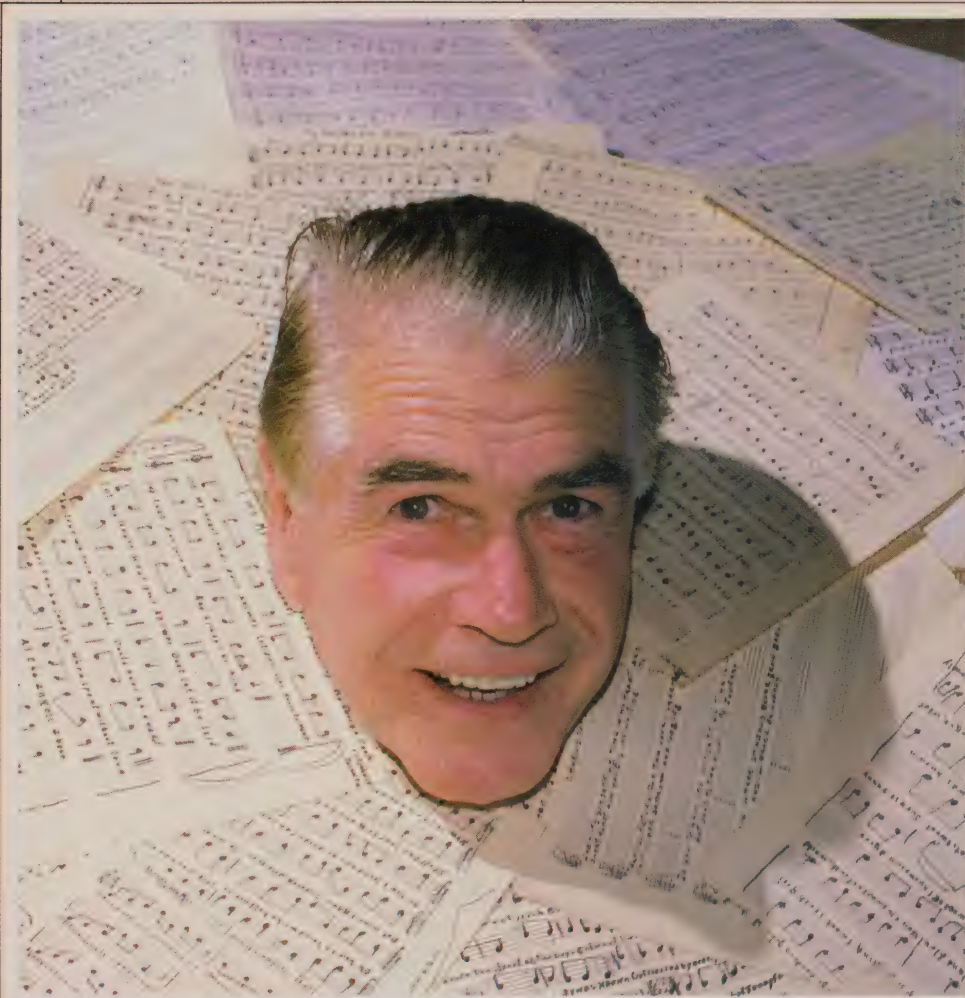
There's hardly a subject I haven't touched," says singer-songwriter **George Cook**. He's not just whistlin' Dixie. The last time he counted, he'd written 38,380 songs, a feat that propelled him into the syndicated column "Ripley's Believe It or Not." Cook, 66, who runs a flea market in Hockley Valley, Ont., grew up in New Waterford, N.S., where he was known as "the singing miner." He spent 13 years in the mines, although "I wasn't a very good miner." He preferred working as host of a radio show on CJCB in Sydney which, he says, made him a hit with the local ladies. Cook began writing poetry and songs as a teenager, and cut a country music record in the Forties. "I started writing about love," he says. Later, he

There aren't many people who can bring the headstrong personalities of men like Pierre Trudeau and Brian Mulroney to attention with a single phrase. **Eymard Corbin** does daily. Corbin, Liberal MP for Madawaska-Victoria, became senior deputy speaker of the House of Commons the same day Lloyd Francis was named to replace Jeanne Sauvé as speaker. Corbin takes the speaker's chair regularly during debates over legislation and when Francis is ill or absent, and is second-in-command of the parliamentary staff of 3,000. The job requires a firm sense of neutrality from a normally partisan politician. "If you don't treat all sides equitably," he observes, "your head is in the chopper pretty quickly." There's satisfaction in the respect that goes with the job, but, Corbin admits, it has its shortcomings too. "We have to isolate ourselves. We're expected to be non-partisan even outside the building. I have a reputation for being outspoken and I'd like to get into the fray [of debate]. I miss it." There's no school to train new speakers in the complicated history of precedent and procedure that governs activity in the House of Commons. "The only way to learn procedure is to live it," says Corbin, a 16-year veteran of the Commons. The flawlessly bilingual former CBC reporter and editor of the Edmundston newspaper *Le Madawaska* still commutes to his northwestern New Brunswick riding on most weekends, and he says he's not worried about the possibility of returning to a seat in the back benches after the next election. "Unless you get full satisfaction out of serving your constituents, you miss the whole point of being here."

When Alison Griffiths and David Cruise had their first child just over a year ago they wanted to subscribe to a Canadian magazine on parenting. There wasn't one. So the couple, both magazine writers, started their own publication, *Thursday's Child*, a 12-page monthly newsletter published in Vancouver. Griffiths, a native of Halifax, says Canadian parents need their own publication because certain issues such as daycare and education differ in Canada. Certain subjects, of course, don't. "For toilet training," she admits, "it doesn't really matter." The name *Thursday's Child* comes from an anonymous poem about the future of children born on each day of the week. "Thursday's child has far to go." In choosing the name Griffiths says that many parents, uncertain about their children's future, are looking at ways to prepare them. So far, *Thursday's Child*, geared to parents of newborns to three-year-olds, has tackled such subjects as fitness for children, breakfast ideas for fussy toddlers, tips for airline travel. There's a regular write-in section for parents seeking professional advice, a monthly nutrition feature, a hotline for the latest word in medicine and psychology. Griffiths ex-

Cook: He's written more than 38,000 songs

wrote about mining disasters, the cha cha, rock and roll, his various jobs — mechanic, millwright, boxer, auctioneer. Three years ago, he won a *Toronto Star* songwriting contest by producing 105 ditties in a single day. He still churns them out, even when he's not competing. "I just wrote 20 songs last night," he says. "I get kinda hoarse." And he has no plans to slow down. "I'm not going to stop till I'm gone," he says. That sounds like the title for another of George Cook's country songs.



JIM WILKES

pected most subscribers to be first-time parents but about 25% of their 400 readers aren't. One experienced mother of three told Griffiths that because each child is so different she still needed advice. What happens when Griffiths' daughter, Claudia, reaches three? "I'll put out other newsletters," she says. She's already considering ones for pre-schoolers and teenagers.

Labrador Indians, says **Bert Jack**, "are now categorized as a social burden. They don't know how much is going for them. They don't realize the kind of power they have." Through his new job, Jack, 32, hopes to change all that. He's president of Innu Ltd., Labrador's first native-run consulting firm. One of its first projects will be to work with Petrocan to figure out how to help natives get jobs on the offshore. On another front, Jack is hoping to get compensation for natives from the German air force: Natives say low-flying German training planes from the Goose Bay air base are disturbing the caribou. Two band councils have also hired Jack's firm to conduct studies — one on the impact of land settlement payments on alcoholism, the other on what kind of housing the people of Sheshatshit, Jack's home community, want. Jack, who once trained as a pilot, has taught adult education, spent two years as band council chief for Sheshatshit, worked as land claims director for Labrador native groups and worked for the provincial Department of Rural Development. He sees his present job as temporary. "Innu Ltd. exists to help band councils develop the expertise to make their own decisions," he says. "One of my main aims

Jack: Working himself out of a job



JAMES NEWTON

with this company is to work myself out of a job."

When three New Brunswick Maliseet women began re-creating the clothing of their forefathers, they didn't know what they were getting into. "We never realized the amount of work," **Louise Illinger** says. Illinger, **Mary Louise Palmater** and **Debbie Woodhouse** of Nerepis, N.B., near Saint John, spent four months interviewing tribe elders and researching the kinds of outfits Micmac and Maliseet Indians wore before and after contact with Europeans. After designing patterns, the women cut, fitted, sewed and applied beadwork. And they quickly gained respect for their ancestors' patience and skills. They found it tough making the two pre-European suits of deerskin, decorated with dyes depicting woodland scenes, and adorned with shells and feathers. Clothing made with wool, ribbons and beads — items introduced by the Europeans — were easier to make, the women found. Their creations included a wrap skirt, jackets, leggings and loincloth. For accessories, they constructed conical hats (originally made of birch bark, then wool), rabbit-fur tobacco pouches and moccasins. "We found the two tribes basically dressed the same but the Micmac had fancier, more detailed beadwork," Palmater says. The outfits, displayed at the Fredericton office of the New Brunswick Association of Metis and Non-status Indians, help capture native craftsmanship for future generations. Illinger, Palmater and Woodhouse would like to do more.

Cupolas fascinate **Michael Morris**. So much so that Morris, a potter in Dayton, N.S., is writing a book on them — elevated enclosed rooms atop roofs. They became a status symbol during the Victorian era and in Yarmouth County where Morris grew up, rich seafaring folk sported them on their homes. "They're all around the town of Yarmouth," says Morris, 37, who's been interested in them for as long as he can remember. "I went up into some of the old ones," he says. As a student at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design in Halifax he wrote a paper on cupolas. "I thought it was a good chance to do research on them," he says. Morris plans to study homes with cupolas throughout Nova Scotia. He's now collecting stories associated with them: One man would sing his lungs out from his cupola every Sunday morning to drown out the church bell, which he hated, from the next door church. The parishioners would stop to listen — and arrive late for church. The cupola owner finally agreed to stop when the pastor allowed him to donate a set of chimes to the church. Morris, who built his own cupola on a home he once owned, is covering new ground on a subject he says there's little information about. "It's a fascinating subject," he says.



FRED HATFIELD

Morris: Covering new ground on cupolas

Leslie Poole: Images of an inner world

Before he left his P.E.I. home, he hardly knew what a professional painting looked like. Today, his own emotional, controversial work is earning him an international reputation

By Douglas Campbell

When Leslie Poole put his Vancouver house up for sale recently, he took most of his latest paintings off the walls. He was afraid they might upset prospective house buyers.

At first, a couple of them had been too much even for him.

He looks for a moment at the bared fangs, fiery eyes and flailing human arms of "Dog Mask." "After I did that one, I sort of went to bed for two days because it was very upsetting," he says with a touch of amusement. "I didn't want to be a painter who did that kind of painting."

Poole had no trouble covering the walls with canvases that were "a little easier to deal with." His prodigious output includes light, airy montages, studies of huge, blooming irises and any number of landscapes inspired, he believes, by his childhood in the Prince Edward Island countryside.

But it is the paintings that lay bare raw, deeply felt emotions that people seem to talk about most as his reputation, at age 42, spreads across Canada and, more recently, into the U.S. The haunted, lonely children and anguished, distorted women of a couple of earlier series are not the sort of work everyone readily appreciates. "Leslie's work can be abrasive," says Scott Watson, a curator at the Vancouver Art Gallery. "They are not easy paintings. I think people either really like his paintings or they do not."

However they react to his work, few people would question Poole's commitment to it. A friendly, soft-spoken man behind his bushy beard and round, wire-rimmed glasses, he becomes tough and determined when he talks about his ideas and his belief in his ability. When he can, he paints five to eight hours a day, six days a week. Apart from teaching two afternoons a week at Vancouver Community College, he takes time off only to attend openings or deliver critiques at other schools.

"I think part of being a painter is that, come hell or high water, you paint," he says. "If

you paint once a week or less and you go up there to try to say something, your muscles may not respond."

His grey, frame house is dominated by his work. Upstairs is his studio and the office of his agent-manager, Gary Maier. The main floor is sparsely furnished, decorated in shades of grey and cream, and his paintings burst out of the cool, flat background in explosions of color on every wall. What is not on the walls is in the basement, dozens of works stacked from floor to ceiling, from wall to wall. The house is up for sale because Poole needs a place with more storage room.



PAUL LITTLE

Poole: "Come hell or high water, you paint"

He says some people consider it a sign of tawdry commercialism for an artist to hire an agent, but he and Maier, a former teacher of pharmacy, set up the arrangement two years ago so Poole would have more time to paint.

"What it boils down to," he says, "is that if you have more than one gallery, you do one of two things: You either paint or arrange shows. So if you are going to paint full-time, somebody has to do the business work."

His work is now sold through six galleries across Canada, for prices ranging from \$250 all the way up to \$8,000. A one-man show in San Francisco wound up in March and another is scheduled for Chicago this month. Maier says the response in the U.S. has been exciting.

Poole's paintings are in collections across Canada, including those at the Confederation Centre Art Gallery in Charlottetown, the Beaverbrook gallery in Fredericton, N.B., and the Memorial University gallery in Newfoundland.

Not bad for a high school kid from Poole's Corner, three miles outside Montague, P.E.I., who started off entering



Pool went to bed for two days after painting "Dog Mask"



"Yellow Portrait": Poole says, "With the figurative series I really dig deeply inside myself"

his drawings and paintings in the Charlottetown Exhibition.

"Prince Edward Island was sort of a strange place for a budding artist to grow up because there was no gallery on the Island, that I know of, until after I left for university," he recalls. "Barry Bugden had a hobby shop in Charlottetown and he used to do landscapes, and that was the only painting I knew. I used to go there to buy oil paints and ask him what kind of brushes I should use."

It was 1963 before Poole began formal art training at the University of Alberta. Ernie Poole, a relative and patriarch of the Alberta construction family, had offered to help him out.

"That was quite fascinating. I had hardly seen a professional oil painting until I left Prince Edward Island, and then I walked into and lived in the home of the Pooles, who had one of the major Group of Seven collections in the world."

(As an aside, Poole observes that he now considers the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design one of the best in the country, thanks in part to its frequent exchanges with students and instructors from New York. "Of all the places my students have gone, that's the one I get the best reports on.")

After getting a bachelor of fine arts from the University of Alberta, Poole went on to do a master's degree at Yale, his first exposure to students who were in art "to get rich and famous."

"It still makes me angry that so much art is produced from a PR point of view — get the product on the market, get it sold, preferably get famous. My idea is that you do art from inner necessity, to reveal what life and society is about, dealing with what it is to be human."

That idea, and his determined attempt to develop the emotional side of his painting, put him squarely in the camp of the neo-expressionist painters whose work began coming out of Europe in the 1970s. Poole, working in Vancouver for the past 10 years, arrived at the same style independently. He says he's always seeking a balance in his paintings between form and content, intellect and emotion.

"What generally happens is that I do series, alternating figurative work with flowers, still life, or landscapes. I find with the figurative series I really dig deeply inside myself and they are heavy going, so as a kind of relief I will switch to a series that deals more with the up emotions. I always alternate, for my own mental health, I suppose."

Does he mind that other people find much of his work disturbing?

"Oh, I'm delighted when they do," he says. "Not because I want to distress people. My reaction is 'Good, you're getting what I put into it.'"

What does upset Poole is the criticism that he dashes off his paintings, creating emotion at the expense of control.

When he teaches, he insists his students learn the painstaking basics of drawing, what he calls their "finger exercises," and he prides himself on his own grounding in basic skills.

"The bottom line is that I know exactly what I'm doing," he says. "When you want to express yourself, you use an expressionist brush stroke. If you hold back that brush stroke and carefully plan it, then it's a different expression."

"I have trained myself thoroughly in the basics of drawing and painting so that when I want to make a loose brush

stroke all the information is there to make it go where I want — only it just happens to go where I want in a hurry, instead of slowly."

He bristles at the suggestion he is too prolific.


"Because I'm serious about this and work six days a week, I end up having a lot of work. Do I burn some of them so I don't look so prolific? It's sort of a strange thing, because what's happening is that people are penalizing me for being a very hard-working artist."

For Rosalyn Porter, a director at Poole's Vancouver gallery, Ken Heffel Fine Art Inc., the test is the quality, not the quantity of Poole's work. "So much energy comes off those paintings," she says. "He never takes anything for granted. He is always pushing the borders. I would say he is still not as recognized as he should be, and as I think he will be."

Poole is not about to disagree.

The Vancouver Art Gallery has shown his work in a one-man show and in group exhibitions, including its opening survey of Vancouver artists going back to 1931. But it does not have a Leslie Poole in its permanent collection, and the artist does not bother to hide his annoyance.

"That makes me angry because I think I'm a good enough painter to be in that collection. If you talk to the Heffel gallery and the people who like my work, I have a reputation for being probably *the* up-and-coming artist in Vancouver."

"If you talk to certain other people, and they happen to be in the local art establishment, they are not taking me seriously — yet. They will." 

Laurie Swim: Quilting in silks and satins

When this Lockeport, N.S., woman began making her magnificent designs in the Seventies, she helped raise the ancient tradition of quilting to a fine art

By Paulette Urquhart

Laurie Swim had just finished hanging her first commercial commission — a work of quilted silk banners in the earthy browns and opulent, gilded reds of an Indian summer in her native Nova Scotia. She had created a forest from shimmering, undulating quilted squares and stuffed fabric tubes that stretched 64 feet across and hung four feet down from the ceiling of a new branch of, appropriately enough, the Bank of Nova Scotia. She had cut the sensuous silks on her hands and knees in a stark warehouse on nude wood and had stitched each twig and leaf on a vintage, goose-necked Singer sewing machine. It had taken four months to produce the work. She called it "Equinox."

The carpenters were still sanding the counter tops and installing the tellers' drawers. The Bell people were taping sinuous cables along the baseboards when one of the workmen raised his head, ran his eyes along the art swaying from the rafters and whistled through his teeth.

"Geez," he said. "That's a big blanket."

Swim laughs when she tells that story — a knee-slapping, throw-back-your-head, infectious roar of a laugh that has no right rising out of the wide-eyed, petite woman who seems lost in her man-

sized shirt. When it happened she was devastated. The quilt as a medium for fine art was such a novel idea in 1978 — even to the artist herself — that a few words from a telephone repairman could chip at her ego like a chick pecking its way out of a shell. Today she is vulnerable but more steely; she seems comfortable with what she is and what she does.

She pours her soul and her creative energy into quilting; she explores appliqué, stitching and layering and experiments with a palette of silks, satins, velvets and batting gleaned from the remnant bins of Toronto's Spadina Avenue haberdasheries. She has the grace not to shudder or raise her voice when it is suggested that she might have spent the last eight of her 35 years creating art that some people would just as soon sleep under as hang on their walls.

"I feel as if I am always sitting on a fence," she says. "The art community accepts people who paint, and the craft community accepts people who make wall hangings. I do neither."

What Laurie Swim does is elicit praise from people who believe fine art is not bounded by the painter's canvas. Alex Colville saw Swim's "Eve's Apple," a deceptively simple but powerful, predominantly black and white quilt, in 1976 when he judged it the Most Out-



Swim pours her soul into quilting

standing Entry in the Nova Scotia Designer Craftsmen Exhibition. His ebullience can barely be contained between the pages of Swim's soon-to-be-released book, *The Joy of Quilting*.

"I was astonished and deeply affected when I saw 'Eve's Apple,'" Colville writes in the book's introduction. "How can I explain this almost physical response to her work? It is a kind of thrilled cognition..." He goes on to call her art "a presence that is rare" and "a work that evokes a deep response." This is a man who knows the difference between a blanket and a work of art.

It is ironic that Colville and Swim have never met. She feels that he exerts a nebulous influence on her art. She calls him Mr. Colville — always — but feels that they are kindred spirits. Perhaps it is because they both draw from the past, and their roots intertwined deep in the fibre of Nova Scotia's past.

Seven generations of Swims have



"Equinox": A forest of undulating quilted silk

lived in the small town of Lockeport on Nova Scotia's South Shore, and two generations have run the fishing industry there. She spouts that laugh again.

"You know what they say: Lockeport is so small that when it applied for incorporation it had to count the gravesites."

She's one of the few Swims who've left the idyllic seaside town. Now she lives in a Toronto neighborhood where the latest wave of immigrants has painted the Victorian gingerbread vivid pinks, reds and greens and planted unfamiliar vegetables in the front yards. Swim went there because she needed to grow.

"I wanted to get away from what I had always known. The idea of anonymity was wonderful."

The choice of city was just a matter of elimination. She felt she couldn't hurdle the language barrier in Montreal, and she dismissed the lure of New York City when she realized she couldn't ward off

of her friends' mothers. Her own mother, Gladys, could patch jeans, not quilts. When Gladys opened the Lockeport Smart Shop and stocked it with tonsized bins of fabric remnants, she unknowingly launched her daughter's career. Swim sifted through nubbly silk swatches, hoarded scraps like a nesting pack-rat and treasured fine yard goods. She still does.

"I saw this interior designer buying 20 yards of wonderful raw silk for drapes," she says, obviously appalled. "For drapes," she echoes incredulously. "That is like hanging gems on your windows."

When she did study art — first at Mount Allison University and then at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design — she wanted to master weaving. In Europe, after her wanderlust had been satisfied, she got an apprenticeship with one of Denmark's finest fibre artists. (An American girl was supposed to exchange English lessons for her training, but she kept bumping her head on the beams of the thatched roof cottage. Swim got the coveted placement because she was short.)

She loved Denmark; its network of small villages and its link with the sea reminded her of home. The Danish designs were utilitarian, primitive and stunning. Swim felt they awakened a dormant sense of style and design within her. She soon abandoned weaving, finding it too restrictive. It couldn't be altered when the design cried out for change. She reached

into her past, plucked out quilting and started applying the principles of design to the ancient art. Until then, she had made two quilts. On Wednesday and Saturday nights, when her dates were cheering on the hockey greats, she was meticulously, almost obsessively, matching prints for her quilt. It helped pass the time between goals. When she came home from Europe, she was unsure about the practical aspects of combining art and quilting. Swim went to see Rena Ringer, a big, stoic woman and, some say, the best quilter in the Maritimes. Ringer, who lived in Ragged Islands, across the harbor from Lockeport, had spent 12 years living in a lighthouse watching the light sweep the horizon. Swim loved her strength and warmth. "After all," she says, "if you can spend 12 years living

on a rock you have to have something more than meets the eye." Anyway, Ringer took a look at the design for "Eve's Apple," said in her matter-of-fact-way that she didn't see why it couldn't become a quilt and started stitching. Together they finished the 100-inch square and entered it in the Designer Craftsmen competition. Today, it's on permanent display and stands as a legacy to Ringer, who died in 1981, and a testament to Swim's talent.

"She deserved to be acknowledged, and her work needed to be preserved," Swim says.

Her work keeps changing and growing. She says she's drawn to ideas the way moths are lured into flames. She can go to bed with vague images on her mind and, while she sleeps, merge them into designs. Inspiration is triggered by a line in a novel or an ad in a magazine. Some of her work hangs in galleries, but most of her quilted art is commissioned by individuals or corporations. (It sells for \$40 to \$50 a square foot; her most recent work, a 50-square-foot quilt, cost \$2,000.)

Some critics believe it is tantamount to selling her soul. Swim says she's happy to do an honest day's work for an honest wage. Besides, commissions are her bread and butter, and an artist can't live on critical acclaim alone. Original Swims can be found in the lobby of fork-lift manufacturers, in the staircase of an abattoir with the words "pork sausage" worked clearly into the design, on magazine covers and in the background of movie sets.

She is not a purist and proud of it. When the Bank of Nova Scotia architects were about to reject "Equinox," she asked why. They told her the colors, hues of green and blue, were wrong for the bank's image. "People will walk in and think they are at the T-D," they told her. Swim changed the color scheme.


In *The Joy of Quilting*, she gives details and instructions for 30 of her quilts. She's not giving anything up; she's already learned from these works and wants to share. She needs to keep moving ahead. "I just keep putting one foot in front of the other."

Swim is starting to put down roots in her adopted home. The greengrocer gets worried if she doesn't come by the stall on Friday mornings. He scolds her if she looks wan. Her fiancé, the producer of the book, is a city boy who thinks the sea is just a lot of water. She wants to explore some more; she might try painting.

There was a time when she first enrolled at Mount Allison University that she thought she could be a painter. Alex Colville had taught the course, but he left for sabbatical the year Swim arrived.

She is thoughtful. Every muscle in her expressive face, from the high brow to her chin, is drawn in concentration.

"You realize," she muses, "that I might have been a painter if he had been there."

That would have been a shame. We might never have seen a Laurie Swim quilt. 



"Eve's Apple": Deceptively simple but powerful

muggers. Her Brunswick Avenue home is a long way from Lockeport, where she watched the ebb and flow of the sea from her bedroom window.

"I grew up believing that everything was stretched out before me. With those vistas my thoughts could only soar."

Flights of the imagination started in the first grade, when her classmates were drawing purple and red stick people with gargantuan heads and too few spindly fingers, and she was creating a portrait of a mother wheeling an empty carriage with a stork, baby in beak, hovering above. She drew it in primitive perspective and signed the finished work. Laurie Swim had defined her destiny before her sixth birthday.

There was plenty of encouragement and little art training. She sewed as a youngster and learned to quilt at the feet

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LUIS VILLOTA/MASTER FILE

The Grand Hotel Oloffson

The *magie noire* of Haiti

Its beaches are rocky, its people poor. But it's rich in culture and history and if you want more from a holiday than just a tan, it's for you

By Paulette Urquhart

When we asked whether the Trianon, the hotel immortalized in *The Comedians*, Graham Greene's scathing novel of corruption, intrigue and black magic in Haiti during the Fifties, really existed in Port-au-Prince we lowered our voices and spoke in tones so hushed they were worthy of a shady Greene character. After all, we reasoned, what hotel would want to be known as the setting for a grisly, bloody murder under the diving board or renowned for its decadence, decay and absurd architecture? It is a little ridiculous now when we realize that the Grand Hotel Oloffson, with its turrets, towers, gingerbread facade and balconies so laden with unkempt bougainvillea they threaten to collapse onto the piano bar below, advertises that it is the faintly disguised model for Greene's infamous Trianon in every brochure.

The Oloffson's off-the-wall reputation draws actors, musicians, novelists and people who wish they were actors,

musicians and novelists. We couldn't resist and reserved a table for the Sunday dinner-*vaudou* show.

The performance was supposed to start at 11 p.m. but it was 11:30 and the *houngan*, the high priest and star, was on the verandah smoking a cigarette with slow languid puffs. (Later onstage he would hop on one bare foot and with the ease of a snake slithering through grass twine it over his shoulder, pop a lit cigarette between his big toe and the one beside it, take a puff and blow a series of round, unwavering smoke rings.)

The maitre d', a slight man with a waxed moustache and roving eyes, announced over the din of waiters clearing dishes and dogs whining — they wander freely in the dining room — that there would be a fashion show before the *vaudou* show. A what?

The *houngan* reached for another Gauloise and the band members ordered a couple of beers. For the next half-hour, models (all friends of the local designer) inched their way between wrought-iron

chairs and ducked under the arms of waiters ferrying trays. The models giggled when they passed the appreciative eye of the maitre d' and swatted his groping hands.

The outfits all looked the same but the hotel guests seemed delighted. But then, the Oloffson guests included an aging, balding, pony-tailed owner of a British brewery and his wife, an Indian princess, a New York dress designer with pearls woven through her waist-long hair and her prepubescent daughter dressed in a negligé and balancing 10 little white birds in her hair, a Marilyn Monroe clone and a couple of gigolos courting well-preserved widows.

Mick Jagger was not there although he has been. There is a cubby hole of a room in the maternity wing (the Oloffson was a hospital during the war) named in his honor.

The dinner was decent, the *vaudou* show was not nearly as memorable as the guests (although a woman did eat burning charcoal) and the Oloffson can indeed claim to be everything Greene said it was.

You cannot say the same about Haiti. Greene painted it as a dangerous, seedy place where tourists disappear and *magie noire* prevails. Even some travel agents believe the worst about this tiny (the western third of the Caribbean island shared with the Dominican Re-

TRAVEL

public), French and Creole-speaking black republic.

"You don't want to go there," said the travel agent, pressing slick brochures about shopping in Aruba, snorkelling in Cancun and night-life in Montego Bay into my palms. I insisted on Haiti. He insisted. "The beaches are lousy, the people are poor and the country is run by a mad dictator."

The agent was right: Most of the beaches are rocky, the people struggle to survive (the average income is less than \$300 U.S. a year) and when Baby Doc Duvalier, President for Life, leaves his palace the roads are cleared by his machine-gun waving police, the Tonton Macoutes. Still, the island is safe for tourists (it is said that Haitians who steal or harm a hair on the head of a tourist will have no head the next morning), rich in culture and history and appealing to those who want more from a holiday than a great tan and a hotel with toilets tied in bows declaring them sanitized.

It is a stunning morning, as usual. The sun rises from the mountains (Haiti is the aboriginal Arawak Indian word for mountainous land) that leap from the rocky coastline. Haiti's ever-present gentle breeze wafts through the giant palms. The air is sweet but by mid-morning, the acrid smoke from garbage fires and thick, black car exhaust will rise and hang like crape over the capital city of Port-au-Prince. Even in Pétionville, the chic, wealthy community with the best hotels and restaurants on the mountainside overlooking the squalor of the capital, the air will be thick by noon.

The roosters grow quiet and we breathe a sigh of relief. Haitian roosters do not understand their role: A simple, throaty cock-a-doodle-doo with the rising sun. Their discordant crows start at sunset, peak in the dead of night when the howls of packs of mangy dogs rise in a crescendo and die at sunrise when the bleating of carhorns begins. There is no need for air-conditioning during Haiti's winters (the summer heat is oppressive) unless you want to drown out the roosters, dogs and horns.

We have rented a car because the tap-taps, mini buses gaily adorned with religious artifacts and covered with brilliant, primitive paintings and bearing names meant to inspire confidence — Forgive My Sins, Save Me Jesus and By the Grace of God — are crowded, mechanically unreliable and prone to stop at corners and stay there. If you insist on using local transport, flag a tap-tap down on any corner. For the bargain rate of a gourde (20 cents U.S.) you can travel anywhere in the city.

The taxis have problems gaining momentum on the incline: A definite disadvantage in a country named for its mountains. They are not metered and the astute visitor will negotiate a price from the airport, say, to a Pétionville hotel

(around \$15 U.S.) before the cabbie steps on the gas with the gusto of a Le Mans driver on the straight-away.

A car with manual transmission is a must and a Jeep is a terrific idea. The major car rental agencies are at the airport and their prices are competitive with Canadian rates. They take American cash as is and one U.S. dollar will buy five Haitian gourdes.

From Pétionville to Port-au-Prince is a hairy 10-minute drive not suitable for people with pacemakers and those who grow faint at the thought of staring eyeball to eyeball at a driver passing in your lane. The hairpin curves are unmarked and one Canadian we know lost the front end of his car in a pot hole.

Along the route Haitian women — beautiful testaments to their Indian, African and European heritage — balance mounds of papaya and mango or pyramids of cane chairs as they sway effortlessly up and down the rutted roads. Their feet are bare, their spines are straight and although they bear too many children for their lithe bodies, live in crowded mud-floor huts without water or electricity and scratch the barren earth for food, they sing lilting, bright songs

cast in French and English, languages the educated, wealthy Haitian aristocracy, the so-called elite, understand and use.

We had to face the horror of pleading eyes and outstretched hands at some tourist haunts. There is begging everywhere but in Haiti there is also an expectation that a tourist will gladly pay for a job well done. When we parked, dozens of rag-bearing urchins carrying pails of murky water would give the car a quick wash and spit-shine. They would also, whether we protested or not, guard the car until we returned. It was unnecessary but who cared? The children expected only a handful of gourdes.

We spent most of our mornings catching the tourist must-sees in this teeming capital of one million people. There are people everywhere, though the port cannot be any larger than Halifax. Two mammoth iron buildings span the Boulevard J.J. Dessalines and sandwich the noisiest, dirtiest (one writer points out that only the dead are washed clean) most congested market in the world. Everything is dumped on the floor of the Iron Market. Dry fish, dead fish and dying fish share a stall with perfumed soaps and oils. Placid turkeys await their end



Barefooted Haitian women sway effortlessly along the road

and double over with hooting, deep-in-the-belly laughs when something strikes them funny.

As the Creole saying goes: *Lavi se you pantalon defouke, sans bretel — sa se lavi Ayiti*. It means: Life is a pair of split pants with no suspenders — that is life in Haiti.

It is trite to say that these impoverished people are happy. They seem to like a good laugh and they make the most of what they have. It is fair to say that most Haitians have no idea of what they do not have. Creole, a *mélange* of French, Spanish, Carib, English and African, is the native language and it is unique to the island. Illiteracy is the norm and radios and televisions broad-

with unruffled dignity. Dry-goods salesmen hawk their pans and kaleidoscopic fabrics and all barter at decibels only a dog should be able to hear.

Everything that is available on the island can be found at the market but if you want to buy you must bargain. A Haitian would be disgraced if he didn't haggle, scream and insult the merchant before parting with a gourde.

I find the scene overwhelming; there are too many toothless, grinning salesmen tugging at my arms and the powerful stench of ripe fruit and ripe fish drives me to the gates. There is wonderful shopping away from the bazaar. On the mountain road past Pétionville the Baptist Mission-run Mountain Maid, a



The Iron Market is colorful and overcrowded. So are the tap-taps, the local public transport

self-help project, sells cane furniture, embroidered cotton, mahogany sculpture and hand-sewn tablecloths and napkins for bargain prices. The cafeteria scoops the best ice cream and grills the best double cheeseburgers on the island. The elite share a passion for high-fashion with their Parisian cousins and some of Pétionville's boutiques and shops are worthy of Rue St. Honoré addresses. The Galeries Nadar and Monnin display and sell the brilliant naive art that has given Haiti its international reputation.

The Musée de l'Art Haïtien gives us a thorough review of the history of the primitive painters but we are really disappointed by the museums. There are not enough funds for upkeep or purchases. It is fun to see the eight-foot anchor from Christopher Columbus' *Santa Maria* (the ship foundered on Christmas night 1492 and the colony of La Navidad was born on the northern coast) and such enlightening historical artifacts as the bread knife and fountain pen of dead presidents.

The museum and gallery hours seem to change with the winds and with the whims of the gallery staff.

I will admit that some of the great cathedrals of Europe leave me with little more than a cold respect but to my delight and awe the Cathedral St. Trinité is wonderful. In the apse, three 21-foot vertical panels are covered in bold, bright paint strokes by Haitian artists. Jungle animals leap from corners, thatched roofs protect the black Virgin Mary and the Last Supper features Mary Magdalene at the end of the table. The stations of the cross are sculpted in wood and framed by banana trees. It is magnificent. The simplicity, color and pure Haitian interpretation rivals the most ornate art in a European church.

It is only appropriate that the Hai-

tian murals dominate the Cathedral. The Haitians have always managed to weave their traditional ways and beliefs into the fibre of western religions. There is a wry Haitian saying: "Ninety percent of the people is Catholic and one hundred percent is *vaudou*."

There are *vaudou* ceremonies at the hotels but there is no chance for a tourist to see a true ritual. *Vaudou* is a religion, not a side-show. It is alive with beating drums, mystical creatures, zombies who rise from their graves, faith-healing and animal sacrifice, and the devout practise in their homes or high in the mountains.

We've planned on two trips to the country; one will take us over the mountains to the south coast and the other will meander along the coast to the Cap Haïtien on the eastern tip of Haiti.

The air cools as we climb the mountains. The tallest tower 8,000 feet above the jungle basin. The highway is good and well marked but tortuous. The hair-pin curves lend themselves to prayer and brave, breathless exclamations about the dizzying view. We throw the car into second gear and inch along the woven bamboo wall that restrains tons of dry mud like a Dutch boy's finger holds back the floods. The truck speeding toward us is called *Les Mysteres*, the Spirits. Well, something must be guiding it: Goats, chickens, maybe even a donkey, who knows, are on top of the truck. There is an entire extended family up there eating mangoes. It careens dangerously toward us and we hug the wall. I suspect one of its wheels is over the edge but we do not collide and it does not disappear into the dark abyss.

Sometimes the tap-taps are so laden with people and produce that the good-natured Haitians walk up the steep hills while the bus putters and spits to the top. After its labored ascent, everyone climbs

aboard and glides into the valley. It can take a very long time to go from Port-au-Prince by tap-tap. By car it is a 2½-hour ride.

I am anxious to see Jacmel. The books and brochures paint it as a thriving artists' retreat in the midst of charming New Orleans-style turn-of-the-century iron mansions.

We had been warned about the checkpoint at the entrance to the town. We stopped at the almost obscured Arrêt sign and waited for the uniformed guard to check our licence plate number against those listed in a thick, bound book. He approached us, peered into the car and said nothing. We handed over our passports and after a great deal of flipping he sent us on our way. We later found out that most of the guards cannot read.

We could hear the ocean but we couldn't see it. Time after time we drove by the same beaten signs for the beach hotels. We went up roads that degenerated into goat paths and down steep alleys.

"Hey you, follow me."

The voice came from a dirt-smudged youngster who thumped on the car hood and motioned us to follow. Within seconds a band of children was trying to send us in the opposite direction. We finally paid them all to leave us alone.

At last, we found a modern two-storey hotel set in a coconut grove, Hotel Jacmelliennne. We were sweaty, dusty and ready to jump into the waves and then drink pints of Haiti's excellent local beer, Prestige. The black sand beach was inviting until we saw the raw sewage flowing from open pits into the water. Litter was strewn along the beach. We walked for a bit and decided to have lunch and see the sights.

The spicy fish lunch was wonderful

TRAVEL



The Citadelle: Like Noah's Ark beached on a mountain

but Jacmel had the air of a dowager long past her prime. The glorious iron mansions were rusting, the paint was long-gone from the gingerbread houses and the hanging gardens were little more than matted vines. It must have been grand in the 1880s when Jacmel was a thriving port and centre for the world's coffee exports. Now it is depressing.

A gaunt man with an intense gaze sat down at our table. He had been swimming laps and pools of water collected under his elbows. He flipped through our book, *The Black Republic*, and we noticed that he was the author, Selden Rodman.

Rodman, an American poet and art critic who lives above his art gallery in Jacmel, had predicted a tourist revival in his 1954 edition of *The Black Republic*. I wondered why it had never happened.

"Damn *New York Times*," he spluttered. "They keep writing about this AIDS thing."

Every paper in North America has reported that the deadly Acquired Immune Deficiency syndrome strikes homosexuals, hemophiliacs and mysteriously, Haitians. Just to set the record straight, there is no more chance of catching AIDS by visiting Haiti than there is of catching the syndrome while visiting the home of thousands of homosexuals, San Francisco. You cannot catch AIDS like you catch cold.

Rodman found it hard to believe that not everyone would be charmed by the faded grandeur of Jacmel. He told us about the beautiful white sand beaches 12 miles east of Jacmel. At Petite Rivière de Nippes there is good spearfishing and a stable where you can rent nags for the 2½-hour trek to a series of waterfalls and emerald-green pools. We passed on the trip — there was still that hairy ride back to Pétionville.

The hotels in Jacmel are not the only ones suffering from a dearth of tourists. The Ibo Lélé, a luxury hotel overlooking the bay, was empty during the height of the tourist season. Our footsteps echoed as we walked the quarry-tiled hallways. Fine restaurants serving Creole food, fresh fish and French cuisine were

always ready for crowds that never came. The Habitation Leclerc, an elegant estate featuring 44 secluded villas with private pools, nightclubs, casinos and superb dining, has closed. Other hotels may follow its lead.

The roosters were crowing when we left for the 290-km drive to La Citadelle, the fortress built to protect Haiti's north from attack. Most of the road is flat and passes sandy beaches but the last 100-km leg is more hair-raising than the road to Jacmel. There are no guard rails and sheer drops at every turn.

I breathe a sigh of relief when we reach Milot, the last town before the climb to the fortress. I did not know there was sheer terror ahead. A driver and jeep take us the 8 km up the mountain. The road is only inches wider than the car and cuts through dank jungle. We skirt boulders and dive in and out of craters for two hours. At the clearing my heart pounds at the thought of climbing onto the pathetic burro and heading higher. Gravel slides under its hoofs as we grip the edges of the mountain. It seems as if it will never end and then, around a bend, the Citadelle appears: It is like Noah's Ark beached on a mountain top. It is massive, rounded and dotted with tiny square portholes on its prow. The stone walls are 12 feet thick and 365 bronze cannons sit unused. The fortress was built to withstand attack. No enemy ever tried.

The Citadelle was the obsession of Haiti's first black emperor, Henri I, a freed slave and waiter who led the Haitians in an uprising against the French. Lust for power and paranoia turned Henri Christophe into a tyrant: 200,000 slaves were whipped into submission and forced to lug rocks, cement and tools up the cliffs. Twenty thousand slaves died building a fort that was never used.

We will be leaving in the morning. We think about heading to El Rancho, a casino in Pétionville, for a couple of rounds of blackjack but we would rather take our chances at the Oloffson. They say that one of these days the Anne Bancroft Suite will fall into the dining room; we're going to order a couple of rum punches and wait.

CALENDAR

NEW BRUNSWICK

June — RCMP Musical Ride: June 9, 10, Oromocto; June 13, 14, Sussex; June 16, 17, Saint John; June 19, New-castle; June 23, Moncton; June 26, 27, Grand Falls

June 2-10 — Trout Festival, Balmoral
June 8, 9 — N.B. Open Old-Time Fiddle Championship, Sackville

June 8-10 — Shiretown Festival '84, Dorchester

June 8-16 — Quispamsis Field Days, Quispamsis

June 16 — Armed Forces Day, CFB Gagetown

June 19-24 — The Great Circus of China: Aerial artistry, tumbling routine, stunt riding, Moncton Coliseum

June 20-23 — Clown Carnavale '84, Moncton

June 21-24 — Marshland Frolics Summer Fair, Sackville

June 22-24 — N.B. Highland Games, Oromocto

June 24-July 1 — Crab Festival, Le Goulet

June 26-July 2 — Potato Festival, Grand Falls

June 27-July 1 — Railroad Days, Moncton

June 27-July 1 — Scallop Festival, Richibucto

June 27-July 2 — Pioneer Days, Oromocto

June 28 — 11th Annual Miramichi Fiddling Jamboree, Newcastle

June 28-July 1 — Marine Festival, Bas-Caraquet

June 28-July 1 — Coal Mining Festival, Minto

June 28-July 1 — 5th Acadian Games, Petit-Rocher

June 29-July 1 — Where We Come From: Celebrations marking the community's bicentennial, Richibucto Village

June 29-July 2 — Alma Jubilee, Alma

June 29-July 2 — Old-fashioned Picnic and Softball Tournament, Richibucto

June 29-July 2 — Villagers' Festival, Pointe-Verte

June 30 — N.B. Country Music Hall: Induction ceremonies, Fredericton

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

June 4-23 — "Leather or Not": An international leather exhibit, Holland College School of Visual Arts, Charlottetown

June 5-29 — Brian Burke: New paintings, Great George Street Gallery, Charlottetown

June 6 — Circus International: Three-ring circus, Kennedy Coliseum, Charlottetown

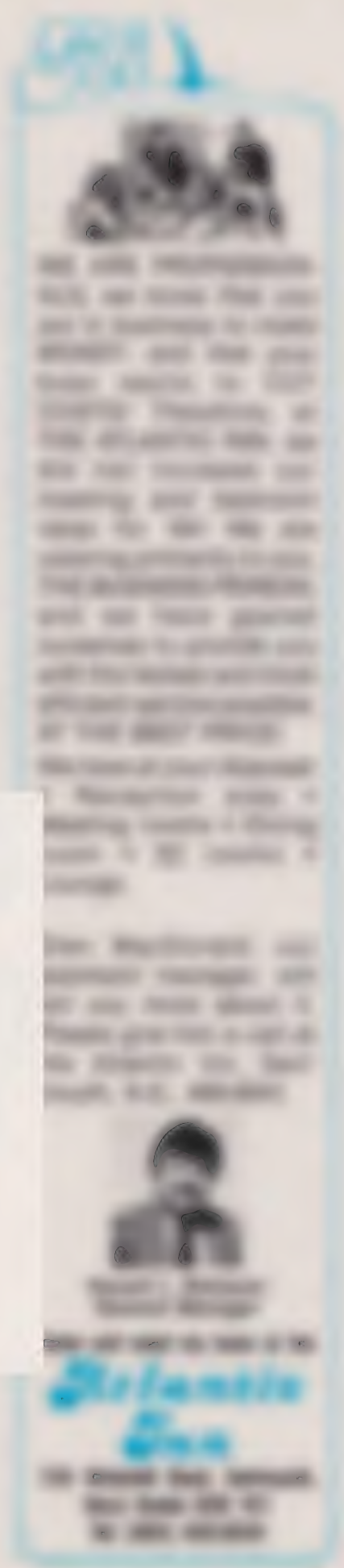
June 9 — McDonalds' Run: Ten-mile road race, Charlottetown

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June 9, 10 — P.E.I. Two-ball Tournament: Men's (open) golf tournament, Brudenell River Golf Club, Brudenell

June 16 — Cape Egmont Yacht Race, Summerside, P.E.I., to Shediac, N.B.

June 16, 17 — Maritime Championship Drag Races, Oyster Bed Bridge

June 16, 17 — Abegweit Kennel Club Dog Shows, Sportsplex, Sherwood

June 19-Sept. 3 — "From the Heart": Folk Art in Canada, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

June 21-Sept. 16 — The River and the Bush: Art exhibit, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

June 22-Sept. 1 — The Charlottetown Festival: World-class musicals in repertory, Confederation Centre

June 24 — Natal Day Race and Commodore's Cup: Yacht race following a barbecue, Charlottetown

June 28, 29 — LaLeche League of Eastern Canada presents "In Celebration of the Family," Charlottetown

June 30 — Seaman's Beverages Four-mile Run: Four-mile road race, Charlottetown

June 30-July 2 — Windsurfing Awareness Weekend: Learn to windsurf, Stanhope

June 29-July 1 — Irish Moss Festival: Midway, parade, pancake-flipping contest, bingo, Tignish

June 29-July 3 — Gateway Port Days: Softball tournament, teen dance, fireworks, Borden

NOVA SCOTIA

June 1-Sept. 15 — Exhibit of Canadian Coins and Nova Scotian Silver, Public Archives of Nova Scotia, Halifax

June 2 — Bedford Community Singers with soprano Margaret MacMurdo-McMillan and Mary Jayon

June 4-July 13 — Folk Art of Nova Scotia, Sherbrooke Village Art Gallery, Sherbrooke Village

June 6-10 — Great Circus of China: Aerial artistry, tumbling routine, stunt riding, Metro Centre

June 9 — Lobster Supper, River John

June 10-13 — The Tall Ships Parade of Sail: Gathering of the world's largest sail-training ships, Halifax

June 15 — 16th Annual Chicken Barbecue, Truro

June 15-17 — Annual Bazaar and 4x4 Rally, Shelburne

June 15-17 — Nova Scotia Forestry Exhibition, Windsor

June 15-Aug. 29 — "Bridges and Lighthouses of Cumberland": Drawings, photographs, models, Amherst

June 16 — Bridgewater Fire Department Annual Fair, Bridgewater

June 16 — Planked Salmon Supper, Caledonia

June 16, 17 — Annual Flower Show of the Atlantic Branch of the Canadian Rhododendron Society, Maritime Museum of the Atlantic, Halifax

June 17 — Scottish Concert and

Dance, Pictou

June 18-23 — Aviation Extravaganza '84: Aircraft display, Halifax

June 19-July 7 — Atlantic Print: Art exhibit, Sunbury Shores, St. Andrews

June 20-July 1 — Bedford Days: Parade, dances, beerfest, Bedford

June 22-24 — Glooscap Summer Festival: Parade, entertainment, games, Canning

June 22-24 — 3rd Annual Street Cruisers Car Show: Indoor car show featuring vehicles from the Atlantic provinces, Liverpool

June 27-July 1 — Nova Scotia Tattoo: Military and civilian performers sing, dance and march, Halifax

June 28-July 2 — Mabou Ceilidh: A Scottish festival of concerts, barbecues, dances, parades, Mabou

June 29-July 1 — Fe Festin de Musique de la Baie Ste. Marie, Church Point

June 29-July 1 — L'Esprit de Wedgeport: Acadian celebrations, Wedgeport

June 29-July 1 — Olands Invitational Fastball Tournament: 9th annual province-wide event, Brooklyn/Liverpool

June 29-July 2 — Tatamagouche Festival: Musical play, Tatamagouche

June 29-July 1 — Le Festin de Musique de la Baie Ste. Marie, Church

NEWFOUNDLAND

June 7, 8 — Sharon Walsh Dance Studio, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

June 7-17 — Newfoundland and Labrador Arts and Letters Competition, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

June 8-11 — Newfoundland/Labrador Provincial Five-pin Bowling Championships, Happy Valley/Goose Bay

June 9 — Solo Theatre, LSPU Hall, St. John's

June 14-16 — The Dance Series, LSPU Hall, St. John's

June 16 — Wanda Allix Dance Studio, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

June 18 — Supercircus, S.W. Moors Memorial Stadium, Harbour Grace

June 22-July 22 — William Kurelek's Vision of Canada, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

June 23-24 — First Burin Peninsula Folk Festival: Traditional music from across the Island and St. Pierre, Salt Pond, Burin

June 24 — St. John's Day Celebrations, St. John's

June 30-July 1 — 6th Annual Conception Bay Folk Festival: Traditional Newfoundland folk art, songs, dance, Pike's Field, Carbonear

June 30-July 1 — St. Fintan's Garden Party: Dance, concessions, bingo, St. Fintan's

June 30-July 2 — Canoe Weekend: Overnight trip followed by a race on the Lower Humber River, Corner Brook

Atlantic



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Gerard L. Breissan
General Manager

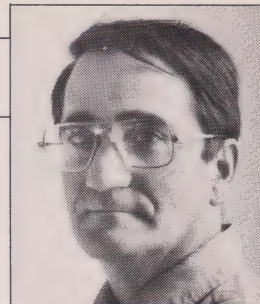
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Atlantic Inn

**739 Windmill Road, Dartmouth,
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Tel: (902) 469-0810**

Tuning in to a slice of life

Yes, friends, open-line radio shows do have redeeming qualities. They're the Preparation H of broadcasting



On mornings when your head feels like a sun-split turnip, your eyeballs are sandpapered and your tongue would be of interest to the Hudson's Bay Company, there's no better counter-irritant than the radio open-line shows.

If these things have any virtues, this is their chief one. Instead of drop-kicking the cat through the kitchen window or tossing live geraniums into the furnace, you can pour out all your pique toward the radio. Open-line shows are the Preparation H of broadcasting.

We have several in this neck of the woods. It's nice to have a choice, because if you tire of ignorance you can cut across the dial to prejudice and then back again. Of course, the callers to both are the same two-dozen Valium and-or gin addicts leavened by the occasional fresh UFO.

In charge of the microphone and buttons is the crypto-Nazi who calls himself the "host" or the "moderator" and whose main task is to remind callers either that they're full of garbage or that they've forgotten to turn down their radios. Most moderators are refreshingly right wing. Ours are known affectionately as Adolph and Benito.

Bring Back the Lash is their favorite topic on slow mornings. To these birds, the lash is modern molly-coddling, and a return to the rack, the stake and the iron maiden is the only thing that warms their cockles. For gleeful savagery, they are surpassed only by some of the women callers, who seem to have missed their true vocation as prison wardresses in Paraguay.

To be fair, though, the moderators constantly struggle to lift the tone. Their opening pep talk now and then promises a subject that's of "tremendous importance to every living soul on this globe today, possibly the most important situation that has ever faced the human race." First caller: "I bought a chesterfield suite up to Steinberg's six months ago and, you know what, the legs is already fallin' off 'em!"

An odd thing about open-line shows is that they seem to be immune to the normal laws of libel and slander, especially now when other editors and producers show an unhealthy fear of such nonsense.

One morning, I was titillated to hear: "...and do you know there's a 'omosixual ring of teenage boys bein' operated by a certain person in this man's town today? It might h'interest some of your listeners to know the name of a certain

assistant manager of a certain branch of the Bank of Nova..." Click.

Actually, it was another bank that was as good as named. But there aren't that many banks in this man's town. The damage done, mine host merely remarked: "My gawd, they're coming out of the woodwork again this morning."

That's what Adolph said on another occasion when Benito was off the air due to his being in court as a defendant, as everyone knew.

"You got the airwaves all to yourself this morning, Adolph, old son," said a caller.

"What's that? What's your point? We must have a bad line here, speak up, speak up."

"I said, you got the airwaves all to yourself," shouted the caller. "The other feller been dragged up in court in front of the judge."

"You're still not making any sense here. Get to the point. Speak up, speak up."

Roared the goaded caller: "The feller with the other show, your competition on the other station, he been dragged into court for tryin' to skip around the laws of this land once too often!" Click. "My gawd, they're coming out of the..." et cetera.

Moderators change now and then, but the callers never seem to. A fixture since the last Ice Age was a former nun who had kicked the habit long since due to physical, spiritual and mental difficulties. She was thus the right stuff for open-line programs.

Her forte was reading uplifting verse of her own composition. As the years, yea, the decades passed, she drifted steadily toward the dangerous shoals of plagiarism. On the eve of a royal visit, she burned the midnight oil on an ode to the occasion that began: "Susanne takes me down to her place by the river..."

As time goes by, you may check in occasionally and trace the intimate ups and downs of the regulars — their changes of medication, their nervous disorders, their gradual decline into senility. You can do the same with columnists. But the difference is, these poor old biddies are not paid a cent and are simply baited for the fun and profit of others.

Open-line hosts are soon drawn into the "community service" competitions that go on among radio stations. Our two networks have become so strident in their profession of caring and sharing that you'd swear one outfit was run by Albert Schweitzer and the other by Florence Nightingale. Truth to tell, a

principal in one case is so parsimonious he has refused to pay upkeep on his wife's grave from the day she was planted.

Competition in the self-promotional charity gambit gets so fierce at times that the pleas on behalf of the needy soar. Between battles, the call may be for nothing more than a second-hand baby crib; at fever pitch, complete houses are solicited. A year or so ago, residents of the nearby French islands of St. Pierre overheard and were so aghast at the apparent destitution in Newfoundland that they started shipping over CARE packages.

The real value of open-line radio programs may be as a counterbalance to that view of society held by the establishment.

Take the Pope's visit. Leaders of church, state and commerce are gushing ecumenical sanctimony at both ends about the lack of bigotry, dissension and religious friction here in the Happy Province. Had there been an overnight miracle?

If you pay attention to open-line programs you're not so sure. For months, now, there's been the odd squawk from this supposed nest of singing birds. An example:

Mrs. Phone Forum (the regulars soon acquire noms des bouches) rang in the other day to say, certainly, there should be a public holiday for the visit...not to have one would be blasphemous. A few years back, she said, she was a martyr to a bad head and she went to Monsignor Lawlor for laying on of hands and hasn't had a twinge since. If she could only touch the Holy Father, she said, she would want to die, being then perfect in body, mind and soul, at that very instant and that was the God's truth.

"She makes my blood boil," immediately riposted The Old Man of the Sea. "If the commander of the Salvation Army put his hands on her, would that have the same effect? Or the feller in charge of the Church of Englanders, or so on?"

"The Pope," said the OM of the S, "I got nothing at all against that feller. But you go to work and you put a .22 bullet into 'em and he'll drop right in his tracks, just the same as any other man."

I don't know if the Old Man has since been having chats with the Mounties or if Mrs. Forum's migraines returned, but I do know it's only on the often-despised open-lines that you get this close, without leaving the house, to social reality. ☒

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THE CANADIAN SPIRIT



Glenbow Archives

There was a time when men paddled birchbark canoes down the turbulent Thompson River.

Men with a vision and a dream exploring what was to

become the greatest country in the world.

Today, the river challenges men and women in inflatable rubber rafts running the white boulder-choked water, hopping from eddy to eddy, then slipping through narrow chutes and plunging over small falls.

Then afterwards — enjoying the warmth of an evening fire with new friends and companions with whom they have shared the exhilarating white water experience.

That's the spirit.
The Canadian Spirit.

Now
Canadian Spirit
is 6 Years Old.

6

Canadian Spirit 6 Year Old.

A subtly blended whisky that has been patiently aged and carefully charcoal mellowed for six years in seasoned oak casks to make it smoother than ever before.

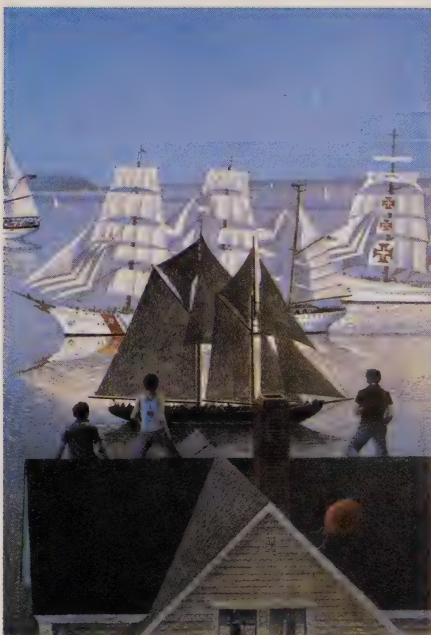


Canadian Spirit Rye Whisky
For the taste that's truly Canadian.

Parade of Sail

Nova Scotia 1984





Tom Forrestall "The Spectators" Lithograph 6 colors Image size: 18" x 26" Print size: 22" x 30" Paper: 250 gm Arches Edition size: 200 Price: \$650.00 (September: \$800.00)



J. Franklin Wright "Sagres II" Silkscreen 8 colours Image size: 18" x 22" Print size: 19 1/2" x 25 1/2" Paper: 250 gm Arches Edition size: 195 Price: \$250.00 (Sept.: \$300.00)

Celebrate a glorious maritime occasion. Make a twice rewarding investment.

The Tall Ships visit to Canada this summer is an historic and splendid event. An event that will not quickly be repeated.

What better way to remember the magic of a glimpse of a bygone era than with a beautiful and valuable fine art print. A limited edition fine art print by famed Maritime artists. Important and timely works by Tom Forrestall, J. Franklin Wright, and Joseph Purcell.

These original prints (not reproduction prints) are artworks in their own right. Each one is hand produced by a skilled print maker, working directly under the artist. Each one is *individually* numbered and signed, and is accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity.

As with all fine art prints, when this limited edition has been printed, the litho stones and silkscreens will be destroyed. No other prints can be made.

Original prints are becoming increasingly popular among collectors and investors alike. They are one of the few investments that you can watch appreciate in value. Investments with which you may not want to part.

About the artists

Tom Forrestall took his fine arts degree at Mount Allison in 1958. Since then, his "luminous and exquisitely detailed" paintings have earned him an international reputation. Forrestall's work is found in private collections and galleries across Canada, the United States, and Europe.

Recognized as one of Canada's leading marine painters, J. Franklin Wright has won international acclaim for his portraits of ships of the nineteenth century. He has frequently exhibited with the prestigious Royal Society of Marine Artists in London, and his name is included in the authoritative Dictionary of 20th Century British Marine Artists.

Joseph Purcell founded his lifework and his gallery in Lunenburg (along with Jack Grey), and under the sponsorship of R. P. Bell. He is renowned for his murals, including the 60' "Lunenburg Docks" in Montreal's Place Ville Marie, contracted for by CN and Hilton Hotels.

His paintings of the sea, much sought after in Canada, are also appreciated by the President of Mexico and Indira Gandhi, among other international figures.



J. Franklin Wright "Eagle" Silkscreen 8 colors Image size: 18" x 22" Print size: 19 1/2" x 25 1/2" Paper: 250 gm Arches Edition size: 195 Price: \$250.00 (Sept.: \$300.00)



Joseph Purcell "Tall Ships, Halifax" Silkscreen 10 colours Image size: 28" x 19" Print size: 30" x 22" Paper: 250 gm Somerset Edition size: 195 Price: \$200.00 (Sept.: \$250.00)

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Mail orders to: Tall Ships Prints, Atlantic Insight, 1668 Barrington Street, Halifax N.S. B3J 2A2. The prints may also be viewed at the print shop, 1540 Granville Street, Halifax. Telephone: 902-425-8974

Atlantic Cultural Consulting Ltd.



I must go down
to the seas again,
to the lonely
sea and the sky,
And all I ask
is a tall ship
and a star to
steer her by

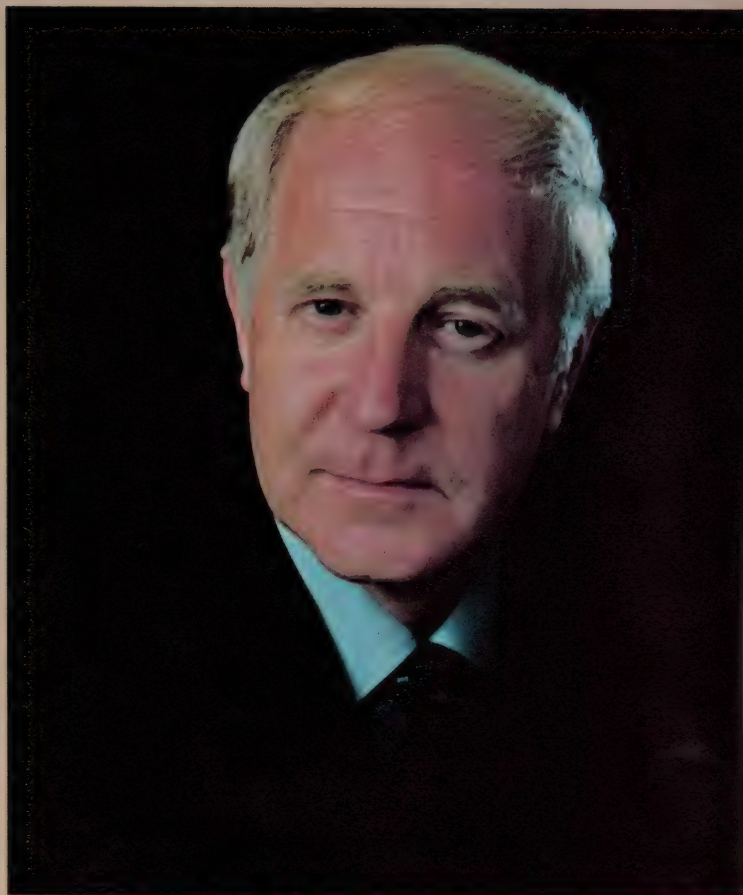
John Masefield

For more than four centuries, the bays and coves of Nova Scotia have offered safe harbour to ships and sailors from all over the world. Fishermen and traders, pirates and pleasure-seekers have all discovered the beauty and tranquility that is everywhere along our 4,700 mile coastline.

From the time of our earliest settlement, Nova Scotians have been renowned for the warmth with which visitors are received.

Today, we welcome all who have come for the spectacular Parade of Sail activities. And to the men and women of the Tall Ships, we offer special and individual greetings.

**WELCOME
WITAC
BIENVENUE
WILLKOMMEN
BENVENUTO
VELKOMMEN
WELCOM
ПРИВЕТ
BIENVENIDO
BEM VINDO**



Nova Scotians take great pride in our traditional life by the sea. We have long looked to the sea for our livelihood, adventure, and destiny. It is in the spirit of our great seafaring tradition that we welcome this grand gathering of Tall Ships, their captains and crews, to our shores this summer.

In the ports of Halifax-Dartmouth and Sydney, they enter two of the finest harbours in the world. Our seaport cities are known around the world for their warm hospitality and we invite ships' crews and other visitors to enjoy all the exciting events associated with the Parade of Sail as well as the special pleasures of our way of life.

Because Nova Scotians are so partial to the sea, you'll find fascinating maritime museums here. After all, it was to the Halifax-Dartmouth harbour that 2nd Lieutenant Wallis (a native of Halifax), in command of the Shannon, brought the defeated American ship Chesapeake on June 6, 1813.

The Maritime Museum of the

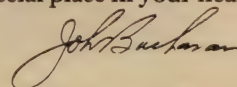
Atlantic in Halifax has everything for the seafaring buff, including exhibits on the Navy, Days of Sail, Shipwrecks and Lifesaving, The Ages of Steam and the restored ship chandlery of William Robertson and Son. The Maritime Command Museum at CFB Halifax is dedicated to the Royal Canadian Navy and the Royal Navy and is located in Admiralty House, a National Historic Site. Visitors will want to explore Dartmouth's spellbinding heritage museum as well.

Lovers of tall ships will certainly want to witness the gathering of vessels in Sydney for the start of their 2,100 mile race across the Atlantic. Many visitors to Cape Breton have declared its scenery to be among the most spectacular in the world. Sydney has a long history associated with coal and steel, but it has always been an exciting and important port as well. Visitors to the Parade of Sail in Sydney can be assured of being greeted with a smile and a warm welcome.

June 21 is a special day for lovers of the sea this year. That's the date of a spectacular CBC-TV national special, *Coast of Dreams*, an hour-long musical celebrating Nova Scotia's unique way of life. It's a tale about a disheartened sea captain who finds renewed meaning in his life through his contact with the spirit of Nova Scotia. Our own Tall Ship, Bluenose II, will be featured, as will the race of the Tall Ships from Bermuda to Nova Scotia and the Parade of Sail in the Halifax-Dartmouth Harbour. The time is 8 p.m. Be sure to let your friends and relatives know about this television special. They might even want to have a special party to watch *Coast of Dreams*. That's a great way to start the summer.

We hope you will enjoy this great celebration and trust that Nova Scotia will win a special place in your heart.

Cordially



Honourable John M. Buchanan, P.C. Q.C.
Premier of Nova Scotia
Honorary Commodore
Parade of Sail, Nova Scotia

Photograph Courtesy Maritime Museum of the Atlantic, Halifax



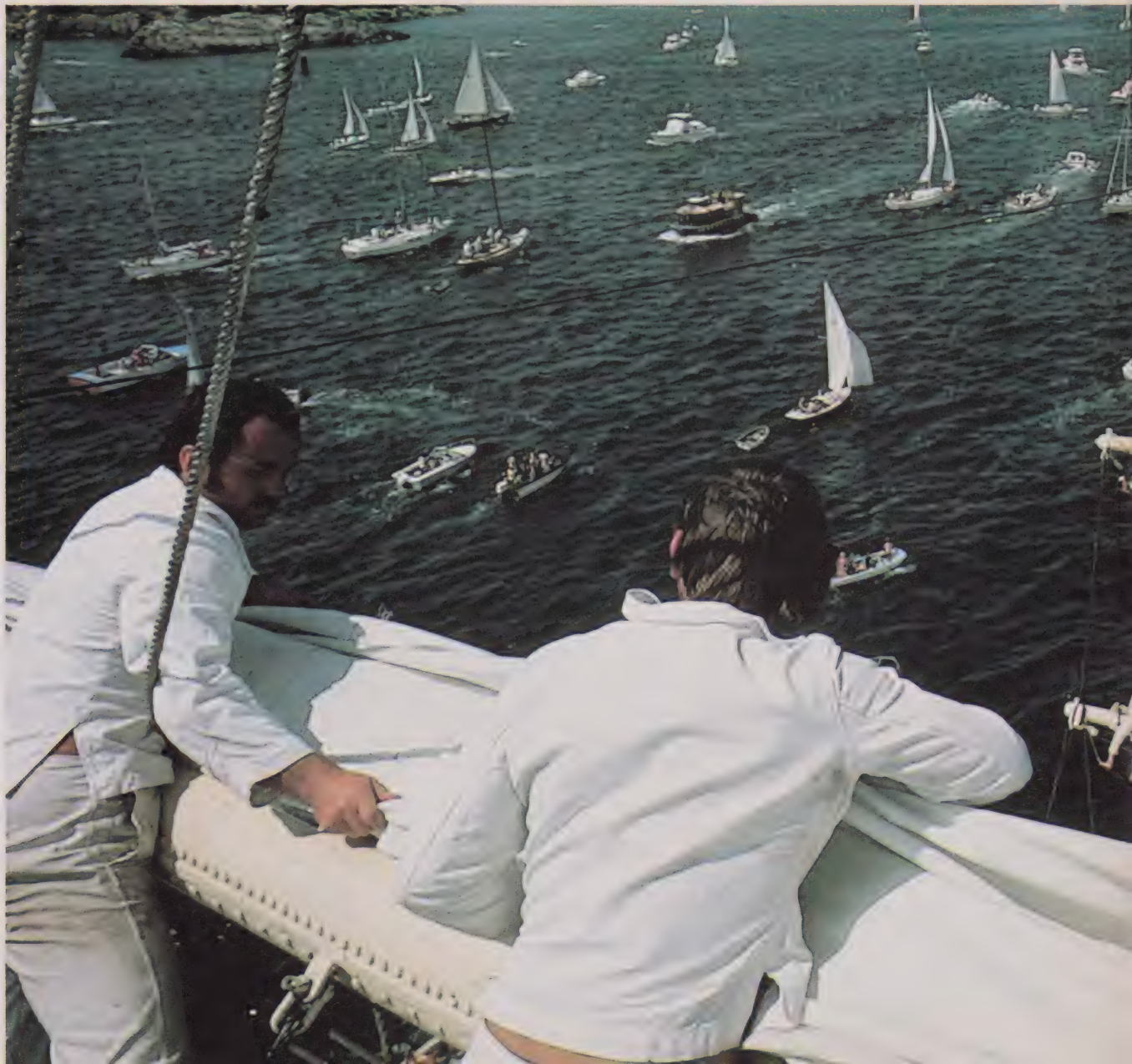
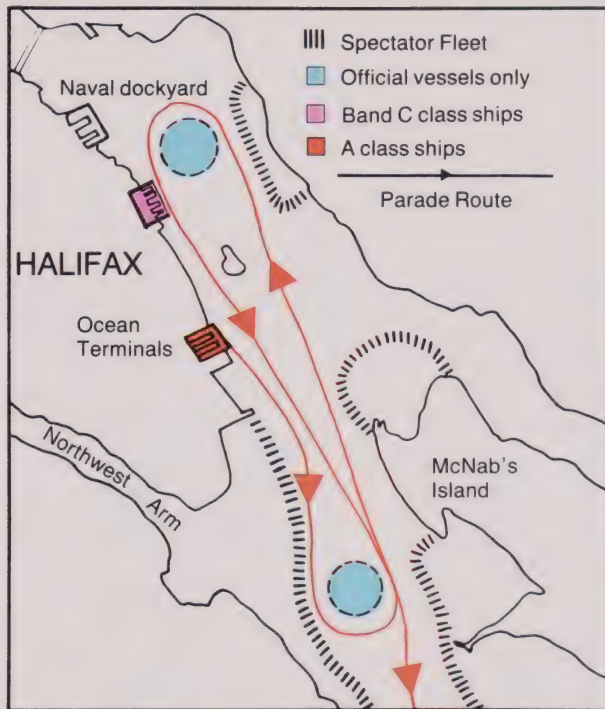
Where you can see

HALIFAX, JUNE 8th TO 13th

For five days this month, Halifax Harbour will be a sight reminiscent of the exciting days of the last century. Those "glorious days of sail"; when the shipyards of Nova Scotia were busy supplying the world with sailing ships, and the wharves were bustling with the trade of the seven seas.

And as the grand finale to this fascinating glimpse back in time, on June 13th, Nova Scotia's own Tall Ship, *Bluenose II* will lead a spectacular sailpast. A time to say goodbye as the Tall Ships head for Quebec.

Try not to miss this historic pageant. For who knows when the great fleet will once again spread its canvas between Chebucto Head and The Narrows.



the great fleet

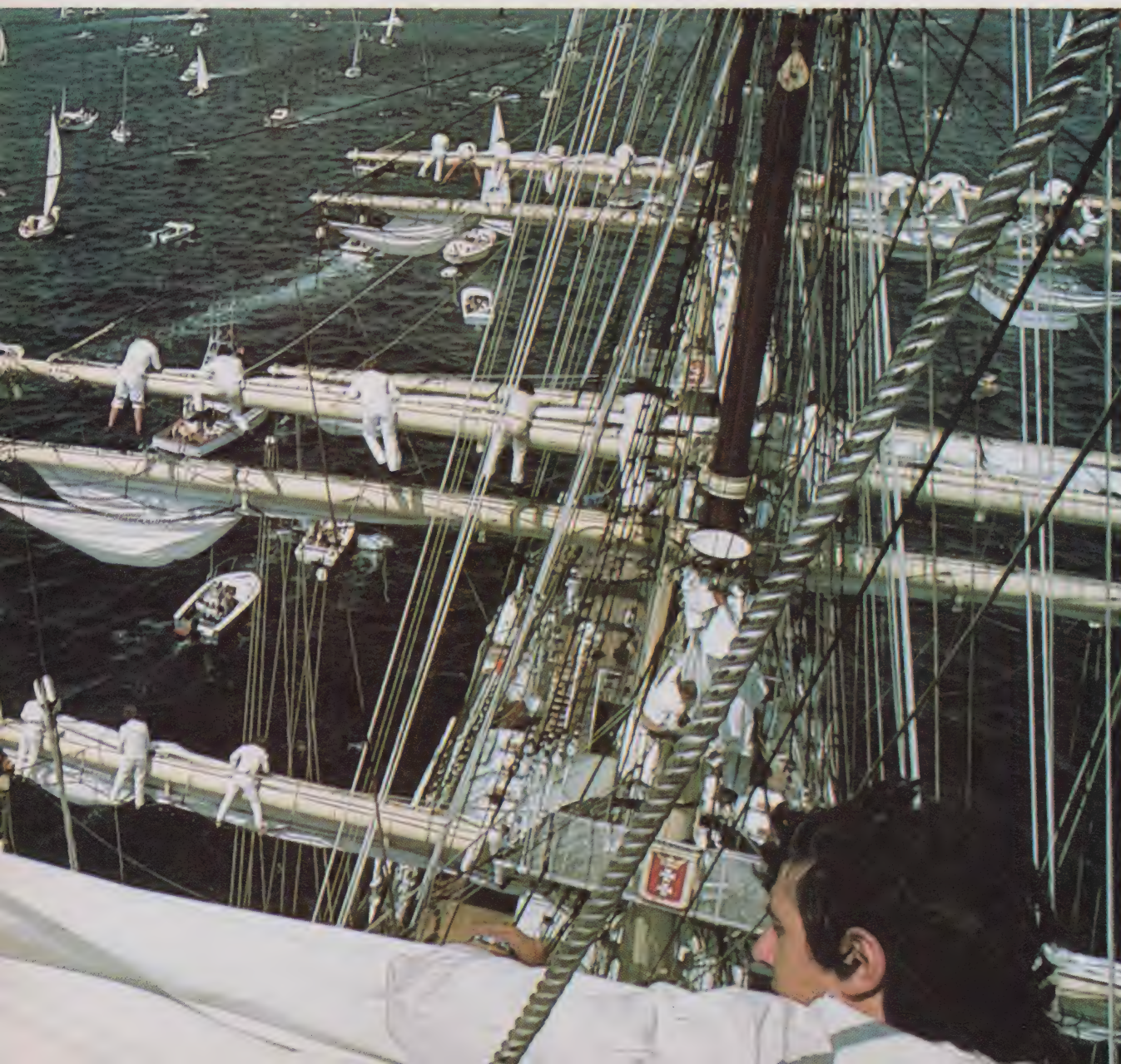
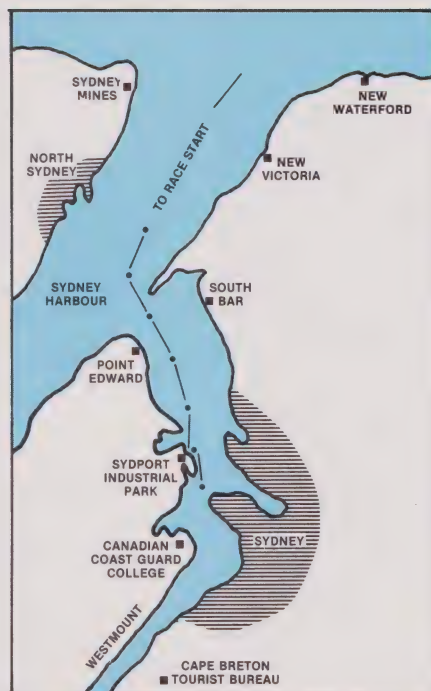
SYDNEY, JULY 7th TO 11th

Sailing ships have been gathering in the deep, sheltered harbour at Sydney since long before Canada became a nation. But it has been many, many years since such a fleet as this gathered here.

The Tall Ships will assemble in Sydney Harbour after their voyage back from the celebrations at Quebec City. Crews will be mustered, rigging checked and repaired, provisions loaded and stowed.

Then, on July 11th, Bluenose II will once again lead a splendid parade. In her wake will be the cream of the world's Tall Ships, readying as they go, eager to start the long, 2,100 mile haul to Liverpool, England.

Where, in due course, the winner of this classic contest of man against the sea, will receive the Ports Canada Trophy.







Bluenose II

Rig: Gaff rigged Schooner

LOA: 160'

Beam: 27'

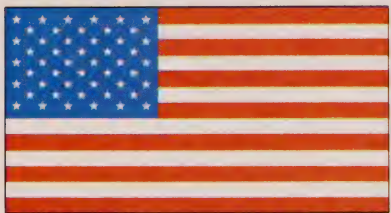
Complement: 5 officers, 12 crew

CANADA

Built in 1961 in Lunenburg, N.S., BLUENOSE II is a replica of Canada's famous grand banker of the same name. Both the replica and the original were built in the same shipyard and some of the same craftsmen worked on both. The original dominated the International Fishermen's Races of the 1920's and '30's.

BLUENOSE II has participated in many sail training gatherings, including the first OPSail in 1964. This excellent vessel has become a familiar sight along the Atlantic Coast, and an always welcome visitor.





UNITED STATES

Eagle

Rig: Barque

LOA: 295'

Beam: 39'

Mast Height: 148'

Complement: 19 officers, 26 crew and 180
trainees

The United States Coast Guard EAGLE was built by Blohm and Voss for the German Navy in 1936 as the sail training ship HORST WESSEL. She is the sister ship to Romania's MIRCEA, Portugal's SAGRES II, USSR's TOVARISHCH II. Converted to a cargo carrier in World War II, she came to the

Boken of Cowes



United States as part of Germany's war reparations. The Coast Guard was delighted to take her over and named her in honor of a long line of famous Revenue cutters, dating back to 1798.

EAGLE is built of German steel on the transverse framing system. Her rig and

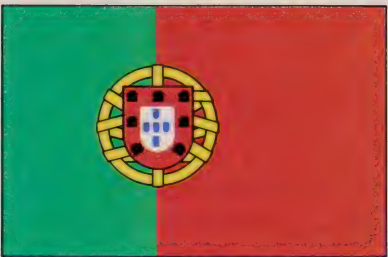
accommodations have remained virtually unchanged except for the mizzen, which was rearranged to take a single rather than a double spanker.

Every Coast Guard Academy cadet serves aboard as part of his or her professional training. The ship carries three times as many cadets as a modern Coast Guard

Cutter. In June of each year cadets of the 1st and 3rd classes aboard EAGLE and her accompanying cutters depart for a 2½ month cruise to Europe or the Caribbean.

Her original large carved eagle figurehead was donated to the Marine Museum at Mystic Seaport.





PORTUGAL

Sagres II

Rig: Barque
LOA: 298'
Mast Height: 150'
Draft: 17.5'
Complement: 10 officers, crew of 159,
45 cadets

The SAGRES II, sails under the flag of Portugal as a naval training ship.

Designed and built in 1937 by Blohm & Voss as the Schoolship ALBERT LEO SCHLAGETER for the German Navy, the vessel came into the possession of the United States at the end of World War II. She was turned over to Brazil in 1948 to be renamed GUANABARA and

Beken of Cowes



used until 1961 off the Coast of Brazil as a naval sail training ship. That year Portugal bought her to take the place of their older ship of the same name which had been taken out of commission.

The SAGRES II is easily distinguished by the traditional Portugese Cross of Christ (Maltese Cross) on her sails. She took part in Operation Sail 1964

and routinely makes two training voyages each year in the Mediterranean and in the Atlantic.

The name Sagres comes from the port which was used by many great explorers and navigators for launching their expeditions. Prince Henry died at Sagres in 1460 and it is his bust which is the figurehead of SAGRES II.



Simon Bolivar

Rig: Barque

LOA: 270'

Height: 140'

Beam 22'

Draft: 14.5'

Complement: 17 officers, 24 warrant officers,
51 enlisted men 102 midshipmen

Venezuela's SIMON BOLIVAR,
completed her maiden voyage as
a sail training ship in 1981
between Caracas and
Portsmouth, New Hampshire.
The sailing vessel was built at



VENEZUELA



the Celaya S.A. shipyard and workshop in Erandio Viscaya, Spain. Her keel was laid on June 6, 1979, launched on November 21, 1979 and delivered to the Venezuelan Navy on August 12, 1980. Her displacement is 1260 tons. Her figurehead was designed by the distinguished

Venezuelan artist Manuel Felipe Rincon.

Captain Hector Pacheco-Moreno, master of the ARV SIMON BOLIVAR, was born January 26, 1940 in Tariba, Edo. Tachira, Venezuela. He has completed courses in basic armament, tactics, command

and staff theory in Peru, and sailing ship maneuvers in Spain. Captain Pacheco-Moreno has been distinguished in receiving the "General Rafael Urdaneta" (3rd class) and "Orden Francisco Miranda" (2nd class). The vessel is named in honor of "The Great Liberator," Simon Bolivar.







POLAND

Dar Młodzieży

Rig: Full rigged ship

LOA: 310'

Height: 248'

Beam: 46'

Draft: 21'

Complement: 17 officers, 25 crew, 130 trainees

The DAR MŁODZIEZY was launched in 1982 and so is one of the newest Class A Tall Ships in the fleet. She is the sail training ship of the Polish State Sea School, Merchant Navy Academy, with her home port at Gdynia.

With her gleaming white hull and towering rigging she will be a truly magnificent sight wherever she sails. She will undoubtedly be a formidable competitor in the international races.

The DAR MŁODZIEZY has a great deal to live up to, and big challenges ahead of her.

She replaces the proud DAR POMORZA, which until she became a museum ship in 1982, was the oldest sail training ship afloat. POMORZA had also been a recipient of the premier award of the Sail Training Association, a performance that DAR MŁODZIEZY is sure to try and match.





U.S.S.R.

Kruzenshtern

Rig: 4 masted Bark

LOA: 342'

Height: 162'

Beam: 43'

Draft: 23'

Complement: 26 officers, 50 crew, 160 cadets

The KRUZENSHTERN is owned by the U.S.S.R. Ministry of Fisheries and operates solely as a training vessel.

She was built in Germany, and in the early 1920's as the PADUA, tradely actively in F. Laeisz famous Flying P nitrate line between Chile and Europe.

Before the second world war, she traded partly to South America and Australia.

She was taken over by the U.S.S.R. in 1946, and renamed after a prominent Russian hydrographer.

The KRUZENSHTERN is also a past holder of the major award of the Sail Training Association.

One man's dream. And thousands of young people make it a reality

The tall ships. Parade of sail.
International sailing races.

Here are phrases that stir the blood and conjure up a fascinating kaleidoscope of impressions. Giant square riggers with towering masts and billowing sails, leaning majestically to wind, sleek schooners driving through the sea, ships of every rig and many nations.

Their crews are proud young people, who wear different uniforms and speak different languages, but working together to sweat the last iota of power from the sails. Striving to the limits of their ability in a supreme effort to come home first in their class.

Later, the ships lie alongside some jetty or sit to their moorings, dressed with flags and bunting fluttering in the breeze, while the ongoing maintenance and preparations for the next adventure goes on below.

How did it all start? How did these gatherings of great vessels ever come to be.

Like so many good things, it all started in a small way. One man had a dream.

Bernard Morgan was a retired English solicitor. His dream was of a Brotherhood of the Sea, the bringing together of the youth from all the sea-faring nations in friendly rivalry. He knew that as they developed their skills, they would also develop themselves, physically and spiritually.

There's one thing about a man with an idea: he likes to talk about it. To interested people, and to those who couldn't care less. Bernard Morgan was lucky. One man he talked to was a Royal Navy Commander, Peter Godwin. And Godwin was hooked.

By 1954, the two of them had developed a proposal which the Commander placed before Earl Mountbatten, who was at that time First Sea Lord at the British Admiralty. Mountbatten quickly saw the value of the scheme, and he in his turn, brought in Captain John Illingworth, one of the world's foremost experts on offshore racing.

In the fall of 1954, Illingworth established a committee called the Sail Training International Race Com-

mittee (STIRC), to organize the first Tall Ships race.

That first race, held in July 1956 and sailed from Torbay in England to Lisbon in Portugal, was an outstanding success. So much so that the STIRC became a permanent body. At the suggestion of the operators of the square-riggers, future races would be held every second year.

The Committee then approached the Duke of Edinburgh, who graciously agreed to become Patron, an office he still holds.

In June 1956, Articles of Association for the Sail Training Association were signed.

On this side of the Atlantic, the aims and objectives of the Sail Training Association are under the direction of the American Sail Training Association.



Collectively, the work of the two associations is an effort to bring together, at regular intervals, the last great square-riggers that still keep the sea, and the young people who crew them.

The overall purpose is threefold.

First, to gather for friendly competition as many young people from as many different nations as possible,

in a spirit of international goodwill and understanding.

Secondly, to provide our youth with challenging experiences aboard a deep-water sailing ship, as part of their maturing and character-building process. And thirdly, to educate them in values of our maritime tradition, in an understanding of its complexity, and in the need to protect our ocean environment.

There is not a man, woman, or child in Nova Scotia, or indeed any of the four Atlantic provinces, who would not endorse those objectives.

Can there be a more effective way to turn a young person into a responsible adult than to expose him or her to the challenges of life aboard a bluewater sailing ship?

It has been seen many times: A youngster reports aboard somewhat diffidently, apprehensively, and sometimes, even resentfully. Almost invariably the

skipper is asked at the end of the cruise, "When can I sail with you again.?"

The reasons are clear enough. Imagine if you were to be placed into a strange and complicated environment, where you are practically helpless without direction. In no time at all, you would be seeking out instruction and recognizing and accepting the need for discipline.

So the trainees become aware of their interdependence with other members of the crew, and the importance of each to the common good.

Crewing aboard one of these training ships is no summer cruise. Much time aboard is spent on the kind of jobs you wouldn't normally go looking for. Cleaning the heads, polishing brass, working in the galley.

But there are very special rewards.

Standing a trick at the wheel, sailing under star-filled skies, making an early morning landfall.

Out of the sail training ex-

perience comes the self-confidence gained from making yourself do unpleasant but essential tasks. Such as turning out of a warm bunk for cold and wet deck duty, or going aloft in a gale when you are shivering from more than the cold. To do these things not from just being ordered to do them, but because you know your fellow shipmates are counting on you.

What wealth of pride and sense of personal satisfaction these challenges can generate.

The educational benefits of the sail training programs are enormous: character-building and the development of international understanding. No shore-side instruction could duplicate the lessons learned. Practical lessons in physics, astronomy and mathematics, meteorology, and perhaps most important of all, human psychology.

Joseph Conrad knew:

"... you here — you all had something out of life; money, love — whatever one gets ashore — and tell me, wasn't that the best time when we were young at sea; young and had nothing, on the sea that gives nothing, except hard knocks — and sometimes a chance to feel your strength . . ."



The International Sail Training Races

Having the Tall Ships help celebrate any kind of national event adds a very special feeling to the whole occasion.

When the event is related to the sea, and earlier passages by vessels similar in rig to the Tall Ships, then their involvement becomes even more appropriate.

In 1982, the Tall Ships gathered in Philadelphia to be part of the celebrations of William Penn's establishment of the city three centuries earlier.

Now, in 1984, it's Canada's turn.

This year marks the 450th anniversary of the arrival of Jacques Cartier.

In 1534, King Francis 1 of France had commissioned Cartier, a seafarer and fisherman who sailed out of St. Malo, "to discover certain islands and countries where it is said great quantities of gold and other riches can be found".

Maybe Cartier didn't find the gold, but he did find the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and he did sail into a place in Canadian history from where he could never be dislodged.

What then could be more fitting than to have

the Tall Ships follow his course down the St. Lawrence.

In actual fact, the modern fleet won't exactly be following the wake of Cartier. This time, they'll take a different tack, and for one very good reason.

Consider what happens when you take one magnificent sailing ship, give it a Captain of broad experience, and perhaps a skeleton crew of a few seasoned sailors. Then for the balance of your crew, muster a crowd of eager young men and women who hanker for a taste of the seafaring life as it was a few hundred years earlier.

Assemble a few such vessels, and then suggest they go to Quebec to join a celebration.

Can you imagine them sailing over in some kind of convoy, proceeding at the speed of the slowest member of the group?

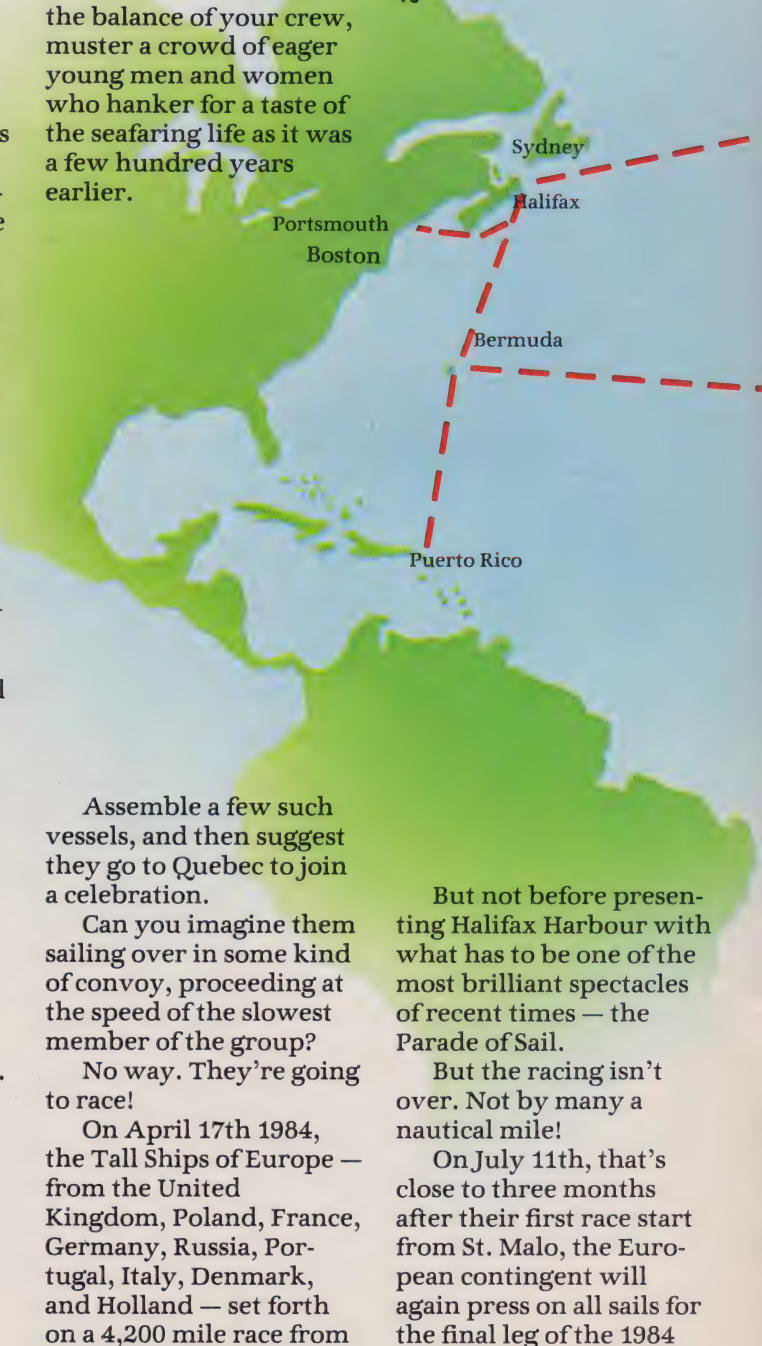
No way. They're going to race!

On April 17th 1984, the Tall Ships of Europe — from the United Kingdom, Poland, France, Germany, Russia, Portugal, Italy, Denmark, and Holland — set forth on a 4,200 mile race from

St. Malo to Bermuda via the Canary Islands.

In Bermuda they would meet up with Tall Ships from South America, and on June 2nd, start another race to Halifax.

After a few days R & R in Halifax, this great fleet, now joined with Tall Ships from the United States who had sailed from Portsmouth, New Hampshire on June 7th, would start their cruise to Quebec.



series — the 2,100 hundred miles from Sydney, Nova Scotia to Liverpool, England.

Winning a sailing race, and particularly a sail training race, depends on a few principal ingredients and the skill with which they can be blended into a harmonious whole. Naturally, you want favourable winds

minutes after the gun followed by Spain's JUAN SEBASTIAN DE ELCANO with Colombia's GLORIA playing the perfect host — crossing last a good 33 minutes after the starting signal.

Captain Gustavo Angel of GLORIA correctly diagnosed the weather and short tacked up the

is given a time allowance, which is computed by a complicated formula taking into account the vessel's size, rig, age, and many other factors. By applying this time allowance to the actual time an entrant takes to complete the race, a corrected time is calculated. The entrant with the shortest corrected time is declared the winner. The time allowance thus allows a small, slow competitor to compete on an even basis with a large, fast craft.

There is also a time limit. This allows organizers of shore events to make plans for various activities with assurance that the Tall Ships will actually be in port when the events are scheduled. The time limit is based on 27 years experience in running sail training races, and is a method of computing how long a race should take. Some of the many variables that must be taken into account when establishing the time limit are distance, winds to be expected along the race route, and ocean currents.

Class A must, and Classes B and C should, report their noon positions each day to the communications ship. Failure to comply with the rules can result in a time penalty. Use of the "iron spinnaker (turning on the engine), is considered entirely unsporting.

While many prizes and awards are given to competitors, the object of the races is not so much just to win, but to take part with determination and to give one's very best effort. In fact, the premier award is presented to the ship which, by vote of all the

Captains present, has done the most for international goodwill during the races. Canada's ORIOLE has been among the recipients of this award.

More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the first Tall Ships race in 1956. How many thousands of young people have experienced the challenge of the sea aboard a magnificent square rigger, or a sleek, swift fore and after? How many more young people will have these opportunities?

Here in Nova Scotia, we can be heartened by the enthusiasm of the men and women who came forward to make possible the visit of the Tall Ships and the Parade of Sail.

With people like this around the world, the Tall Ships should sail on forever.

For the ultimate benefit, in one way or another, of each and every one of us.



Colombian coast. When the wind veered east, he worked up to head directly for the Windward Passage, worked his way unimpeded through the Crooked Island Passage — and then lay becalmed for two days!

ELCANO bucked a continuing easterly, which veered deeper to the SE, making only 15 miles of forward progress in each of two days. She was forced to quit the race and motor on to her destination.

Meanwhile, GUAYAS clawed up the east coast of Jamaica and then shot through Windward Passage on the tail of a strong breeze. An intense contest then ensued, with GUAYAS ending 24 miles ahead, but GLORIA winning on corrected time.

Each entry in the race

and currents. The type and condition of the vessel is a key factor. So is the skill of the captain and his ability to meld his crew into a single-minded working unit. And then of course, there's just plain luck.

For example, here's what happened in 1980.

Off Cartagena, Colombia, the trade winds had been blowing steadily NNE (the right direction) at 20 knots. However, the wind began to fail on the very day the race started.

Ecuador's GUAYAS, favoring the leeward end of the line, crossed two





CANADA

Our Svanen

Rig: Barkentine

LOA: 130'

Height: 111'

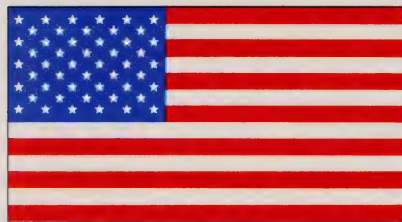
Beam: 22'

Draft: 9'5"

Complement: 5 officers, 17 trainees

This type of vessel is known as a Baltic trader, with this particular one being built in Denmark in 1922. She is typical of the rig and the era. At one time there must have been hundreds of these handsome barkentines plying their trade between the European ports. OUR SVANEN is currently under charter to the Royal Canadian Sea Cadets.

OUR SVANEN is one of only three Canadian entries in this year's Parade of sail. But with ORIOLE and BLUENOSE II also carrying our colours, we can be assured that the Maple Leaf will be proudly represented.



UNITED STATES

Providence

Rig: Topsail Sloop

LOA: 110'

Mast Height: 96'

The PROVIDENCE was launched in 1976 at Melville, Rhode Island. She was conceived and built as a Bicentennial project for the State of Rhode Island.

She is a reproduction of the Revolutionary War Ship that distinguished herself in action against the British and as the first command of John Paul Jones. In addition to sail training, sloop PROVIDENCE has sailed to Pennsbury, the ancestral home of William Penn; to Annapolis to participate in the ceremony to issue the John Paul Jones commemorative stamp; and to Yorktown for the 200th Anniversary of the Battle of Yorktown.

Of fiberglass construction, PROVIDENCE was built by Seaport '76, a non profit foundation dedicated to stimulating interest in our maritime heritage.

In Summer she can be found in Narragansett Bay and along the New England Coast and in Florida in Winter.





The Italians Have A Word For

The Ghia studio in Turin, Italy, is one of the most famous automotive design studios in the world. Established in 1915, it has been influencing the way cars look since its very beginning.

Since Ghia was acquired by Ford, it's played a key role in our design plans. And as you can see, the result has been some of the most elegant and beautiful cars ever designed. Cars with

forms that closely follow their function. Cars so aerodynamically advanced they cheat the wind and slice through it like a knife, to get superior performance and fuel economy.

Perhaps the best news of all is that Ghia-influenced aerodynamic designs are not something of the future. In fact you can see that influence in our new Ford Tempo and Thunderbird, Mercury



Elegance And Style. Ford.

Topaz and Cougar and Continental Mark VII right now. Aerodynamics is a science in which Ford Motor Company has assumed a leading role by producing some of the most aerodynamically-efficient cars of the time. Not just for beauty's sake, but more importantly to achieve better handling and stability, better fuel economy and a smooth quiet ride.

So the next time you see an incredibly beautiful automobile rolling down one of our Canadian highways, and wonder what kind of car it is, chances are its name will be a lot easier to pronounce than Maserati or Lamborghini.



The class system

As you can see, the Tall Ships are a very mixed fleet. Some vessels as big as 360' long, with others only around 30'. Even with handicaps and corrected time formulas, it would be impossible from them to race against each other.

That's why, during racing, the Tall Ships are divided into three classes.

Class A includes all square rigged ships and other ships more than 160' in length. These are usually navy, coastguard, or merchant marine training vessels, like the United States Eagle and the Portugese Sagres II. Our Bluenose II is class A.

Class B, sailing schools and research ships, includes all fore and aft rigged vessels from 100' to 160' on the waterline. Canada's Our Svanen is a beautiful example of the Class B.

Class C, shown on the following eight pages, are all other ships and yachts over 30' on the waterline.



UNITED KINGDOM

Dasher

Rig: Bm. Cutter

LOA: 54'

Beam: 14.5'

Draft: 9'

Height: 73'

Complement: 4 officers, 8 trainees





Aztec Lady

Rig: Bm. Ketch

LOA: 67.0'

Beam: 19.5'

Draft: 8'

Height: 80'

Complement: 2 officers, 8 trainees



Corsaro II

LOA: 69'

Beam: 16'

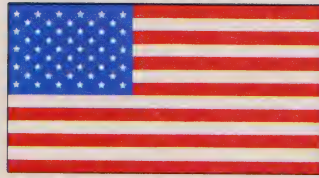
Draft: 9.5'

Height: 90'

Complement: 4 officers, 3 crew, 9 trainees

ITALY





UNITED STATES

Welcome

Rig: Sloop
LOA: 60'
Beam: 15'
Draft: 6'



Centaurius

Rig: Ketch
LOA: 52'
Mast Height: 65'
Complement: 2 instructors, 8 trainees





John Vernon, international movie and television actor and star of "Coast of Dreams", discusses the finer points of sailing with Premier John M. Buchanan, P.C., Q.C., Honorary Commodore of the Parade of Sail.

"Coast of Dreams" celebrates new Spirit of Nova Scotia

"Coast of Dreams" dramatically reflects the dynamic new spirit of Nova Scotia in music and song — a Nova Scotia that honours the past while it meets the future with confidence and courage.

The show promises to become a television classic. It features international movie and television star John Vernon as a dispirited sea captain who finds new hope and strength through his contact with the heart of Nova Scotia. The powers of good return to the captain's life through music and song performed by such outstanding Nova Scotian talent as Carroll Baker, John Allan Cameron, Catherine McKinnon, Patrician McKinnon, John Gracie and Paul Eisan.

"Coast of Dreams" also features the schooner Bluenose II on which much of the captain's voyage of discovery was filmed. The race of the Tall Ships from Bermuda to Halifax and the magnificent spectacle of the Parade of sail provide thrilling moments for lovers of the sea.

In the days of "Wooden Ships and Iron Men", Nova Scotia played an important role on the world stage. Now, there are positive signs that Nova Scotia is once again emerging as a leading player on the national and international scene. The creation and production of "Coast of Dreams" is a further expression of the new spirit of Nova Scotia in the 80s.

"Coast of Dreams" is a major Nova Scotian production shot by a technical crew from CBC-TV's Halifax studio under the direction of producer-director Jack O'Neil. The script was written by former CBC executive and producer Jack

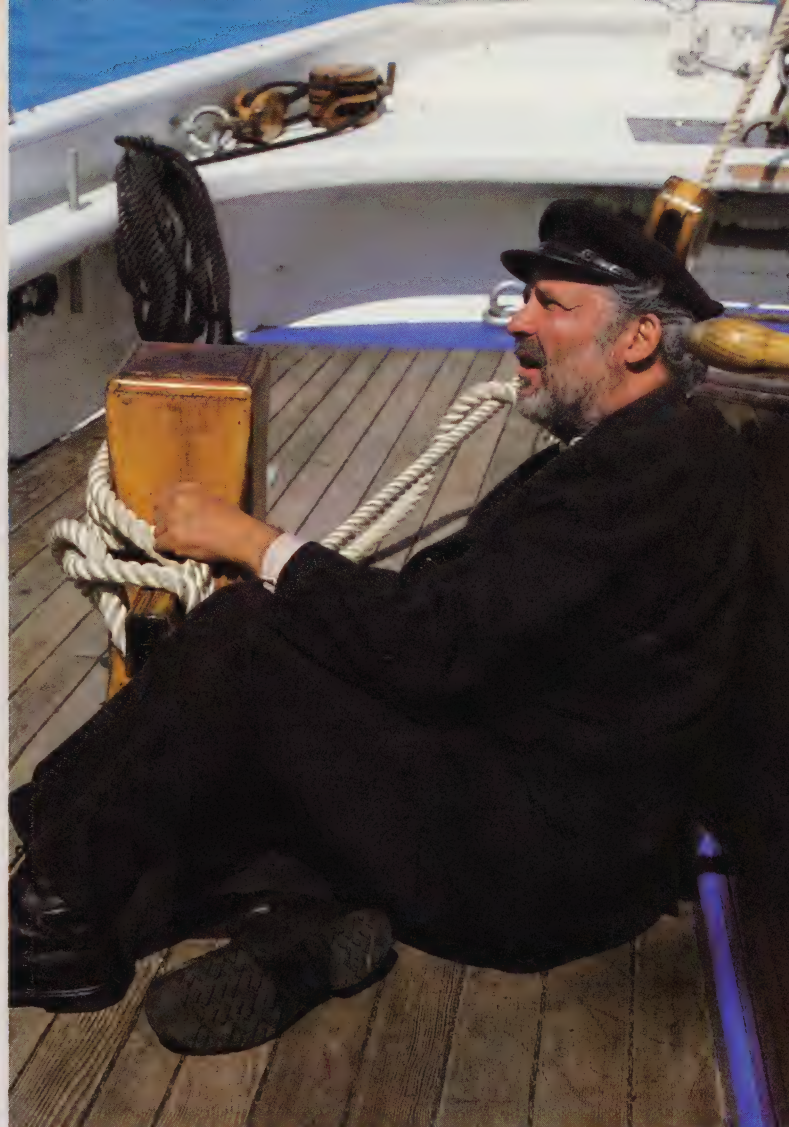
McAndrew. The completely original music and lyrics were the work of Nova Scotia's Bob Quinn.

In recent weeks, Quinn's stirring new theme song for the Province, "Sail on Nova Scotia," has been enthusiastically received by Nova Scotians from every walk of life. Many people have been calling it a new "anthem", likely to take its place alongside such favourites as "Farewell to Nova Scotia", and "The Song for the Mira". You can judge for yourself.

The lyrics of "Sail on Nova Scotia" are provided here for your enjoyment. You might want to keep these handy when you watch the show and sing along just for the fun of it.

"Coast of Dreams" is the perfect way to start your summer. Make it a special evening with your family and friends.





Sail on Nova Scotia

Sail on, sail on, sail on Nova Scotia
Sail on, sail on, there's still so much to sea
New Scotland's voice carries on the wind
A spirit wild and free
And it calls to every native child
Who has ever known the sea.

This land of ours she can stand her ground
With pride and majesty
And with every day this world goes through
She becomes a better place to be
She becomes the only place for me.

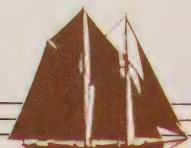
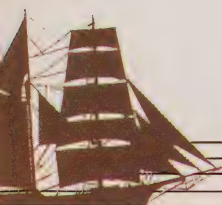
Sail on, sail on, sail on Nova Scotia
Sail on, sail on, there's still so much to sea.

The highlands guard your Atlantic shore
And waves roll endlessly
The songs of seabirds fill the air
As they sing your legacy
O province fair, that my heart holds dear
There's none so proud as she
For where'er I wander on this earth
She will always be with me
She will always be with me.

Sail on, sail on, sail on Nova Scotia
Sail on, sail on, there's still so much to sea

Words and Music by Bob Quinn
Copyright 1984 Bob Quinn

COAST OF DREAMS
CBC-TV JUNE 21 8 P.M.



TASTE FOR YOURSELF

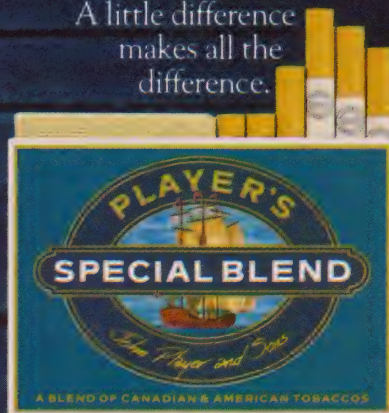
NOW. A LITTLE U.S. FLAVOR IN A LOT OF CANADIAN CIGARETTE.

Introducing Player's
Special Blend.

Not just a new cigarette.
A new kind of cigarette.

Smooth Canadian tobacco,
blended with just enough
rich U.S. leaf.

A little difference
makes all the
difference.



Regular and King Size
Made in Canada by John Player & Sons

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling.
Average per cigarette: Regular and King Size—14 mg "tar", 1.1 mg nicotine.



UNITED KINGDOM

Sabre

Rig: *Bm. Yawl*

LOA: 54'

Beam: 14.5'

Draft: 7'

Complement: 4 officers, 8 trainees



Sea to Sea

Fifty seven branches across Canada offering you a broad range of financial, deposit, lending and personal trust services. A real estate service is offered in Atlantic Canada.



Central Trust

"Serving Canadians Since 1887"

HEAD OFFICE: Halifax, Nova Scotia



WEST GERMANY

Stoertebeker

Rig: *Bm. Sloop*

LOA: 51'

Beam: 13'

Draft: 8'

Height: 67'

Complement: 3 officers, 9 trainees





Bay of Fundy Trader



Four Masted Schooner



Square Topsail Schooner

Recognizing the rigs

Or how to tell a bark from a barkentine, a brig from a brigantine

The sail plans of sailing vessels are many and varied. In addition to differences in the basic design, a ship might undergo any number of changes. At the whim of her owner, builder or captain; changes to suit the trade she was in, or even local traditions.

Some changes were made to improve sailing qualities; but more often than not, the main aim was to provide a rig that could be handled by a smaller crew, so paying dividends to the shareholders.

The silhouettes of the vessels on these two pages

represent the types of rigs seen on the east coast of North America during the mid 1800s to the early 1900s — a period of maritime history often referred to as the “golden age of sail.”

Sailing ship rigs can be divided into two broad categories: the “fore and aft rig,” in which the sails lie in the same plane as the ship’s fore and aft line; and the “square rig,” in which the sails are rigged athwart (across) the ship.

Each rig had certain advantages.

The fore and aft rig

This rig, sometimes known as the schooner rig, required only a small crew, and was generally used in the coastal and fishing trades. Ships with this rig could point higher into the wind and were usually more manoeuvrable when working in the changing winds along the coast.

However, the rig was not limited just to coastal schooners. Big fore and afters plied the ocean, heading for the European ports, the West Indies and South America.

Grand Bank Fishing Schooner (similar to the Bluenose) The one illustrated, in addition to all the usual lower sails, carries a main gaff topsail and a fisherman’s staysail set between the masts.

Two Masted Fishing Schooner. Winter rig. Her topmast and all light upper canvas have been struck and sent ashore.

Square Topsail Schooner. wearing a combination of fore and aft sails and small, square sails.

Bay of Fundy Trader. A coastal cargo schooner, and the workhorse of our coastal trade. She was probably not much more than 100 tons and carried everything from timber, coal and bricks, to general cargo and maybe a load of hay to some island community. Our schooner is shown with only a main topmast, but many also carried a fore topmast.

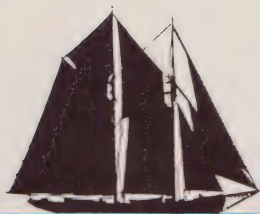
Four Masted Schooner. At anchor. This design attempted to reduce individual sail area, raise



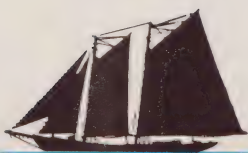
Full Rigged Ship



Barkentine



Grand Bank Fishing Schooner



Two Masted Fishing Schooner



Tern Schooner

tonnage and still manage with a small crew. In the early days, sails were hoisted by hand, but gradually the gasoline engine was introduced, saving work, wages and food. She reached 500 to 700 tons and could operate with eight hands.

At the turn of the century, these schooners were used in the coastal trade between Canada, the United States, the West Indies and South America. In addition, some made transatlantic voyages to Europe and West Africa. Along the New England coast a number of five and six masted schooners were built, plus one seven master, the steel hulled "Thomas W. Lawson."

Tern Schooner. A three master built in great numbers along our shores between 1880 and 1920. These vessels were cargo carriers of between 200 and 400 tons and required a crew of six to eight. The Tern shown has all sails set, except staysails between the masts. A few of these vessels survived until World War II.

The square rig

The square rig was normally an offshore rig used by vessels making long ocean passages, taking advantage of prevailing wind and current patterns.

Square riggers varied in size from the small handy brigantines and brigs of a couple of hundred tons, to the great full rigged ships and barks of over 2,000 tons. The square rig was also found in the coastal trade where brigs plied their trade up and down the eastern seaboard.

Brigantine. A two masted vessel square-rigged on the foremast, with fore and aft sails on the mainmast. Shown is a typical vessel of about 220 tons, similar to the "Amazon," which was to become the ill-fated "Mary Celeste." Our brigantine is shown with two staysails set between the masts.

Brig. A two masted vessel square rigged on both masts. The brig is a very old and efficient sailing rig and the class was still in use up to the very end of commercial sailing

ships. Only a few brigs were built in Nova Scotia yards, but they were very common in European waters.

Barkentine. The foremast is rigged square, and the other masts rigged fore and aft. The one shown is similar to the "Maid of England," of 750 tons and built in 1919. She was the last Canadian commercial vessel to carry a square rig, which she did until being abandoned at sea in 1928. Only a small number of vessels of this type were built locally.

Bark or Barque. Usually a three masted vessel, the fore and main masts square rigged, and the mizzen mast or after mast, rigged fore and aft. The four masted bark was a relatively common rig on the oceans, but only two were built in Canada: The "John M Blaikie" was launched at Great Village in 1885, and the "Kings County" launched at Kingsport in 1890.

More barks were built than all other square rigs combined. The big Maitland bark "Calburga" was the last British North American square rigger

of large tonnage to be built in the Canadian registry; she was lost off the coast of Ireland during World War I.

Full Rigged Ship. Square rigged on all masts. Staysails could be set between the masts. Outboard of square sails there could be studding sails, and above the royals (uppermost sails) you might see sails with such names as skysail, moon-raker, Trust to God, or Angel Whispers. Some aging ships were later reduced to bark rig, many were "sold foreign," and many were simply "lost without trace" or abandoned at sea.

Within the decade of the nineties and the early twentieth century, British North American square riggers swiftly disappeared. Iron, steel, and steam, plus high insurance rates and dwindling cargoes caused most owners to dispose of their fleets. For some years, the last of the square riggers tramped the oceans of the world under foreign flags, until finally — who knows?

Text by Graham McBride, Maritime Museum of the Atlantic.



Brig



Brigantine



Bark

Tall Ships of the world



Barba Negra Canada



William H Albury Bahamas

Gloria Columbia





Elinor Denmark



Lindo-St. Thomas, Virgin Islands





Sedvo-USSR



Dar Pomorza-Poland-LOA: 266.6'

Libertad-Argentina LOA: 298'





Christian Radich-Norway-LOA: 205.9'
Gazela Primerro-United States-LOA: 178'



Gorch Fock-Germany-LOA: 293'



Young America
United States-LOA: 130'

"OFF CAPS TO THE TALL SHIPS"

As an official sponsor of Parade of Sail Nova Scotia 1984, Oland's Light Beer would like to throw out this welcome line to these magnificent sailing vessels and their crews.

We hope you enjoy the sight of these "Tall Ships" in Nova Scotia's harbours and the opportunity we have to extend the traditional Maritime welcome to those in from the sea.

*Parade of Sail
Nova Scotia 1984*



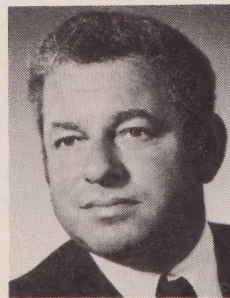
A beer drinker's light beer



Nova Scotia says thank you!

It has been my privilege and pleasure to serve as Chairman for the Parade of Sail, Nova Scotia, 1984. An event as magnificent as the Parade of Sail, however, cannot happen without the abiding commitment of a great many volunteers, and to those people I wish to extend my most sincere

appreciation. I also wish to acknowledge the efforts of the Nova Scotia Department of Tourism in bringing this event to Nova Scotia, in particular the late Bruce Cochran, Minister of Tourism. Enjoy the Parade of Sail. May it bring as much excitement to you as it has to our working committees.



Peter W. Evans

Honorary Commodore Premier John M. Buchanan

Parade of Sail Board of Directors

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Andrew Fulton (Ret'd) <i>Director at Large</i>	Kenneth M. Mounce <i>Deputy Minister</i>	Captain Don Barr <i>Parade of Sail Master</i>	Blaine Gillis <i>Co-Chairman, Sydney</i>	Commander W. J. Sloan <i>Naval Coordinator</i>
	<i>Department of Tourism</i>			

Parade of Sail Vessels

(as of April 25, 1984)

"A" Class

Bluenose II, Canada 161'
Dar Młodzieży, Poland, 369'
Eagle, United States, 295'
** Kruzenshtern, USSR, 342'
Meka II, United States, 54'
Sagres II, Portugal, 310'
** Sedov, USSR, 385'
Simon Bolivar, Venezuela, 268'

"B" Class

Our Svanen, Canada, 118'
Providence, United States, 110'
Zawisky Czarny, Poland, 150'

"C" Class

Alliance, United States, 60'
Angele Aline, U.K., 80'
Aztec Lady, U.K., 72'
Blue Shadow, United States, 45'
Canada Maritime, Holland, 88'
Carola, West Germany, 83'
Centaurius, United States, 51'
Chasseur, United States, 43'
Chesapeake, United States, 50'
Covsavo II, Italy, 69'
Dar Szczecina, Poland, 65'
Dasher, U.K., 60'
Dayspring, United States, 80'
Donald Searle, U.K., 80'
Dulcinea, United States, 36'
Enterprise, United States, 53'
Flora, USSR, 50'
Gedania, Poland, 72'
Halcyon, U.K., 85'
Hetman, Poland, 54'
Insurgent, United States, 48'
Jan Z Kolna, Poland, 77'
Joseph Conrad, Poland, 65'
Newport, United States, 49'
Norfolk Rebel, United States, 60'
Novik, USSR, 45'
Oriole, Canada, 98'
Peter Von Danzig, West Germany, 60'

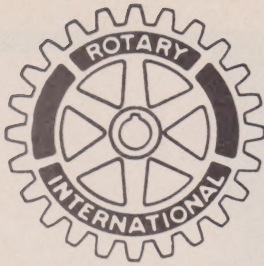
Rachel B. Jackson, United States, 82'
Rinbeau, United States, 44'
Sabre, U.K., 60'
Sheila Yeates, United States, 66'
Smuga Cienia, Poland, 50'
Stoertebeker, Germany, 61'
Stomil, Poland, 50'
Swantje, West Germany, 48'
Tineke, Holland, 52'
Trylaw, Poland, 53'
Urania, Holland, 72'
Welcome, United States, 53'
Wojewoda Pomorski, Poland, 60'

** Either the Kruzenshtern or Sedov are expected from USSR

If you have any feel for the sea, a visit to Halifax should include at least a couple of hours at the Maritime Museum of the Atlantic. You'll discover all manner of fascinating insights into our maritime heritage. Shown here is a corner of the carpentry shop, with a figurehead in the process of being hand carved. The magnificent figurehead on Page 1 of this supplement, is the first thing you see as you enter the museum.



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Autographs

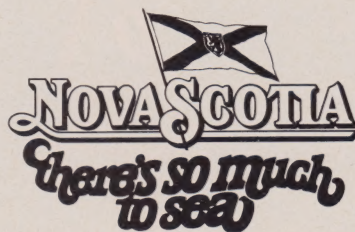
The five Rotary Clubs in Metropolitan Halifax/Dartmouth/Bedford are involved in bringing you this publication in the warm hopes that it will enable you to enjoy all the more the great spectacle of The Tall Ships, in all their majestic glory.

The five Rotary Clubs are part of an international association (Rotary International) that comprises community-spirited men who meet once per week for either lunch or dinner. Its membership is formed on the unique plan of one active representative from each line of business and profession in the community.

Its slogan is "Service Above Self", and it is in that spirit that Rotarians, not only in the metropolitan area of Halifax, but throughout the free world, have given freely of their time and talent to work to raise funds for those less fortunate than themselves. Children and adults who are handicapped, for example, have benefitted enormously from the funding and the activity of Rotarians in the metro Halifax area. Yet there is much more to be done and much more money to be raised.

The Parade of Sail supplement is also being distributed voluntarily by Rotarians, to help provide funds for a number of worthy charities of each of the five constituent Rotary Clubs.

For your support, Rotarians thank you.



Honourable R. Fisher Hudson, Q.C.
Minister of Tourism



Canada Celebrates

Join in the festivities as the world's Tall Ships gather in Halifax Harbour for a four-day stay with many of the larger ships welcoming visitors aboard. Then cheer them on at the start of their stately Parade, led by Nova Scotia's own Bluenose II into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and ultimately to Québec City.

A once-in-a-lifetime event!

Halifax
June 10th to 13th

In an atmosphere of summer fun and festivities, visitors and Nova Scotians will have one last chance to see the tallest of the magnificent Tall Ships before they leave Sydney Harbour on a 2 100 mile race across the Atlantic to Liverpool for the much coveted Ports Canada World Cup. Don't miss this last opportunity to see those breathtaking "cathedrals of the sea".

Sydney
July 7th to 11th



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